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THE three works before us afford a tolerable description of that important portion of North America, which lies to the westward of the Alleghany mountains and is included between them and that part of the continued chain of the Andes, usually known by the name of the Rocky Mountains:—an immense territory, which of late years has drawn off no inconsiderable portion of the population of those provinces of the United States, situated on the eastern side of the Alleghanies. To give a general idea of its extent, we need only say that its width (about the parallel of 38° N. lat.) may be taken at 20 degrees of longitude; and its length, (from the Gulf of Mexico to that swell in the surface which divides the northern from the southern waters,) at about the same number of degrees of latitude;—embracing an area of 1,140,000 square geographical miles, the whole of which is drained by the Mississippi; which, in the long course of a thousand leagues, nearly on the same meridian line, receives a vast multitude of streams, some of them as large as itself, and most of them navigable for many hundred miles from their respective points of confluence,—the united waters of which it pours in one vast body into the Gulf of Mexico.

History has supplied us with no memorials on which to form even a conjecture of the state of this extensive valley in ages past; and the only testimony that remains of its once being inhabited by a more numerous, powerful, and intelligent race of Indians than the present, is that which is afforded by large mounds of earth frequently met with near the banks of the rivers; and within which are found the remains of human skeletons, pottery, and other articles of a superior and different kind from those now in use among the natives, who have made but few advances towards civilization, and are thinly scattered over this immense surface; probably not exceeding, in the whole, 30,000 souls, or little more than three individuals to one hundred and twenty miles: even these scanty numbers are dwindling away so rapidly as to make it probable that, in the course of half a century, an unmixed native Indian, or *Red-skin*, will be regarded as a curiosity, and the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, and the Quapaws be known only by name.

Of these works, which are all respectable, the first two are by members of expeditions set forth under the orders of the government; and the third by a private individual, an Englishman. From the instructions to Major Long, it appears that the object of his expedition was directed to 'military and scientific pursuits;' and accordingly, in addition to a party of soldiers, a journal-writer, botanist, zoologist, geologist, assistant naturalist, and painter, were attached to it. They embarked at Pittsburgh on board the steam-boat '*The Western Engineer*;' dropped down the Ohio; ascended the Mississippi and the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte, where they wintered and discharged the steam-boat; they then followed the Platte to its source in the Rocky Mountains; skirted their base to the southward; when they divided into two parties, one of which descended the Arkansas, and the other the Canadian, which they mistook for the Red River; and, on regaining the Mississippi, broke up and returned to their several homes. Mr. Schoolcraft navigated the chain of the great lakes from Buffalo; crossed from Lake Superior into Sandy Lake; thence into the Mississippi, which he ascended to its source; then descended as far as the junction of the Ousconsing River, by which, and the Fox River, he crossed into Lake Michigan. Mr. Nuttall descended the Ohio, and proceeded up the Arkansas as far as the Verdigris River, examining the botany and geology of the neighbouring country on both sides. Thus their combined observations embrace a very large portion of the valley in question, and ours will be drawn indiscriminately from all of them.

Pittsburgh, from whence Major Long's party and also Mr. Nuttall started, is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monan-

Monangahela, whose united streams form the great river Ohio. The sources of the Alleghany are distributed along the south-eastern shore of Lake Erie, and so near to it, that the two navigations are interrupted only by a portage of fifteen miles. Other rivers open, with still less interruption, a communication by water between the gulfs of St. Lawrence and Mexico, as we shall notice hereafter. Pittsburgh, it is said, owes its prosperity mainly to the beds of coal which abound in its neighbourhood; which are about six feet thick, and are worked by horizontal drifts. Immediately under the coal is a stratum of micaceous sandstone, and beneath this, calcareous rock, containing masses of *terebratulites*. At Wheeling, lower down on the Ohio, is also a bed of coal of the same thickness, but it lies *beneath* the limestone, and on that account is considered by Mr. Nuttall as a second bed.

The coal formation would seem to be of vast extent along the banks of the Alleghany; indications of it appear at the distance of one hundred miles above Pittsburgh, where there is a spring which throws up such quantities of a bituminous oil, that a single person may collect several gallons daily. The same indications every where present themselves along the whole western slope of the Alleghany Mountains to the mouth of the Ohio. 'Whenever,' says Mr. James, 'we have had the opportunity of observing brine-springs, we have usually found them in connection with an argillaceous sandstone, bearing impressions of *phytolites*, *culmaria*, and those tessellated *zoophytes*, so common about many coal-beds.' At the very summit of the Laurel Ridge of the Alleghanies, the sandstones of the coal formation begin to appear, alternating with narrow beds of bituminous clay-slate. 'Here,' continues Mr. James, 'coal-beds have been explored, and, at the time of our visit, coals were sold at the pit for ten cents (sixpence) the bushel.'

The town of Wheeling, from its more favourable situation on the Ohio and its beds of coal, has of late years become a formidable rival to Pittsburgh. It is here that the great national road from Cumberland terminates, being carried over a distance of one hundred and forty miles, at an expense of one million eight hundred thousand dollars. From hence it is intended to cross the Ohio, and running in a direct line, about west by north, close to the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, to strike the Mississippi in lat.  $41^{\circ} 50' N.$  long.  $89^{\circ} 50' W.$

Half-way between Pittsburgh and the mouth of the Ohio is the town of Cincinnati, which, from 2500 inhabitants, the number it contained in 1810, had increased, in 1819, to about 12,000. The intermediate country is described as eminently beautiful, consisting of hill and dale, the swells being not more than two or three hundred feet high, covered with an almost unbroken forest, and em-

bosoming a calm and majestic river—‘from whose unruffled surface,’ says Mr. James, ‘the broad outline of the hills is reflected with a distinctness equal to that with which it is imprinted upon the azure vault of the sky.’ The *rolling* surface, as it is called, is generally fertile, and will produce, by the rude ordinary culture, about fifty bushels of maize per acre. The trees of most luxuriant growth towards the upper part of the river, are the hemlock spruce, and the great Weymouth pine; the latter being one of the most beautiful as well as lofty of the American forest. The smooth straight trunk of five or six feet diameter runs to seventy or eighty feet high, and, crowned with a dense conical top, towers above all other trees of the forest, like the palms of the tropics. Next to these are the beech, birch, sugar-maple, elm, and hickory. Two species of *æsculus*, or horse-chestnut, are common; the fruit of one of them having upon it an oblong spot, gives to the tree the name of the *buck-eye*; and as it is only found in the western states, the indigenous back-woodsman is often called *Buck-eye*, in contradistinction to the eastern emigrants, who *rejoice* in the name of *Yankees*.

The river at the falls or rapids, near Louisville, descends about twenty-two feet in a distance of less than two miles; and at the foot of these is the town of Shippingsport. From hence to its junction with the Mississippi, the banks gradually descend, till, at the distance of twelve miles from their confluence, the whole surface on both sides, and between the rivers, is one continued inundation to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet in time of floods. The soil is of course alluvial, and covered with dense forests; among which occur large patches of what Mr. Nuttall calls ‘impenetrable and sempervirent *Cane-brakes*.’ These reedy plants (*Arundinaria Macrosperma*), rising to thirty feet in height, exclude by their opaque shade nearly every herbaceous plant. The lowness of the country may be inferred from the circumstance of the floods of the Mississippi causing a reflux of the waters of the Ohio for more than thirty miles, and those of the Ohio retarding the current of the former fully to the same extent.

‘The forests here are deep and gloomy, swarming with innumerable mosquitoes, and the ground overgrown with enormous nettles. There is no point near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which a distant prospect can be had. Standing in view of the junction of these magnificent rivers, meeting almost from opposite extremities of the continent, and each impressed with the peculiar character of the regions from which it descends, we seem to imagine ourselves capable of comprehending at one view all that vast region between the summits of the Alleghanies and of the Rocky Mountains, and feel a degree of impatience at finding all our prospects limited by an inconsiderable extent

extent of low muddy bottom lands, and the unrelieved, unvaried, gloom of the forest.'—*James*, vol. i. p. 44.

The length of the course of the Ohio is stated by Mr. James at one thousand and thirty-three miles; maintaining, with few exceptions, an uniform gentle current of clear transparent water, whose rapidity on an average is not more than two and a half miles an hour, with a descent of nine inches a mile, (four inches and a half come nearer the truth;) the range of high and low water, between the highest and lowest ebbs, upwards of sixty feet. When flooded, vessels of 300 tons burden may ascend as high as Cincinnati. The larger steam-boats however, which run on the Mississippi and the Ohio, usually stop at Shippingsport; the smaller kinds only, not exceeding seventy tons, proceeding to Pittsburgh, and those only for a few months in the year. Chains of rocks crossing the river in two or three places, and shallow beds of sand and gravel, are not the only impediments to the navigation of the Ohio; a more constant source of danger arises from the roots and stems of sunken trees, or those which are floating level with the surface of the water, known, by nice distinctions, under the sonorous and classical names of *snags*, *mags*, *sawyers*, and *planters*. On the Alleghany and upper part of the Ohio, flats or rafts, here called *arks*, are the common vessels of burden, long fleets of which may be seen dropping down with the current, and bearing to that land of promise, which lies 'beyond the place where the sun goes down,' whole families who have embarked on one frail bottom their horses, cattle, household furniture, implements of husbandry, and, in short, all their worldly goods. The principal tributaries to the Ohio are the Wabash and its branches, the Miami, the Sioto, and the Muskingum, from the northward; the Great Kenaway, the Kentucky, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee from the south-east. The last-mentioned river, running in a contrary direction for two hundred miles nearly, at no great distance from and parallel to the Mississippi, is a proof of the general low level of the surface on this part of the great valley.

On the 1st of June, the 'Western Engineer' entered the Mississippi, where we must leave her for the present, to accompany Mr. Schoolcraft, who considers himself 'as the only man living who has visited both the source and the mouth of this wonderful river.' His account of it is clearly given, and, with a few exceptions, we doubt not, with sufficient accuracy.

The Mississippi originates in a region of lakes and swamps, which are scattered over a table-land, extending from the Rocky Mountains nearly, to the shores of Lake Superior, between the 48th and 49th parallels of latitude—some of which pour their waters north into the Polar Sea—others, north-east, into Hudson's Bay—

others again east, into the St. Lawrence—and others, south, into the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Schoolcraft assumes the Red Cedar Lake (which, in compliment to Governor Cass, he is pleased to call *Cassina Lake*) as the source of the Mississippi, though he admits that a river falls into it from *Beesh Lake*, sixty miles to the north-west. Calculating from *Cassina*, he makes the whole course of the river to its embouchure 2978 miles, and from the *Beesh*, 3058 miles—comprehending every variety of climate, from almost constant winter (they had ice in July) to the regions of perpetual verdure. He considers its physical character under four natural divisions, as indicated by the rock formation of its bed and banks, the forest trees and other vegetable productions, the falls and rapids which oppose navigation, and the general appearances of the adjacent country.

The *first division* extends from *Cassina Lake* to the Falls of *Peckagama*, a distance of 230 miles, through which it meanders with a gentle current of about a mile and a half an hour, with a descent of three inches per mile, increasing in width from 60 to 100 feet, the country on each side being a low prairie or savannah covered with wild rice, rushes, sword-grass, and other aquatic plants. A few yellow pines appear in the dry sandy elevations which terminate the prairies at the distance of a few miles on each side of the river, which, however, in its extraordinary sinuosities, sometimes approaches them. The nature of these savannahs (under the fascinating name of *prairies*) will best be understood from Mr. Schoolcraft's description:

'While sitting in our canoes, in the centre of this prairie, the rank growth of grass, rushes, &c. completely hid the adjoining forests from view, and it appeared as if we were lost in a boundless field of waving grass. Nothing was to be seen but the sky above, and the lofty fields of nodding grass, oats, and reeds upon each side of the stream. The monotony of the view can only be conceived by those who have been at sea,—and we turned away with the same kind of interest to admire the birds and water-fowl, who have chosen this region for their abode. The current of the river is gentle, its velocity not exceeding one mile per hour:—its width is about eighty feet.'—*Schoolcraft*, pp. 242, 243.

In this region of gloom and desolation, were found two Frenchmen *located*, for the purpose of trading with the Indians:

'In the person of one of these, Mons. D——, we witnessed one of the most striking objects of human misery. It appears that, in the prosecution of the fur trade, he had, according to the custom of the country, taken an Indian wife, and spent several winters in that inclement region. During the last, he was, however, caught in a severe snow storm, and froze both his feet in such a manner, that they dropped off shortly after his return to his wigwam. In this helpless situation, he was supported some time by his wife, who caught fish in the lake; but

but she at last deserted him; and on our arrival, he had subsisted several months upon the pig weed which grew around his cabin. As he was unable to walk, this had been thrown in by his countryman, or by the Indians, and appeared to have been the extent of their benevolence. We found him seated in a small bark cabin, on a rush mat, with the stumps of his legs tied up with deerskins, and wholly destitute of covering. He was poor and emaciated to the last degree—his beard was long—cheeks fallen in—eyes sunk, but darting a look of despair—and every bone in his body visible through the skin. He could speak no English, but was continually uttering curses in his mother tongue, upon his own existence, and apparently, upon all that surrounded him. We could only endure the painful sight for a moment, and hastened from this abode of human wretchedness; but before leaving the village, Governor Cass sent him a present of Indian goods, groceries, and ammunition, and engaged a person to convey him to the American Fur Company's Fort at Sandy Lake, where he could still receive the attention due to suffering humanity.—*Id* pp. 252, 253.

The *second division* commences at the Falls of Peckagama, where the first rock stratum and the first wooded island occur, and extends to the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of 685 miles; the width increasing from 300 to 800 feet, from the numerous tributary streams falling in on the east and on the west; in which space the impediments to navigation consist of thirty-five rapids, nineteen ripples, and the Big and Little Falls; exclusive of which, the mean descent is reckoned at six inches a mile, and its velocity at three miles an hour. At the Falls of the Peckagama the savannahs cease, and are succeeded by forests of elm, maple, larch, oak, poplar and ash. About 100 miles lower down, the black-walnut, and at 300, the sycamore, begin to make their appearance; and here also are the 'dry prairies,' which continue to the Falls of St. Anthony, on the east side of the river, the resort of the buffalo, the moose, and other species of deer. Granite in detached masses and in beds appears at the rapids, rising in some places from one to two hundred feet above the river; but the banks are generally alluvial, and the shores abound with a fresh water muscle of enormous size. In this part of the river, Mr. Schoolcraft complains bitterly of the 'voracious hordes of mosquitoes,' whose ravenous attacks, he tells us, require a different species of philosophy to resist from that which we are called upon to exercise upon the sudden occurrence of any of the great calamities and misfortunes of life: 'the traveller,' he emphatically adds, 'who is prepared to withstand the savage scalping knife and the enraged bear, has nothing to oppose to the attacks of an enemy which is too minute to be dreaded and too numerous to be destroyed.'

The *third division*, or characteristic change in the river, is said to extend from the Falls of St. Anthony to the confluence of the  
A 4 Missouri,



Missouri, a distance of 843 miles. Over these falls the Mississippi 'has a perpendicular pitch of forty feet.' Here the banks of the river begin to be skirted with a rugged line of limestone rocks, generally denominated *bluffs*, which rise from one hundred to four hundred feet in height, and are characterized by the growth of cedars and pines on their summits. The width of the river between these bluffs is about 600 feet. One hundred miles below the falls, the river expands into a beautiful sheet of water, of twenty-four miles in length and two in breadth, called Lake Pepin. It is bounded on the east by a lofty range of limestone bluffs, and on the west by an elevated prairie, destitute of trees, but covered with luxuriant pasturage. On issuing from this lake, the Mississippi exhibits in a striking manner those extensive and moving sand-bars, innumerable islands and channels, drifts and snags, which more or less impede navigation to its very mouth.

In this division, the large tributaries which it receives, are, from the west, St. Peter's, the Ojawa, Iowa, Turkey, Des Moines and Salt rivers; on the east, the St. Croix, Chippeway, Black, Ousconsing, Rock and Illinois. The rapids of the Rock River extend six miles, and oppose an effectual barrier to steam navigation, although keel-boats and large barges may ascend. The rivers St. Croix and Bois-brulé connect, by a short portage, the Mississippi with Lake Superior, as do also the Chippeway and the Montreal; and between the Ousconsing and Fox Rivers, the portage is only a mile and a half over a flat country; and so trifling is the difference in the level of the two streams that, during the time of high waters, canoes frequently cross from one river to the other; and thus is the Mississippi also connected with Lake Michigan. Such, indeed, is the general level of this part of America, that it has been suggested that a barrier of eighteen or twenty feet high, thrown across the embouchure of Lake Erie at Buffalo, would turn the whole of the waters of the great American lakes into the Gulf of Mexico, leaving the St. Lawrence nearly dry:—a circumstance which, in the event of any future war, will greatly facilitate the conquest of Canada!

At the Ousconsing, Mr. Schoolcraft takes leave of the Mississippi with a description of that part of it in the immediate neighbourhood.

'The valley of the Mississippi between Prairie du Chien, and the lead mines of Dubuque, is about two miles in width, and consists of a rich deposit of alluvial soil, a part of which is prairie, and the remainder covered with a heavy forest of elm, sugar tree, black walnut, ash, and cotton wood. It is bounded on each side by corresponding bluffs of calcareous rocks, which attain a general elevation of four hundred feet, and throw an interest over the scene—which prairies and forests—woody islands, and winding channels, beautiful and picturesque as they

they certainly are, must fail to create. It is to these bluffs—now shooting into spiral columns, naked and crumbling—now sloping into grassy hills or intersected by lateral vallies—here, grouped in the fantastic forms of some antiquated battlement, mocking the ingenuity of man—there, stretching as far as the eye can reach in a perpendicular wall—but ever varying, pleasing—and new—it is to these bluffs, that the valley of the upper Mississippi owes all its grandeur and magnificence. Its broad and glittering channel—its woodless prairies and aspiring forests—its flowering shrubs and animated productions—only serve to fill up, and give effect to the imposing outline, so boldly sketched by the pencil of nature, in these sublime and pleasing bluffs.—pp. 354, 355.

The *fourth division* of the physical aspect of the Mississippi, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, (no part of which however, on the present occasion, was seen by him,) takes place at the confluence of the Missouri, which is so complete that the character of the former is entirely lost in that of the latter, which is in fact much the largest of the two streams. The waters of the Mississippi are here transparent and of a greenish hue—those of the Missouri turbid and of an opaque whitish colour, and they are said not to incorporate for twenty, thirty, and even forty miles below their junction. From this point to the mouth of the great drain in the Gulf of Mexico the distance is 1220 miles: instead, however, of allowing, with Mr. Schoolcraft, that the same ‘characteristic appearances’ are carried through this distance to the ocean, we should rather be disposed to divide it into three distinct portions; the *first*, from the Missouri to the Ohio, about 250 miles; the *second*, from thence to the Arkansas, 400 miles; and the *third* to the sea.

In the *first portion*, no tributary of any magnitude swells the stream; the rocky-bound shore ceases about thirty miles above the junction of the Ohio, where a transverse chain of rocks forms a serious impediment to navigation; here the alluvial banks begin, the hills retiring to a considerable distance from the river. Up to this point, the Mississippi has channelled out a passage in the horizontal strata of sandstone under which, on the Illinois side, are found extensive beds of coal. A mass of rock standing in the middle of the stream, about 150 feet high, is called, The Grand Tower, which Mr. James thinks may one day be made use of as the centre pier of a bridge over the Mississippi. About the middle part of this portion of the river, and near the stream of Kaskasia, are lead mines on the western, and salt springs on the eastern bank; but neither of them very productive. Here begins, on the eastern side, that alluvial valley, well known as the ‘Bottom;’ the fertility of which forms a complete *set-off*, in the mind of the American land-speculator, against the dreadful insalubrity of the air: parts of it, we are told, have ‘been cultivated successively without

without manure for a hundred years, and are still loaded annually with luxuriant crops.'

The *second portion* consists wholly, on the western side, of that low uninterrupted tract of land known by the name of the *Great Swamp*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Dismal Swamp*. Scarcely a tree or a bush for 300 miles is to be seen except the funereal cypress (*Cupressus Disticha*), 'whose innumerable conical excrescences,' says Mr. James, 'called *knees*, which spring up from the roots, resembling the monuments in a churchyard, give a gloomy and peculiar aspect to the scenery of these cypress swamps.' This tree is common in England, but we believe has not been known to ripen its seed, or to throw out these large 'knees;' the climate, perhaps, being too cold; for, Mr. James says, it is rarely met with in America, north of latitude 38°. The eastern banks are also low, with here and there some partial elevations, called the 'Chickasaw Bluffs;' the river flowing in one uniform current, dangerous, however, to navigation from the numerous 'snags, mags and sawyers.' This part of the river, Mr. Nuttall says, 'is truly magnificent, though generally bordered by the most gloomy solitudes, in which there are now no visible traces of the abode of man.' A little farther down, however, some French exiles had built a few log-huts, which they dignified with the name of New Madrid! This part of the valley is not only extremely unhealthy, but subject to earthquakes, which overthrow the houses, tear up the forests, and rend the banks of the river in a most extraordinary manner. These 'shakes,' as the concussions are called, are very frequent; but so accustomed to them are the few miserable sickly inhabitants, that when some travellers, on feeling the house which they had entered, so violently shaken as scarcely to allow them to stand on their feet, were expressing their terror, they were desired by the hostess not to be alarmed, 'for (said she) it is only an earthquake.'

The *third portion* consists of one great alluvial surface, in which, however, the river has worked a channel of at least a hundred feet deep; the crumbling banks consisting of clay, ferruginous sand, and quartz gravel. Almost every flood undermines some part of these banks, when they fall in, and carry with their ruins

' ————— lapides adesos,

Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos,'

and fields and plantations into the stream, now increased by the Big Black river, the Arkansas, the Waspita, and the Red river from the westward. At Point Coupée, near the town of St. Francisville, the banks begin to descend, till at Baton Rouge and from thence to the sea, they are scarcely elevated above the level of the river, and would be overflowed during the freshes, but for the

the

the artificial embankments, called levées, by which a long narrow line of plantations is defended, extending from about eighty miles above, to sixty miles below, New Orleans. All beyond is one vast level swampy surface, cut into a thousand different channels, covered with rank grass, reeds and rushes, and totally destitute of trees. The inundations are said to reach to the enormous height of fifty or sixty feet.

It will easily be imagined, that the breaking down of the levée and the tremendous rush of such a vast body of water as is contained between the two banks, must be certain destruction to those plantations near which the accident happens. Strict regulations are therefore established for its prevention, and for affording assistance on the occurrence of so calamitous an event. At such times the whole surface beyond the sloping banks or glacis, exhibits, for many thousand square miles, one vast ocean. This has been the case in the present year, when upwards of three hundred plantations were laid under water, and their crops entirely destroyed. The unhealthiness of such a country may readily be supposed; and the churchyards of New Orleans furnish a thousand melancholy records of the mortality of the place. The extremes of heat and cold are very great. Heavy snow has been known to fall at Natchez, in lat.  $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and they have frost every winter at New Orleans, in lat.  $29^{\circ} 57'$ .

In summer the thermometer frequently stands at  $90^{\circ}$ , and has been known at  $98^{\circ}$ . The severe cold of winter, which pervades every part of North America, is usually attributed to the north-west wind blowing from the Rocky Mountains, but we doubt the sufficiency of this cause; and should rather assign it to the immense extent of surface covered with lakes and swamps, and stagnant plashes of water.

Mr. Schoolcraft estimates the elevation of the source of the Mississippi (calculating from that of Lake Superior) to be 1330 feet above the Atlantic; which, he says, in 2,978 miles, (the whole length of its course,) 'will give a mean descent of two feet,  $2\frac{1}{3}\frac{5}{6}$  inches,' and that 'he is not aware of any fallacies in these calculations.' We are rather surprized that so sensible a man, and a philosopher, could make so egregious a blunder, and be satisfied with such a result; which he has obtained by dividing 2,978 by 1330, (and dividing it wrong,) instead of reversing the operation. According to his data, the average descent of the Mississippi will be 5.66 inches, instead of 2 feet 3 in. nearly, which would make its source 6,700 feet (instead of 1330) above the level of the sea. But we are persuaded that Mr. Schoolcraft has overrated the elevation of its source, and that it does not exceed 1,000 feet; and the ground of our opinion is this:—It has been found, from the surveys

surveys of the line of the great canal of New York, that the elevation of Lake Erie is only 564 feet above the level of the Atlantic; and from this, Major Long deduces the head of the Illinois at 450 feet. The length of this river to its mouth in the Mississippi, is 1,200 miles, and from thence to the gulf of Mexico 1,200 more. Now a fall of 450 feet in 2,400 miles gives no more than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches per mile; and as the Illinois and the Mississippi run nearly parallel, and must be nearly on the same level, the Mississippi, at 2,000 miles from its mouth, cannot, we think, have more than 500 feet elevation. It is the rush of waters from the westward, rather than its slope, that impels its stream at a mean velocity of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, which, below the junction of the Missouri, becomes four miles, and sometimes more.

It is now time that we should return to Major Long's party, and accompany them in their steam-boat up the Missouri; first, however, noticing an object which attracted their attention on the bank of the Mississippi near the point of confluence, namely, distinct impressions of two human feet, on the horizontal surface of the limestone rock upon which the town of St. Louis is built, and which some American geologists, we are told, have been pleased to consider as 'contemporaneous with those casts of submarine animals, which occupy so great a part of the body of the limestone.' Mr. James supposes that the induration of the mud, consisting of clay and lime, left on the shelvings of the rocks, may account for the phenomenon, by giving the appearance of an impression in the limestone itself. We think differently, and have little doubt they are the work of some ingenious Frenchman of the town of St. Louis, at an early period of the settlement.

Near the confluence of the two rivers are a multitude of those earthy tumuli of various forms and magnitude, which are found in almost every part of the vale of the Mississippi, some of them from two to three hundred feet in length, and seventy feet in height; generally of a pyramidal form, like those of Mexico, and sometimes surrounded by a ditch. Mr. Nuttall notices one of large dimensions, on the banks of the Ohio, on the summit of which was growing, among other trees, 'a white oak, of not less than two centuries duration.' This proves very little of that vast antiquity which has been assigned to these cemeteries, for such they appear to be; and such, in fact, but of smaller dimensions, are still raised over the deceased bodies of their chiefs by the present Indians. Thus a chief of the Omawhaws, named Blackbird, who died in 1808, was interred sitting on his favourite horse, on the summit of a high bluff on the bank of the Missouri, and a mound raised over his remains. On a recent mound being opened, the body of a white officer was discovered in a sitting posture, clothed

clothed in a red coat trimmed with gold lace ; he had been scalped, and was supposed to have been a Spanish officer. But though they have no pretensions to a great antiquity, they undoubtedly commemorate the existence of a people more numerous and powerful than the present race of Indians.

The bones of animals and snakes have sometimes been found mixed with human bones in these tumuli ; also stone pipes and pottery ; and out of one near Cincinnati were dug two large marine shells, one of which was the *Cassis Cornutus* of the Asiatic islands, the other the *Fulgur peiversus* of the coast of Georgia and East Florida ; and hence it has been inferred, that an intercourse must anciently have existed between the Indians of this part of North America and the inhabitants of Asia, and between them and those of the Atlantic. There is, indeed, a popular belief that the American Indians had their origin in Asia ; and, as we observed in our last Number, many circumstances, still existing, give probability to the conjecture. In their persons, colour and reserved disposition, they have a strong resemblance to the Malays of the Oriental Archipelago ; that is to say, to some of the Tartar tribes of Upper Asia ; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, like these, they shave the head, leaving only a single lock of hair ; they have also, as Mr. Schoolcraft observes, ‘ the custom of binding the feet of their female infants in such a manner as to make the toes point inward, which gives them in after-life a very awkward appearance in walking.’ We really thought that this practice had been confined to those refined Tartars, the Chinese. We might adduce the picture-language of the Mexicans, as corresponding with the ancient picture-language of China, and the *quipos* of Peru with the knotted and party coloured cords which the Chinese history informs us were in use in the early period of the empire ; we might compare the high cheek bones, and the elongated eye of the two people, and produce other resemblances as so many corroborating proofs of a common origin. But as this is not the place for so fruitful a source of discussion, we willingly leave it to the new ‘ Asiatic Society.’

At the confluence of the Osage with the Missouri, a town had been located, to which the name of Missouriopolis was given ; and of which, from its situation, great expectations were formed. The Osage rises in the Ozark mountains to the southward, and is stated, in point of magnitude, to rank nearly with the Cumberland and Tennessee ; but it is full of sand-banks, capable, however, of being removed, which would open a navigation of six hundred miles, through a rich and densely wooded country, resembling in all respects the western slope of the Alleghany mountains. Beyond this a day’s sail carried the steam-boat to the rising town of Franklin, the country about which abounds in brine-springs, at one of which,  
named

named Boon's lick, eighty bushels of salt are said to be manufactured daily.

The navigation of the Missouri above and below the spot where the Grand River falls into it from the northward, was nearly impracticable from the rapidity of the current, and the multitude of snags and sand-bars; the steam-boat grounded every moment, and it required the greatest exertion to arrive at Fort Osage, about one hundred miles above the mouth of the Grand River, and the extreme frontier at that time of the white American settlements, being four degrees of longitude to the westward of the mouth of the Missouri. But such is the restless disposition of these back-woodsmen, and soaverse are their habits from those of a civilized neighbourhood, that nothing short of the salt, sandy desert can be expected to stop them. One of these squatters, who had gradually reached this point in his migration from Tennessee, told them, that 'a man might live in greater ease and freedom, where his neighbours were not very numerous;' and the notorious Daniel Boon, who about fifty different times has shifted his abode westward, as civilization approached his dwelling, when asked the cause of his frequent change, replied, 'I think it time to remove, when I can no longer fell a tree for fuel so that its top will lie within a few yards of the door of my cabin.' There is not much to be said for the squatters; but they are preceded in their wanderings by another class, known by the name of 'White Hunters,' who, by the testimony of Mr. James, are 'the most abandoned and worthless among the whites; frequently men whose crimes have excluded them from society.' These people hunt very little themselves, but trade with, cheat, and corrupt the Indians.

The steam-boat arrived near the confluence of the Platte and the Missouri, about the middle of September. This branch, during its floods, is said to pour into the Missouri a greater volume of water than is contained in the main branch, or that upon which Messrs. Lewis and Clarke proceeded in their route to the Pacific. On the bank of the latter, at a short distance above the junction of the Platte, the party erected cabins, and wintered, sending back the steam-boat as being of no further use. To this spot they gave the name of 'Engineer Cantonment.' Its latitude was  $41^{\circ} 25' 4''$  N. longitude  $95^{\circ} 43' 53''$  W. During their winter's residence, the thermometer was frequently below zero, and the ice on the Missouri was sixteen inches thick; but it broke up and was entirely dispersed by the end of March.

Near this spot the Americans had established a fort and garrison, which was suffering severely from sickness.

'Camp Missouri has been sickly, from the commencement of winter; but its situation is at this time truly deplorable. More than three hundred

hundred soldiers are, or have been sick, and nearly one hundred have died. This fatality is occasioned by the scurvy (scurbutus). Individuals who are seized rarely recover, as they cannot be furnished with the proper aliments; they have no vegetables, fresh meat, nor antiscorbutics, so that the patients grow daily worse, and entering the hospital is considered by them as a certain passport to the grave.—*James*, vol. i. p. 176.

Mr. James has indulged in long and tedious accounts of the Omawhaws, the Ottos, the Pawnees, &c. the variety of their dances and long speeches, their thefts and war parties, their manners, customs and religious rites, and in minor details, in which, we conclude, our readers would find as little interest as ourselves. There is, in fact, very little of the pleasing in the Indian character; and we entirely agree with Major Long that ‘the delicate trains of thought and reflection, attributed to them by writers who have attempted to enlarge our acquaintance with the Indian character, usually have their origin in the ingenuity of the writers themselves.’ Many of the tribes cultivate a little maize, beans, water-melons and squashes in the summer, and in the autumn and winter go out to hunt the bison, the deer, the beaver, &c.; or to plunder and scalp some other tribe. Others, for they are not nice in their diet, live chiefly on ants; the squaws scoop them out of their hillocks, wash the dirt from them, roll them on a flat stone into a dense paste and flatten them into cakes, from which a soup is prepared. They use no salt with their food, nor spices, nor aromatics of any kind. The vice of gambling is universal, but drunkenness among the distant tribes is rare. The worst trait in the Indian character is the neglect shown towards the aged and helpless, which is carried to such a degree that, when on a march or a hunting excursion, it is a common practice to leave behind their nearest relations when reduced to that state, with a little food and water, abandoning them without further ceremony to their fate.

‘When thus abandoned (says Mr. James) by all that is dear to them, their fortitude does not forsake them, and the inflexible passive courage of the Indian sustains them against despondency. They regard themselves as entirely useless; and as the custom of the nation has long led them to anticipate this mode of death, they attempt not to remonstrate against the measure, which is, in fact, frequently the consequence of their earnest solicitation.’—*James*, vol. i. p. 237.

Yet such is the regard which they affect to feel for their departed relations, that they mourn over their graves at certain seasons, and, like the more northern Indians, destroy their property as the means of soothing their affliction for their loss.

On the 6th June the party set out from their winter-quarters with a sufficient number of horses and mules; pursuing their route along the



the valley of the Platte, 'which presented the view of an unvaried plain from three to eight miles in width, and extending more than one hundred miles along that river, being a vast expanse of prairie or natural meadow without a hill or other inequality of surface, and with scarce a tree or shrub to be seen upon it.' Of these dry prairies, which constitute so remarkable a feature in American scenery, Mr. Schoolcraft says, 'the profusion of wild flowers, and the sweet-scented Indian grass, while they fill the air with a refreshing fragrance, delight the eye with the richness and never-ending variety of their colours; and viewed under the influence of a gentle western breeze, which is seldom wanting, leaves nothing to complete the picture of the most enchanting rural beauty.'

These prairies continue to increase in number and extent, in proceeding up the Missouri as far as the Platte, and in the same proportion the quantity of forest trees decreases. Along the Platte the country presents, on every side, an undulating surface, with nothing to limit the view or variegate the prospect, but here and there a hill, knoll, or insulated tract of table-land. The limestone and coal strata have now ceased, and are succeeded by the red sandstone formation of the Great Desert, which extends in a gentle slope nearly 400 miles to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, and nearly 500 miles from north to south. Its surface is divided by deep ravines, to the depth of many hundred feet below the common level; and marked by a scanty growth of pitchpine, red cedar, stunted oaks, willows and a few other trees, skirting the rivers and brooks which meander along their bottoms; nothing like a tree, however, is found on the elevated surface of the great desert, which is occasionally characterized by water-worn pebbles, and gravel, of granite, gneiss and quartz; but the predominant characteristic is sand, which, in many places, prevails to the entire exclusion of all mould whatever. In patches where vegetation shows itself, it is mostly confined to tufts of withered grass, prickly pears, and those succulent and saline plants which can derive subsistence out of the most arid, sandy and sterile soils. Two species of the cactus are described as most formidable plants, the *cactus ferox* and the *cactus cylindricus*. The former is stated to reign sole monarch over myriads of acres of these desolate plains, in patches, which neither a horse nor any other animal will venture to pass, though Mr. Nuttall says, that the antelope finds the means of making this plant subservient to its necessities, 'by cutting it up with its hoofs.' The latter grows singly, and forms a cluster by itself, increasing to such a size that, seen from a distance, it is frequently mistaken for a bison. The whole plant is so thickly beset with terrific spines, that it forbids all approach to it either by man or beast. In some places are found loose fragments of volcanic

cauic rocks: and in others are knolls and detached table-masses, of several hundred feet high, of trap rock; but all these formations are superincumbent on horizontal strata of secondary sandstone. There are, however, no traces whatever of volcanoes. Major Long concludes they were extinguished previously to the recession of the waters that once inundated the vast region between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains. In various parts, however, of this great valley, and more particularly along the line of the Mississippi, and lower part of the Missouri, smoke and flame have been observed, sometimes accompanied by a strong sulphureous smell; and those false fires, usually known by the name of 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' are stated to be very common, and to play as many tricks upon the back-settlers, as they were once thought to do with our own countrymen.

Though, generally, on these dreary and desolate plains, scarcely a green plant or a living creature is met with, yet in the neighbourhood of the rivers and in the valleys through which they meander, there sometimes occur such immense herds of bisons, as to blacken the whole surface. In one place, Mr. James says, he does not exaggerate in asserting, that 'at least ten thousand burst on the sight in the instant.' 'In the morning,' he adds, 'we again sought the living picture, but, upon all the plain, which last evening was so teeming with noble animals, not one remained.' From this place, the higher they advanced up the Platte, the more numerous were the various animals; and bisons, (called, erroneously, buffalos,) deer, bears and wolves, were every day met with. The wolf is sure to be found in the rear of the gregarious animals; and the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*), the 'raw-head and bloody-bones' of North America, comes in for a share when berries and other vegetable food fail him. 'We find,' says Mr. James, 'a constant source of amusement, in observing the unsightly figure, the cumbersome gait, and impolitic movements of the bison; we were often delighted by the beauty and fleetness of the antelope, and the social comfort and neatness of the prairie-dog villages.'

A 'prairie-dog village' is the warren of a pretty little species of marmot, (the *arctomys ludoviciana*), which has received the absurd and inappropriate name of 'Prairie Dog,' from a fancied resemblance of its warning cry to the hurried barking of a small dog. Some of the warrens spread over a surface of many square miles; the entrance of each burrow is at the top of a little mound of earth, of a foot or eighteen inches high, on the summit of which the little animals sit and bark, and flourish their tails, but plunge in on the least appearance of danger. We are told that, during the winter months, the prairie-dog becomes torpid; but first he closes up the entrance of his burrow, and then makes, for his comfort and security,

security, a neat globular cell of fine dry grass, with an aperture just large enough to admit a finger, and so compactly formed, that it might almost be rolled over the floor without receiving injury. The burrowing owl (*strix cunicularia*) is stated to be 'a fellow-citizen of the prairie-dog, dwelling in burrows precisely the same;' but whether they inhabit them in common with the marmot, or by right of conquest, or make them for themselves, the travellers had not the opportunity of deciding. Mr. James says, 'from the remarkable coincidence of note between these two widely distinct animals, we might take occasion to remark the probability of the prairie-dog being an unintentional tutor to the young owl, did we not know that this bird utters the same sounds in the West Indies, where the prairie-dog is not known to exist.'

But the animal that interested them the most, was the wild horse, which in vast herds, of various colours and sizes, was occasionally seen scouring over the plains with amazing fleetness. 'Their playfulness,' says Mr. James, 'rather than their fears, seemed to be excited by our appearance, and we often saw them, more than a mile distant, leaping and curvetting, involved by a cloud of dust, which they seemed to delight in raising.' It is scarcely necessary to say, that they are the offspring of those animals which were carried by the Spaniards into the new world. They would often approach very near to the strangers, but eluded all attempts to take them alive. A singular method is sometimes adopted for catching them, by shooting the animal through a particular part of the neck, with a rifle ball, without touching the spine; the blow fells him to the ground, and stuns him to such a degree, that he allows himself to be taken; this is called 'creasing.' The Osage Indians run them down, by stationing three parties at a distance from each other, in the direction that they are pretty well assured the troop of wild horses will take; the first party chases them to the second, which gallops after them to the third, who then joins in the pursuit till they are fairly tired, and suffer themselves to be noosed and captured.

In the 102d degree of longitude, the Platte divides into two branches, called the North and the South Forks; they are equally large, that is to say, about 800 yards wide near their confluence, both shoal and rapid, and both running over large sandy beds. These forks have their origin in the Rocky Mountains, at the distance of about one hundred and twenty miles apart. The party took the direction of the latter stream; but it was understood that the former skirted a more fertile and interesting country; among other animals, it was said to abound with the beaver, which is less disturbed here than in the vicinity of the white population, and the Indian hunters in their employ.

The party had now arrived at a spot where the influence of the Rocky Mountains was evidently exerted on the temperature of the atmosphere. In the heat of the day, a light and refreshing breeze sprung up, blowing directly from the mountains; whilst the mornings and evenings were calm and oppressive. If these mountains, covered with snow, be considered as the shore to the wide sea of sand at their base, we have an easy explanation how this influence is created; it is the rarification of the air over the latter, causing an ascending current, whilst its place is supplied by the rushing down of the condensed air from the mountains, and thus producing those alternate land and sea breezes, so well known in tropical regions. Even the ants appeared to be aware of this influence, for, of the innumerable hillocks raised by this insect, it was observed that the entrance was invariably on the *east* side. The temperature rarely exceeded  $80^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, whilst that of the water of the Platte was about  $75^{\circ}$ . 'Yet,' says Mr. James, 'though there were only about five degrees of difference between the temperature of the air and that of the water, it was remarked by several of the party, that a sensation of extreme cold was felt on passing from the one side to the other.' (vol. ii. p. 174.)

Hitherto they had not met with a single human being, nor any traces of one on this desolate and dreary desert; but on a nearer approach to the mountains, and on the bank of the Platte, they discovered the remains of an Indian encampment, which, to all appearance, had but recently been abandoned; it was a small circle, built, to the height of five feet, with half-decayed logs of wood, intermixed with skeletons of bisons. In front of the entrance, at a little distance from it, was a semicircular row of sixteen bison skulls, with their noses pointing down the river, and a separate skull marked with a number of red lines; the interpretation of which was said to be,—'that the camp had been occupied by the Pawnee Loup Indians, who were returning from an expedition against some of the western tribes;'—the red lines, it seemed, showed the party to have consisted of thirty-six; the position of the skulls denoted their return home; and two rods, with two parcels of hair tied to each, signified that four scalps had rewarded their exertions.

• 'And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphics!'

• The party, after much fatigue and some hardships, reached, on the 6th July, the chasin in the Rocky Mountains out of which the south fork of the Platte flows; it was here twenty-five yards wide, and three feet deep; the water clear and cool, and the current rapid. Here they encamped, and determined the position to be lat.  $38^{\circ} 18' 19''$  N. and long.  $103^{\circ} 39' 44''$  W. The sandstone formation of the desert, which had risen rapidly in its slope as they approached the mountains, here became a rocky barrier,

from one to two hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular, running in a parallel direction with the great chain. The intervening valley between this rampart and the Rocky Mountains was about a mile in width, studded with insulated columnar rocks, some of a snowy whiteness, standing like pyramids and obelisks, among mounds and hillocks, formed, as it seemed, from the disintegration of similar masses. Of this sand-stone ridge or wall, Mr. James gives the following account:—

‘This extensive range, rising abruptly from the plain, skirts the base of the mountains like an immense rampart, and to a spectator placed near it, intercepts the view of the still more grand and imposing features of the granitic ridge beyond. It is made up of rocks composed of the broken down and comminuted fragments of pre-existing aggregates, embosoming reliquiae of the animals of a former world, known to us only by the monuments which these remains exhibit. Though rugged and precipitous, its elevation is small, when compared to that of the stupendous Andes, which rise above it far into the regions of perpetual winter. The stratifications with which it is distinctly seamed, penetrate the mass with various degrees of obliquity, sometimes running perpendicularly to the horizon; seeming unequivocally to prove, that the whole has receded from its original position, and that these immense rocky masses have, by the operation of some powerful agent, been broken off from their original continuity with the strata now found in a horizontal position in the plains.’—vol. ii. p. 188.

Beyond the valley a second crust of sandstone was found to rest against the primitive range; near the base and in the more compact parts of which, were the remains of *terebratulæ*, and other submarine animals. A detachment of the party determined to ascend to the highest peak. Having surmounted the superincumbent sandstone, on which were growing a few oaks and junipers, they reached the first range of primitive rocks of coarse red granite, with loose fragments of gneiss lying about the surface; among these was a scanty vegetation of prickly pears, yuccas, stunted oaks, and junipers. In one place they found a few large and delicious raspberries, and some red currants which, though ripe, were hard and juiceless, and occasioned a head-ache to those who ate them. At the elevation nearly of the limit of phænogamous vegetation, the hop, the box elder, the sarsaparilla of the eastern states, and many other common plants were found growing.

At the point where the Alpine plants first appeared, a change was observed in the character of the rock, which was now a compact fine-grained aggregate of quartz, felspar, and hornblende. The red cedar and the flexile pine were observed to grow at a greater elevation than any other arborescent plants; they were low and stunted, with thick and rigid trunks, without limbs or bark on the upper side or that exposed to the falling masses of rock. In the neighbourhood

bourhood of this region, the beauty of the Alpine plants is spoken of with rapture by Mr. James. The flower in many of them is the most conspicuous and largest part of the plant, and in all, the colouring is said to be astonishingly brilliant. A dark blue is the most prevailing; and it was noticed that the *penstemon erianthera*, the mountain columbine, and some other plants common to less elevated districts, were here much more deeply coloured than in ordinary situations; which is ascribed to the intensity of the light transmitted from the bright and unobscured atmosphere of those regions, and increased by reflection from the immense impending masses of snow. This may very well be; but when it is asked, 'if the deep cerulean tint of the sky may not have an influence in producing the corresponding colour so prevalent in the flowers of these plants?' We have no hesitation in saying, 'No;' the colours peculiar to the several flowers are elaborated in the plant, independent or nearly so of external circumstances, but the *intensity* of each colour depends on light, air, a clear atmosphere, &c.

As the party approached the top, the Alpine plants became less frequent, and at length entirely ceased. The summit was nearly level, containing an area of ten or fifteen acres, on which scarcely a lichen was to be seen. Here the mercury fell to  $42^{\circ}$ , while at the encampment it was  $96^{\circ}$  at the same hour, and kept above  $80^{\circ}$  to a late hour in the evening. The upper part of the peak was a compact, indestructible aggregate of quartz and felspar, with a little hornblende, in very small particles. The weather was calm and beautifully clear, but the air at one time was, 'filled in every direction with such clouds of grasshoppers, as partially to obscure the day;' they had mounted, it would seem, too high in their flight, as numbers had fallen on the snow and perished. The view was grand and extensive. Three parts of the circle presented ranges of mountains with snowy peaks; and on the east, the immense desert was spread out like a map, with narrow strips of wood skirting the rivers, while the occasional glimpses of the streams shone like quicksilver. The party in their descent lost their way, and were obliged to pass a second night upon the side of the mountain, with the thermometer at  $38^{\circ}$ . The altitude of this peak, which when seen from the desert, appears to be the highest, was determined by trigonometrical measurement to be about 8,500 feet from its base, which being estimated at 3,000 feet, gives the altitude above the level of the sea, 11,500 feet: this agrees pretty well with the tables for estimating heights by the inferior limit of perpetual snow, which was here, in latitude  $40^{\circ}$ , about 1,650 feet below the summit.

Not far from the base of the superincumbent sandstone was discovered what Mr. James calls a 'boiling spring.'

It is, says he, 'a large and beautiful fountain of water, cool and transparent, and aerated with carbonic acid. It rises on the brink of a small stream, which here descends from the mountain, at the point where the bed of this stream divides the ridge of sandstone which rests against the base of the first granitic range. The water of the spring deposits a copious concretion of carbonate of lime, which has accumulated on every side, until it has formed a large basin overhanging the stream, above which it is raised several feet. This basin is of a snowy whiteness, and large enough to contain three or four hundred gallons, and is constantly overflowing.'

'The spring rises from the bottom of the basin, with a rumbling noise, discharging about equal volumes of air and of water, probably about fifty gallons per minute; the whole kept in constant agitation. The water is beautifully transparent; and has the sparkling appearance, the grateful taste, and the exhilarating effect, of the most highly aerated artificial mineral waters.'—*James*, vol. ii. p. 212, 213.

The temperature of the water was  $63^{\circ}$ , when that of the air in the shade was  $68^{\circ}$ . At the bottom was observed a great quantity of Indian beads and other ornaments, supposed to have been offerings made to the springs, which are regarded with great veneration by the savages of the desert.

The party now turned off to the southward till they reached the Arkansas, up which a detachment was sent to its place of exit from the mountains; here they found seven springs, whose waters were impregnated with muriate of soda and other salts. The river pours down with great impetuosity through a deep and narrow fissure in the gneiss rock, which, rising abruptly on both sides, to a considerable height, opposes an impassable barrier to all further progress. From hence it takes its course across those desolate plains which the party had passed higher up, and were again destined to traverse. Here they divided, one detachment under Captain Bell descending the Arkansas, and the other, under Major Long, the Canadian, farther to the southward; being a branch of the Arkansas which was mistaken for the Red River, that rises and runs through a part of the Spanish territory of New Mexico, which it had been the intention of Major Long to descend. The length of the Arkansas, to its junction with the Mississippi in lat.  $34^{\circ}$  long.  $91^{\circ}$ , is about 1500 miles; of the Canadian, to its confluence with the Arkansas, 1000 miles.

Both these parties suffered much from stormy weather, want of provisions, and particularly of water, that of the rivers being generally brackish or muddy. Naked beds of sand occupied the greater portion of the valley of the Arkansas as far as the desert extended, which were frequently covered with an incrustation of salt, like thin ice. The beds of both rivers were three or four thousand feet in width, and that of the Canadian mostly without water, except

in a few small pools, where it was stagnant; and the thermometer, at mid-day, about the middle of August, stood from 95° to 100° in the tents. Clouds of locusts filled the air, uttering shrill and deafening cries; while the Mississippi-hawk, wheeling through their ranks, seemed to enjoy his favourite prey; rattlesnakes of various kinds, and scolopendras of enormous size were crawling on the naked surface; and immense black, hairy spiders, like the bird-catching animal of South America (*mygale arbutaria*), watching for prey at the mouth of their subterranean habitations. On these arid plains the annoyance of the mosquito is not felt; but another of a more serious kind was experienced, the moment they left the desert, from an innumerable multitude of minute and almost invisible wood-ticks, against which neither wind, nor smoke, nor close leather-dresses afforded any protection. These insects bury themselves in the flesh, occasioning large and painful swellings—like the leech of Ceylon, which works itself into the legs of those who cross pools of water, and sometimes occasions death.

Arrived within the range frequented by the larger animals, the party were no longer distressed for want of food; and it will readily be imagined, after their long and fatiguing journey over the desert, how agreeable was their return to a surface which presented some appearance of verdure; where the mulberry and the guilandina, the hybiscus, &c. reminded them of the comforts of home and civilized society, and where, above all, the vine, full of ripe clusters, afforded them a repast, rendered yet more delicious by the parched and arid deserts, the brackish and muddy pools to which they had been so long condemned. It has been said that America is not the country of the vine. The following description, however, disproves this assertion. The *vitis vinifera* is found there in its wild state; but with this peculiarity attending it:—though in leaf and fruit it differs nothing from the cultivated vine of Europe, yet in America it is said that the male and female are different plants.

‘The small elms along this valley were bending under the weight of innumerable grape vines, now loaded with ripe fruit, the purple clusters crowded in such profusion as almost to give a colouring to the landscape. On the opposite side of the river was a range of low sand-hills, fringed with vines, rising not more than a foot or eighteen inches from the surface. On examination, we found these hillocks had been produced exclusively by the agency of the grape vines, arresting the sand as it was borne along by the wind, until such quantities had been accumulated as to bury every part of the plant, except the end of the branches. Many of these were so loaded with fruit, as to present nothing to the eye but a series of clusters, so closely arranged as to conceal every part of the stem. The fruit of these vines is incomparably finer than that of any other native or exotic which we have met with in



the United States. The burying of the greater part of the trunk, with its larger branches, produces the effect of pruning, inasmuch as it prevents the unfolding of leaves and flowers on the parts below the surface, while the protruded ends of the branches enjoy an increased degree of light and heat from the reflection of the sand. It is owing, undoubtedly, to these causes, that the grapes in question are so far superior to the fruit of the same vine in ordinary circumstances. The treatment here employed by nature, to bring to perfection the fruit of the vine, may be imitated; but without the same peculiarities of soil and exposure, can with difficulty be carried to the same magnificent extent. Here are hundreds of acres, covered with a movable surface of sand, and abounding in vines, which, left to the agency of the sun and the winds, are, by their operation, placed in more favourable circumstances than it is in the power of man, to so great an extent, to afford. We indulged ourselves to excess, if excess could be committed in the use of such delicious and salutary fruit, and invited by the cleanness of the sand, and a refreshing shade, we threw ourselves down, and slept away, with unusual zest, a few of the hours of a summer afternoon.—*James*, vol. ii. pp. 315, 316.

The detachment who descended the Canadian fell in with a large hunting party of the Kaskaia Indians, or Bad-hearts, men, women and children, to the amount of two hundred and fifty, all mounted on horseback: their chief's name was Red-mouse; who misinformed them, designedly it was supposed, that it was the Red River on which they were. These Indians behaved with great insolence, demanded every thing they saw, pilfered whatever they could, and, what appears to have mortified the Americans more than all the rest, intimated 'that they had never heard of such a people before:' in return, the citizens considered them 'among some of the most degraded and miserable of the uncivilized Indians on this side of the Rocky Mountains.' They were covered with filth, but had well-turned features, aquiline noses, large and regular teeth, clear and brilliant eyes. Mr. James saw, he says, 'several young mothers giving suck to their children, the mother and the child at the same time standing erect upon the ground.' It was supposed, from the image of the alligator, which they wore about their necks, ornamented with beads, that they were in the habit of going where that animal was common. They are excellent horsemen, and evinced great dexterity in throwing the rope, and taking the wild horse, in the manner practised on the *pampas* plains of South America.—But we must have done.

It is apparent, from the works we have been examining, that a very considerable portion of the great valley of the Mississippi is capable of cultivation; that it lies wholly within the temperate zone, and, though much colder than in the corresponding degrees of latitude in Europe, is not unfriendly to vegetation; and that its  
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present unhealthy state is less owing to climate than to those cane-brakes, cypress-swamps, alluvial bottoms—to those dense forests and undrained wilds, which nothing but an increasing and industrious population can remedy. When it is added that a water-communication may, at no ruinous expense, be opened between every part of the Valley, and with the Atlantic Ocean, it is not difficult to foresee that, in the long succession of ages, it will rank among the most important possessions of the globe. Population is said to be rapidly gaining on the eastern side of the Mississippi; so that a native Indian is scarcely to be found there, with the exception of a few Cherokees on its banks, who possess negro slaves, and live by agriculture! while, according to Major Long, the settlements on the banks of the Missouri and the Arkansas, will only be stopped at the very borders of the sterile desert, which (to use his words) ‘is well calculated to serve as a barrier to prevent too great an extension of population westward.’ Some of the American statesmen, however, lose all patience at the mention of a ‘barrier.’ ‘Gentlemen,’ (said one of them in the House of Representatives,) ‘gentlemen are talking of natural boundaries. Sir, our natural boundary is the Pacific Ocean. The swelling tide of our population must and will roll on until that mighty ocean interposes its waters, and limits our territorial empire. Then, with two oceans washing our shores, the commercial wealth of the world is ours, and imagination can hardly conceive the greatness, grandeur and the power that awaits us!’ We have no wish to disturb these pleasant day-dreams; but we venture to hint that, whenever ‘our territorial empire’ shall have reached the limit of the orator’s ‘imagination,’ its affairs, whether political or commercial, will not be administered at Washington.

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- ART. II.—1. *Attila, Tragédie en cinq actes.* Par Hyppolite Bis.  
 2. *Regulus, Tragédie en cinq actes.* Par M. Arnault, fils.  
 3. *Maccabees, Tragédie en cinq actes.* Par Alexandre Giroux.  
 4. *Saul, Tragédie en cinq actes; Clytemnestre, Tragédie en cinq actes.* Par Alexandre Soumet.

THE most important and the most extensive department of French literature, that on which the nation founds its highest pretensions to celebrity, is the Drama. A late critic indeed, whose dreadful fame as a legislator is more likely to give him immortality than his renown as a man of letters, M. J. Chenier, the juridical murderer of his brother, asserts that tragedy and comedy have been richer in genius, than all the other walks of French poetry taken together. ‘Corneille,’ he says ‘est un génie sublime, il sût créer; il est grand. Racine eut un talent admirable;

nable; il sût embellir; il est parfait. Voltaire eut un esprit supérieur; il étendit les routes de l'art; il est vaste.' After these classical names come Crebillon, Thomas Corneille, Lafosse, Guymond de la Touche, Lefranc, Lenfierre, du Belloi, La Harpe, &c. with others of inferior note.

More than forty years have elapsed, since a translation of Hamlet opened the career of fame to a dramatic poet, who has since risen to a high reputation, in the same walk of tragedy, Ducis. Romeo and Juliet, Lear, Macbeth and Othello were translated by the same author; who produced, as original works, Œdipus, and an Arabian tragedy, called Abufar. M. Arnault in the beginning of the revolution brought out his 'Marius à Minturnes,' which obtained the most brilliant success; and shortly afterwards Lucrece, with Cincinnatus, Oscar, and the most successful of all, les Vénitiens. He was followed by Legouvé, author of La Mort d'Abel, of Epichares et Néon, Etéocle et Polynice, et la Mort d'Henri IV; by Lemercier, author, at a very early age, of le Lévitte d'Ephraïm, Agamemnon, and other tragedies, which gave a promise of talent that he has not fulfilled. At a more advanced period of the revolution, appeared les Templiers by Raynouard, Abdelasis by M. de Murville, Joseph by M. Baove Lormian, Artaxerce by Delrieu, &c. The most meritorious tragedies of this epocha, says the critic above mentioned, are remarkable for simplicity of action; for having banished all useless personages, such as confidants, &c.; and all insipid episodes of unmeaning love, which custom had, in some shape, made indispensable; and which are frequent even in Racine and Crebillon. Tragedy, he continues, took a more philosophical turn since Voltaire; and subjects taken from modern history began to occupy the stage. But modern history, in his opinion, is not so well adapted for dramatic composition, as ancient history; not merely because manners (les mœurs) are now less poetical, but because a graver religion than polytheism is unfit for theatrical representation. Five centuries, therefore, of modern history, during which the wars of priesthood raged, must be excluded; for what does tragedy paint?—des passions:—quelles passions?—celles des hommes qui furent à la tête des états. Que résulte-t-il de ces passions?—des crimes et des malheurs. De là découlent la terreur et la pitié; hors de là, point de tragédie. Elle fut telle chez les Grecs, telle parmi nous, telle en Angleterre! Thus then, by a stroke of the pen, the French critic annihilates about nine-tenths of what we thought our best tragedies; and sends us to our cabinet councils to supply the deficiency.

Corneille, the creator of tragedy, left also a model of the best species of French comedy, Le Menteur; but Molière, who according

according to M. Chenier has no superior among philosophers, no equal among comic poets; carried every branch of this art to perfection. After him, but at an immense distance, followed the ingenious and brilliant gaiety of Regnard; the 'finesse originale' of Dufresny; the skill of Destouches; and the vis comica of Lesage, who in *Turcaret*, his masterpiece, was almost equal to Molière. Then came Piron and Gresset, who supported the comic muse in her usual splendour; but she soon afterwards became melancholy with Lachaussee, and affected with Marivaux; defects which were still further heightened by their successors, and soon became the fashion of the day. Caillava, in his *Menechmes Grecs*, was an exception, as was Loujon in the *Amoureux de Quinze Ans*, and the *Couvent*. When M. Laya produced *l'Ami des Loix*, anarchy and popular tyranny were beginning in the republic, and his comedy could not succeed against such opponents; and M. François de Neufchateau, who since has played many parts, drew down upon himself an honourable persecution, for having diffused sound and philosophical ideas in his *Pamela*. About the same time appeared three comic poets, Fabre d'Eglantine, (who, by the by, was the principal composer of another work, not less comic, the *Republican Calendar*, which substituted cabbages, parsnips, turnips, and other esculent plants, in the room of the saints which formerly presided over the days of the year,) author of the *Philinte de Molière*, the *Convalescent de Qualité*, the *Intrigue épistolaire*, the *Précepteurs*; Colin d'Harleville, who wrote *l'Inconstant*, *l'Optimiste*, *les Châteaux en Espagne*, *le Vieux Célibataire*, *les Mœurs du Jour*; and Andrieux, author of *Anaximandre*, *les Etourdis*, *le Souper d'Auteuil*, *le Trésor*, &c. The most prolific poet of the times in this walk of the drama is M. Picard, who produced twenty-five comedies before he was forty years of age; and all of them at least amusing. His best, in verse, are *Médiocre et Rampant*, *le Mari ambitieux*, *les Amis de Collège*; and in prose, *le Contrat d'Union*, *la Petite Ville*, *les Marionnettes*; to which may be added *les Ricochets*, and M. Musard. M. Picard was formerly an actor of merit, in his own plays. To these must be added *la belle Fermière*, by Madame Candeille, an actress; *le Réveil d'Epiménide*, and *la Jeune Hôtesse*, by Flins; *le Tartuffe des Mœurs*, by Cheron, copied from the *School for Scandal*, but much inferior; *les Héritiers*, *les Projets de Mariage*; *la Jeunesse d'Henri V.*, *le Tyran domestique* by Duvalle Tableau and *l'Avocat* by Roger; *Pinto*, by Lemercier; *l'Assemblée de Famille* by Ribouté, &c.

Some other branches equally prolific are the *Drame*, or serious comedy; and the lyric theatres, as the great opera, and lighter comedy, interspersed with song. To the former belong Sidney  
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by Gresset; *Nanine*, *l'Enfant prodigue*, *l'Écossaise* by Voltaire, *le Père de Famille* by Diderot; *le Philosophe sans le savoir* by Sedaine; *Mélanie* by la Harpe; *la Mère Coupable* by Beaumarchais, a sequel to his admirable comedies *le Barbier de Seville*, and *Figaro*, with many which decidedly belong to the only genre which Voltaire calls bad, the 'genre ennuyeux.' The list of great operas is very long; and that of the minor productions would be interminable.

The revolution, whose agency upon the minds of Frenchmen has shown itself in such multiplied forms, has maintained the pre-eminency which the theatre formerly claimed over every other species of poetry: and the success of about two hundred dramatic pieces, thirty of which at least were tragedies, could not be paralleled in any other branch of French literature, during the same epocha. But never perhaps was this ascendancy so remarkable as since the restoration of the Bourbons; for in almost every other literary or scientific pursuit, a kind of languor has succeeded to the feverish activity which prevailed in the reigns of anarchy and usurpation, while the stage has swarmed with successful productions.

The species of literary composition which is the most analogous to the French character, is certainly the dramatic. '*Natio comœda est.*' The French have a peculiar talent for playing any part they please. They can assume any humours, and counterfeit any manners. They never are themselves; every boudoir, every saloon is a theatre where every individual is at once an actor and a spectator; and society is a vast stage where every man and every woman ceases to be natural, unless indeed personation be nature. The province of every Frenchman when produced before the world is to differ from himself, when before himself alone: and his politeness consists in simulation and dissimulation.

The region which a people, so volatile, so little domestic, so much made up for show, so insensible to comfort, so eager for pleasure, so indifferent to happiness, delights in, must be that which shows them counterfeit in action. A public theatre unites all that can fascinate a Frenchman. It offers him something like occupation in the shape of amusement; an appearance of study in a diversified and lively assembly; and takes, from the one, its application, from the other, its solitude. It displays a living active picture of human beings; and gratifies curiosity by letting him into the secrets of their lives, and the recesses of their hearts. It brings with it all the splendour which ambition can covet, and all the illusions which fancy can delight in. It is a magical fairy ground which can be trodden without effort; and equally en-  
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chanting; whether we admire the author, the actor, or the audience. It contains, whether in pit, boxes, gallery or stage, the most bewitching seductions of society, united with the richest charms of literature. There, the poet does not apply to every plodding reader, one by one, that cons his verses, and turns over and over, twenty times, each dog-eared leaf; he collects his clients, night after night, into one common hall, and rushes, dauntless, into their presence. He does not wait till the slow approbation of his divided admirers is instilled, drop by drop, into his ears, from all the dark and lazy corners of the metropolis; he receives his recompense in thunders, shouts and clamours, all at once, in the face of patent lamps—perhaps of gas lights—and drinks large torrents of intoxicating plaudits. For persons who derive more satisfaction from such hasty and noisy applause as that bestowed in a theatre, than from the slow approbation conferred upon other branches of literature, the stage, in all its departments, has peculiar attractions; and it is there that literary ambition will always endeavour to find its vent in France.

But ambition alone is not sufficient to ensure success; and either there must have been a considerable fund of genius in that country, to succeed, as it appears by theatrical registers that French poets have succeeded; or else the walk itself must not have been encumbered by any of the ponderous difficulties, which are removable, by such minds only, as nature delights to form at long intervals, and, as it were, to give the world occasional assurance of her power. Some general strictures upon the French stage, and the principles which govern it, will put this in a clearer light; and also help us to ground an opinion upon some of the dramatic pieces which have succeeded, of late, in the metropolis of France.

The French theatre is the purest and most legitimate descendant of the Greek stage, that is now extant. With a timid respect for the general practices of the Athenians, the French have not ventured to enlarge upon them; and the most material difference they have introduced, and which at best is a negative improvement, relating merely to the form, is the abolition of the chorus. But the Greek stage was itself an infant production of the vast dramatic art. It rose at a time when the human soul scarcely knew itself, or had scanned the faculties which it possessed. This may appear a hazardous assertion, when made concerning men who were the children of those to whom Homer had sung. But a moment's reflexion will strip it of its apparent temerity; for surely none will assert that, since the days of Sophocles, the whole state of man and of society has not been progressive; and that, the domain even of our senses, the first of all the

the powers which are developed in us, has not been, in some measure, extended. How much more then have the faculties which wait upon observation, comparison and reflection, been enlarged? and what resources, unknown before, must not the only art which represents the human being in a state of successive action, thought and passion, have found, in the more complete development of his moral endowments, and their endless combinations! Besides this, many other arts, now employed as auxiliaries to the theatre, were not familiar; and representations on the Athenian stage, if we could behold them as they were in the ninety-third Olympiad, would necessarily appear to modern eyes —perhaps to the French themselves —inferior in attractions to the generality of European performances. If this be not admitted, we must either deny the general progress of the species; or assert that, by some inexplicable caprice, the stage alone, and its productions, have been excepted from the common law of improvement.

Without stopping to consider the mechanical part of dramatic representation, in which so many things have combined to give all moderns, who choose to take advantage of them, a decided superiority, we shall attach ourselves to the poem only; and endeavour to prove that an adherence to the practices of the Greek dramatic writers must be nearly as prejudicial to the progress of the stage, as too servile an attachment to the methods of Euclid would have been, to the more efficient modes of analysis, adopted by modern geometers.

The Greeks had, if we may so say, no positive antiquity, and but a limited ancestry. They had no traditions which could be relied upon, and no history but fable. No recollections furnished them with pictures of real men, bound together, or separated, by such various interests and passions as now prevail; and they could learn the mysteries of the heart from no records, and in no school, but the observation of the moment. Their great object was public life; for they had not yet so far subsided from political cares, as to allow to privacy such a share in their mind as it now possesses. Gods and heroes occupied their entire attention. Thus then their world was circumscribed to a narrower time and space; and from it was banished much of what now forms the charm of life; domestic relations, domestic joys and sorrows; the sympathies of ordinary men, and the feelings which nature inspires directly, in the first and nearest connections which she establishes among her creatures.

The mythology of the Greeks has been called imaginative. It is perhaps rather imitative. It certainly belongs less to imagination than to imitation, to compose a pantheon out of all the frailties

frailties collected from weak humanity; than to imagine one great omnipotent Being, with attributes all his own, and all infinite. Divinities whom man has created are not proper objects for the drama; for, while they are divinities, they are above our sympathy, and when they cease to be so they fall below our respect. For a similar reason, they are not proper agents for unravelling catastrophes; they are either too great, or too little, to interfere in the unequal conflict of mortal interests and passions. But the Greeks, ill versed in human nature on its widest scale, cut the knot which they could not solve: and gave up to their gods, who were little more than a privileged aristocracy of vice and weakness, the solution of every dramatic difficulty.

But these and other disadvantages were inseparable from the situations of early men. They were the necessary results of the infancy of the world; of the narrowness of its civilized portion; and of the absence of many feelings and sympathies, which have been expanded as generations spread over wider regions. The Athenians had the excuse of necessity, for labouring under imperfections which they could not avoid; but, so far from considering them as masters, and taking them as models in the dramatic art, modern nations, while paying them every tribute of respect and admiration, should endeavour to enlarge its sphere; and, by generalising its principles, to raise it to the level which all modern knowledge, compared with ancient, has attained.

It is not to be understood that the Greeks acted in contradiction to nature. Quite the reverse. They followed all that they knew concerning her; and it was she who was circumscribed. But a nation that, at this day, should do as the Greeks did, and admit nothing into its theatre which was not to be found in Sophocles or Euripides, would indeed be acting contrary to nature, and cutting away the most admirable portion of her works—that of which the most advanced civilization and intellect appreciate the value.

Now this is very nearly what the French have done, during their whole dramatic career. They have looked back to the infancy of the art, and held it to be maturity. They have raised fictitious limits to a boundless space; and all beyond those limits they hardly consider as of this world. What was indispensable in the ancient dramatists, the French have adopted voluntarily; and, with the blindest servility, rejecting even the analogies of their situation, copied the strictest letter of the imperfections which the Greeks could not avoid. The Greeks took the subjects of their tragedies entirely from their own records and traditions. Even with a foreign title, the story of the Persæ of Æschylus was Grecian. The family of the Atridæ was an exhaustible



exhaustible fund; and the adventures of the demigods and heroes of Greece completed the store of dramatic subjects. But the French did not liberate themselves from the very first trammels they met with on their way; and never recollecting that Sophocles and Euripides took their subjects from Greece, because Greece was their native country, and the most improved of antiquity, they conceived that none but Grecian stories were fit for the stage; that none else were worthy of poetry; that nothing could be pleasing to moderns, except the fables of antiquity; that fatalism was necessary to explain the passions of men abandoned wholly to themselves, and that mythology must be the most interesting theme to Christians! They thus bound the art inseparably to its former defects; and mistaking its inability for its want of will, its imperfections for its rules, they left themselves no means to enlarge the sphere, within which they are content to set themselves down for ever.

Nations in their infancy, like school-boys of the upper form, who have learned little of the world, and mingled little in the concerns of men, may indeed be dazzled with antiquity: but much of this admiration ceases as they become acquainted with a more advanced state of society. We have had former occasions to mention the characteristics of French intellect; and to assert that invention, imagination, induction, upon a large scale, are not among the number. It is most particularly in poetry, that the deficiency of these qualities, as well as their want of true and enlarged taste, is perceptible. There really is no other method by which their obstinacy, in adhering to antiquated forms and infant spirits in the drama, can be explained; and, though at the risk of exciting their indignant wonder, we must make the unqualified assertion, that a defect of originality, of genius, of creative power, has doomed them to be copyists; that a want of taste conceals from them the misfortune of being chained to imitation; and that a want of strong and mighty feeling has led them to bow before rules, in the name of Aristotle, of which Aristotle never dreamed; and which, had he and his countrymen possessed more experience in the art which represents the human world in action, they would have rejected with disdain.

Dramatic representations took their origin in France, as in most other countries, from religious ceremonies. Mysteries and Moralities first occupied the stage there, as elsewhere; and in them the devil played the principal part, as he does at this moment in the autos sacramentales of the Spanish theatre. The tribe of poets who composed such Mysteries is almost as numerous as that which has flourished since Corneille. Among the first attempts at a regular theatre, were some translations from  
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the Greek, the most remarkable of which were the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Hecuba* of Euripides, by Baif, and *Iphigenia in Aulis*, by Subilet; but it does not appear that they were ever performed. Jodelle, born at Paris in 1532, who succeeded to these, took his subjects, not indeed from the Greeks, though still from antiquity; and introduced choruses into his *Cleopatra* and his *Dido*, all written in the most barbarous style, and interlarded with the puns and conceits which bad taste had selected from the muse of Italy. These plays, however, delighted all who saw them, and inspired Ronsard with the following laudatory strains, characteristic of the literature of the times:—

‘ Jodelle, le premier, d’une plainte hardie,  
Françoisment chanta la Grecque tragédie.  
Puis, en changeant de ton, chanta, devant nos rois,  
La jeune comédie, en langage François;  
Et, si bien les sonna, que Sophocle et Ménandre,  
Tant fussent ils scavants, y eussent pu apprendre.’

The performers who at that time were in possession of the stage, les Confreres de la Passion, and les Clercs de la Rayoche, refused at first to perform Jodelle’s tragedies; but, finding that they became favourites with the public, the former consented, and, under the title of Comédiens de l’Hôtel de Bourgogne, attracted crowded audiences; and thus Jodelle may be considered as the founder of the French stage. His example encouraged La Péruse, who translated the *Medea* of Seneca; St. Gelois, who translated the *Sophonisba* of Trissino; Grevin, who had a *Mort de César* acted at the college of Beauvais, and Jean de la Faille, who imitated some situations of the *Troads* in his *Gabaomites*. The style of all these was miserably bad. One says, ‘L’amour mange mon sang, l’amour mon sang demande.’ Another exclaims,

‘ Votre enfer, dieu d’enfer, pour mon bien je desire!  
Sachant l’enfer d’amour, de tous enfers, le pire.’

Garnier came after these, and wrote at least eight tragedies; seven of which were accompanied with choruses. They were very much admired, and passed through fifteen editions, the last of which was in 1618. His contemporaries prefer him to all his predecessors; and Sté. Marthe says he is inferior to none of the ancients. The following soliloquy of *Cesar*, returning victorious to Rome, will give an idea of his style:—

‘ O sourcilleuses tours! ô coteaux décorés!  
O palais orgueilleux! ô temples honorés!  
O vous! murs que les dieux ont maçonnés eux mêmes,  
Eux mêmes étoffés de mille diadèmes,  
Ne ressentez vous point le plaisir de vos cœurs,  
De voir votre César, le vainqueur des vainqueurs,

Par tant de gloire acquise aux nations étrangères  
 Accroître son empire ainsi que vos louanges ?  
 Et toi, fleuve orgueilleux, ne vas-tu par tes flots  
 Aux tritons mariniens faire bruire mon lûs,  
 Et au père Océan te vanter que le Tibre  
 Roulera plus fameux que l'Euphrate et le Tigre ?  
 Jà, presque tout le monde obéit aux Romains ;  
 Ils ont presque la mer et la terre en leurs mains ;  
 Et soit où le soleil de sa torche voisine  
 Les Indiens perleux du matin illumine,  
 Soit où son char lassé de la course du jour  
 Le ciel quitte à la nuit qui commence son tour ;  
 Soit où la mer glacée en cristal se resserre,  
 Soit où l'ardent soleil sèche et brûle la terre,  
 Les Romains on redoute, et n'y a si grand roi  
 Qui au cœur ne frémissé, oyant parler de moi.  
 César est de la terre et la gloire et la crainte,  
 César des dieux guerriers a la louange éternite.

This is expatiating to some purpose on—

————— ' Danger knows full well  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he !'

Hardy, the most prolific of all the French dramatic writers, was posterior to Garnier, the one dying in 1590, the other in 1630. He produced more than six hundred dramatic pieces ; but he is censured for having made all his personages speak the same language, and still more—we shudder while we speak it—for violating the unities. His best piece is *Mariamne*, which served as the model of *Tristan's Mariamne*, a play that counterpoised the success of *Corneille's* early productions. Fifty-six plays (the poor remains of all his labours) were printed in 1628, in six volumes. *Mairet* was born at *Besançon* in 1604 and died in 1686. He was the predecessor, the friend, the rival, the enemy, and then again the friend of *Corneille*, and the author of twelve plays, the best of which is *Sophonisba*, imitated from *Trissino*, and which remained in possession of the stage even after *Corneille* had appeared. It was brought out only seven years before the *Cid*, and is a good example of the manner of the times. *Syphax*, husband of *Sophonisba*, intercepts a letter which she had written to *Massinissa*, who was besieging *Cyrte*, as an ally of the Roman army, commanded by *Scipio*. *Sophonisba* had become enamoured of him, at first sight, as she one day saw him reconnoitring the ramparts, and writes the fatal letter, with which her husband reproaches her, thus :

' Tu fais d'un ennemi l'objet de tes desirs !  
 Ne pouvois-tu trouver où prendre des plaisirs

Qu'en

Qu'en cherchant l'amitié de ce prince Numide  
Qui te rend tout ensemble impudique et perfide—  
Que me pourrais-tu dire, impudente effrontée?

Syphax is afterwards killed in battle; she says he is too happy to be dead, and entreats some of her suite to kill her, but not in such a tone as to ensure obedience, and her confidant tells her that there is always time enough for that remedy, adding

' Vous n'auriez pas besoin de beaucoup d'artifice,  
Pour vous rendre agréable aux yeux de Massinisse.'

Sophonisba exclaims—' Plût aux Dieux!' but corrects herself, and adds—

' Je n'attends rien du tout du côté de mes charmes.  
Ce remède, Phénice, est ridicule et vain;  
Il vaut mieux se servir de celui de ma main;

and then follows some very smart reasoning between the heroine and two of her confidants, whether her hand, that is, killing herself, or her charms, that is, killing Massinissa, be the better method. Phénice says,

' Au reste la douleur ne vous a pas éteint  
Ni la clarté des yeux, ni la beauté du teint.  
Vos pleurs vous ont lavée; et vous êtes de celles  
Qu'un air triste et dolent rend encore plus belles.'

Massinissa, however, enchanted also at first sight, requests permission to take ' un honnête baiser, à son aise,' which of course is granted; and Scipio exclaims ' Massinisse en un jour voit, aime et se marie!' The Numidian suddenly recollects himself after his wedding, and somewhat curiously inquires—

' A propos où naquit, en quel temps, et pourquoi,  
La bonne volonté que vous avez pour moi?'

The last acts, however, are pathetic.

In the Mariamne of Tristan, Herod, annoyed by a dream, asks his confidant, Phérore, what the doctor says of dreams? Phérore answers:

' Il disoit que l'humeur qui dans nos cœurs domine,  
A voir certains objets, en dormant, nous incline.  
Le flegme humide et froid, s'élevant au cerveau,  
Y vient représenter des brouillards et de l'eau.  
La bile ardente et jaune, aux qualités subtiles,  
N'y peint que combats, qu'embrasements de villes.  
Le sang, qui tient de l'air, et reponds au printemps,  
Rend les moins fortunés, dans leurs songes, contents.'

To his two confidants who endeavour to persuade him that Mariamne is a rock, Herode gallantly answers:

' Si le divin objet dont je suis idolâtre,  
Passe pour un rocher, c'est un rocher d'albâtre.

Un écueil agréable, où l'on voit éclater  
 Tout ce que la nature a fait pour me tenter.  
 Il n'est point de rubis vermeil comme sa bouche,  
 Qu'un meuble un esprit d'ambre à tout ce qu'elle touche ;  
 Et l'éclat de ses yeux veut que mes sentimens  
 La mettent, pour le moins, au rang des diamans.'

Rotrou, almost a contemporary of Corneille, wrote thirty plays; but his *Venceslas* is the only one that has kept possession of the stage. It contains some genuine passion, and some nonsense, as the following :

' Qui des deux voulez-vous ; de mon cœur ou ma cendre ?  
 Quelle des deux aurai-je, ou la mort ou Cassandre ?  
 L'amour, à vos beaux jours, joindra-t-il mon destin ?  
 Ou bien votre refus sera mon assassin ?'

Mascatille and Jodelet could certainly not have made love more ludicrously to Madeline and Cathos in the *Précieuses Ridicules*.

These extracts are taken from the very best productions of the dramatic art in France, previous to the *Medea* and the *Cid* of Corneille, which latter appeared in 1636 ; and thus they belong to the epocha in which all our dramatic writers, down to Shirley, flourished. Shirley, indeed, and Corneille may be considered as nearly contemporaries ; for the former, between the years 1629 and 1666, when he died, produced thirty-nine plays ; and the dramatic career of the latter was included between 1635, when he began with *Médée*, and 1675, when he concluded with *Pulchérine* and *Suréna*. A fair comparison then may be made of the dramatic merit of the two countries, in their earliest days, by balancing all our dramatic writers, from the time of Lord Sackville's *Gorbuduc*, in 1562, and Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, in 1566, to James Shirley's first effusion, against all the authors who had written for the French stage, before Corneille's *Médée*. Jodelle may be considered as contemporary with *Gorbuduc* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* ; to which succeeded Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, in blank verse, and Edward's *Palemon* and *Arcite*, much admired by Queen Elizabeth. Before 1581 ten tragedies of Seneca had been translated into English, together with *Œdipus*, by Alexander Neville, aged but sixteen. In 1568 a tragedy, on the subject of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, was written by Robert Wilmot, and shortly afterwards another on the story of *Cambyse*. But the *David and Bethsabe* of Peele, produced about the year 1584, six years before the death of Hardy, contained more natural expression of passion, than was to be met with in the whole French theatre before Corneille, and we might, indeed, almost add, since Corneille ; and the language is less antiquated, at this day, than that of the *Cid*. We must support

support this opinion by a short extract, regretting that we cannot give more. David is thus described by Joab :

‘ Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes,  
As when the sun, attired in glistening robe,  
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,  
And, bridegroom like, hurls through the gloomy air  
His radiant beams: such doth King David show,  
Crown’d with the honour of his enemy’s town ;  
Shining in riches, like the firmament,  
The starry vault that overhangs the earth :  
So looketh David, King of Israel !’

The description of Bethsabe is likewise very beautiful, as are also David’s grief for Absalom, and Joab’s remonstrance. But the poets who filled up the space in question, and completed what these had begun, were Green, Marlow, Lyly, Legge, Lodge, Shakspeare, Daniel, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston, Chapman, Randolph, Middleton, Jonson, Earl of Stirling, Field, Dekker, Webster, Ford, Rowley, Massinger, Suckling, Heywood, Phillips, Heminge, with some others. We will deduct nine or ten of these principal names, and compare the remainder with all that existed in France before Corneille ; or we will strike out the name of him who never had an equal, and then put the rest in competition with the entire French stage, down to the present hour ; and we will still say that, for true imitation of natural feeling, and exquisite poetry, they are superior to any and every thing that France has produced. They did not indeed copy from the Greek or Roman stage ; and translation and imitation were very soon discarded by British poets, who took subjects in a wider range, and dressed them in the grand beauties of universal nature. Neither did they restrict the bold delineation of the theme they had chosen by any fictitious rules, which, far from adding real beauties to the tragic muse, take away from it all the development of character and passion, which make it a living picture of the human heart. We have given extracts from the French Sophonisba of Mairet, the rival of Corneille ; and we must now be allowed to support our opinion with a few passages from a play on the same subject, treated by one of our old dramatic writers, Marston. Sophonisba thus entreats Massinissa not to give her up to be led captive by Scipio :

‘ *Sophonisba.* Sophonisba,  
A name for misery much known,—  
Entreats of thy graced sword this only boon:  
Let me not kneel to Rome ; for though no cause  
Of mine deserves their hate ; though Massinissa  
Be ours to heart ; yet Roman generals  
Make proud their triumphs with whatever captives.

O, 'tis a nation which from soul I fear,  
 As one well knowing the much groundèd hate  
 They bear to Asdrubal and Carthage blood!  
 Therefore, with tears that wash thy feet, with hands  
 Unus'd to beg, I clasp thy manly knees.  
 O save me from their fetters and contempt,  
 Their proud insults, and, more, their insolence!  
 Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath  
 To grant such freedom, give me long wish'd death,  
 For 'tis not much loath'd life that now we crave—  
 Only an unstam'd death and silent grave  
 We will now deign to bend for.'

Massinissa promises, but Lelius comes from the Roman general to demand her.

' *Lel.* Give place to faith and fate.

' *Mass.* 'Tis cross to honour—

*Lel.*

'Tis but just to state.

So speaketh Scipio: "do not thou detain  
 A Roman prisoner due to this great triumph,  
 As thou shalt answer Rome and him."

*Mass.*

*Lelius,*

We now are in Rome's power. *Lelius,*  
 View Massinissa do a loathed act,  
 Most sinking from that state his heart did keep:  
 Look, *Lelius,* look! see Massinissa weep.  
 Know I have made a vow more dear to me  
 Than my soul's endless being. She shall rest,  
 Free from Rome's bondage.'

*Lelius* retires, and Massinissa, questioned by Sophonisba, tells her she must 'wreath back her arms, bend down her neck, practise base prayers, make fit herself for bondage.' She resolves upon drinking poison, which swallowed, she dies thus:—

————— ' Dear, do not weep.

And now, with undismay'd resolve, behold,  
 To save you—you—(for honour and just faith  
 Are most true gods, which we should much adore—)  
 With even disdainful rigour I give up  
 An abhorr'd life. You have been good to me—  
 And I do thank thee, Heaven!—O, my stars!  
 I bless your goodness that, with breast unstain'd,  
 Faith pure, a virgin wife, tied to my glory,  
 I die, of female faith the long lived story.'

But the period concluding with *Shirley* may be called the bright era of our drama; whereas the brilliant epocha of the French had scarcely yet begun. It certainly opened with *Corneille*, and succeeding poets very much increased its splendour. Still, however, the characteristics of the French stage remained the same;

same; only the language, the diction, the poetry were improved; and no country can boast of a tragic writer, whose style so far excels all his other scenic merits, as Racine. But wider conceptions of nature were not admitted; and if the passions assumed a truer tone, it was not because they were more extensively studied and known, but because wit, pertness and conceits began to grow out of fashion, and made way for a better taste. Still, however, these continued to be perceptible in Corneille, and now and then a reminiscence of them may be found even in Racine.

Of all the epithets which have been bestowed upon Corneille, that of creator is the most unmerited. Corneille hardly created any thing; and the improvements which he introduced in dramatic diction were not such extraordinary innovations as to merit the praise bestowed upon them. Rotrou alone contained examples sufficient to guide him, and the task which was left to him to perform was rather to avoid than to invent, to select than to add. Neither has Corneille, like Shakspeare, in any part of his works, left a standard for the language of his country; and, at this moment, the turns, and constructions, and mechanism of his style are generally more obsolete than the good poetry of the British bard, though his predecessor by nearly a century. What has become unintelligible in Shakspeare, consists chiefly in local phrases, and in allusions to customs now forgotten; but the style of the fifth act of his 'Merchant of Venice,' for instance, is such as the most modern poetry might own; and no tragic author has succeeded him, between whose language and his own there appears to be so much difference of date, as between those of Corneille and Racine, though contemporaries. In Corneille, too, we are often struck with the extreme negligence and triviality of some expressions in the midst of the most pompous dialogue, and of a dialogue evidently intended to maintain the high tone of tragedy. We will give no less than four examples from a speech of Felix, in the tragedy of Polyeucte, consisting of twenty lines.

Que tu discernes mal le cœur d'avec la mine—  
J'en connois mieux que lui la plus fine pratique—  
C'est en vain qu'il tempête, il feint d'être en fureur—  
Et moi j'en ai tant vu de toutes les façons.—

In a word, Corneille is too much upon stilts, or else too trivial; too dull, or too ingenious; too prosaic, or too grandiloquous. The first acts of Polyeucte are altogether in the style of comedy, and not of the best comedy.

It will readily be admitted that in 'Medée' Corneille has not created much. He found the subject in mythology, and saw it fully treated by Seneca. He had therefore nothing to do but to



copy in his *coup d'essai*. In his second attempt, still more successful, and which brought him an ample meed of renown and envy, he had a wider field to glean from, for Guillen de Castro, who lived about the same time with Lopez de Vega, had treated the subject of the Cid in two successive plays, or rather in two parts of one play. Consequently his merit lay in reducing within the compass of five acts what was originally in more; of bringing into twenty-four hours the events of a much longer period, and of making them all pass in one spot, however distant the scenes of action must necessarily have been in reality. As the mode of proceeding of this 'creator of the French stage, the Grand Corneille,' even before it had acquired the degree of severity it has since maintained, is characteristic, we shall bestow some considerations upon the original and the copy.

The Spanish theatre is, perhaps, the richest in Europe; not merely in ephemeral productions, '*bluettes, pieces de circonstances,*' or farces, but in good standard plays, of merit enough to outlive their century at least. The works of two dramatic poets of Spain, without reckoning more, Lopez de Vega and Calderone, are ten times more numerous than all the writings of all the dramatic poets of France that are worthy of being remembered. Consequently they offered a rich mine for the poets of other countries, and Corneille, among the number, explored it with advantage. But the genius of the two nations, their poetic impulses are so dissimilar, that a Spanish story could not be introduced upon the French theatre without much alteration. The tone of Spanish poetry is far more elevated than that of France, and ventures into a wider range of bold and dignified imagery. The language is more noble and sonorous. '*La nude franchise des Goths,*' says Schlegel, '*sembloit retentir encore dans les accens de cette langue, lorsqu'une heureuse alliance avec l'orient lui fit prendre un essor plus hardi; et que la poésie Arabe, en l'enrichissant de ses expressions enivrantes, l'éleva au-dessus de la froide circonspection des idiomes occidentaux.*' Every thing in the Spanish character is great, and whatever that nation does under the guidance of its feelings and its energies, partakes of the sublime. Native tragedy then was more powerful and impressive there than could be tolerated on the French stage.

Corneille took only the first part of the '*Mocedades del Cid*' as his subject, and concluded his tragedy, as Guillen de Castro has concluded his first three acts, with the denouement relating merely to Rodrigue and Chimène. Instead of beginning with an action, as the Spanish poet has done, that of arming Rodrigo as knight, in which even the ladies of the court, the Infanta and  
Ximena,

Ximena, concur, he opens with a recital, and a recital which had been made the instant before. Chimène says to her confidant—

‘ Elvire, m’as-tu fait un rapport bien sincère,  
Ne me déguises-tu rien de ce qu’a dit mon père :  
Apprends-moi de nouveau quel espoir j’en dois prendre.’

The confidant replies—

‘ Et puisqu’il faut encore vous en faire un récit.’

The Spanish play continues in action; and when the ceremony of arming the Cid is ended, the King consults with his confidential ministers upon chusing a preceptor for his son. The rival candidates are El Condé Lozano, father of Ximena, and Diego Lainez, father of Rodrigo, her lover. Lozano reproaches Diego with his age, and thus gives rise to the following spirited defence:

‘ Que estoy caduco confieso,  
Que el tiempo en fin puse tanto.  
Mas caducando, durmiendo,  
Puedo, puedo enseñar, yo,  
Lo que muchos ignoraron.  
Que si es verdad que se muere  
Qual se vive, agonizando  
Para vivir, dare exemplo,  
Y valor para imitarlos.  
Si ya me faltan las fuerzas,  
Para, con pies y con brazos,  
Hacer de lanzas, hastillas,  
Y desalentar caballos;  
De mis hazañas escritas  
Dare al principe un traslado;  
Y aprendera, en lo que hice,  
Sino aprende in lo que hago.’

The result of this discussion, which grows warmer between them, is a blow given by Lozano to the old man, in the presence of the King, whose interposition stops all proceedings for the moment. This entire transaction in the French play takes place behind the scenes, from which Lozano and Diego issue to spar in words, in rather a long scene, ending with some smart pushes well parried, and, finally, with the blow on which all the interest of the tragedy turns. Corneille does not venture to let the blow be given in the presence of the sovereign, and thereby alters the manners of the times, and makes them not those of Spain under Ferdinand, the first King of Castile, but of Frenchmen under Lewis XIV., when, to use the words of Burke, you had ‘tuns of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.’

The manner in which the original Diego tries the courage of his sons, to whom he would commit the care of avenging the  
affront

affront he had received, is highly characteristic of a brave old Spaniard of the eleventh century. After choosing, in the armoury of his ancestors, the sword to which he thinks he can the best confide his honour, he calls in the youngest, and, amidst the weapons which had so long defended his house, puts him unexpectedly to bodily pain, from which his son shrinks in a manner which the old warrior deems unbecoming. He then tries the same experiment upon his second son, but, not satisfied with either, he exclaims, 'En que columnas estriba, La nobleza de una casa, Que dia luz a tantos reyes.' His eldest son, however, Rodrigo, the Cid, upon being put to the same trial, exclaims, 'Si no fueras mi padre, dieraos una bofetada,' at which the enraptured father, pressing him in his arms, cries out, 'Ya no fuera la primera,' and gives him the avenging sword. Then follows the celebrated soliloquy of Rodrigo, in which he bewails the destiny that compels him to revenge the honour of his own father on the father of Ximena, and which Corneille has translated literally. The incident of the armoury not suiting the unities, the French poet omitted it, and thus robbed the soliloquy of the old man of all its picturesque beauty. The trial of courage, too, by bodily pain, not being in unison with the court of Louis XIV., could not be preserved; and Diego meeting Rodrigo, the only son Corneille has given him, in the street, or at home, or any where else, says to him—

“ *Diego.* Rodrigue, as-tu du cœur?

*Rod.* Tout autre que mon père  
L'éprouveroit sur l'heure.

*Diego.* Agréable colère !

The answer made by Rodrigue to his father's question, 'As-tu du cœur,' a German translator, whether waggishly or not, has—to the universal indignation of the French nation—rendered thus laconically, if not energetically, 'Ya, papa.' The much admired *Parlons bas, écoute*, said by young Rodrigo to an older man, his intended father-in-law, lest they should be overheard, and their duel prevented, is in the original, 'Habla baxo, escucha,' and much better placed there than in the copy, because in the former the Infanta and Ximena are seated at an open window, and can see, and might overhear, all that passes. The events which follow, Chimène demanding vengeance against her betrothed lover for the murder of her father, Rodrigo's and Diego's defence, are taken from the Spanish; but many circumstances are omitted. Rodrigo's exploits against the Moors are in the French recited, and recited by himself, to the king; in the Spanish they are part of the action. There is likewise, in the first play of Guillem de Castro on this subject, an apparition of San Lazaro to the Cid, which

which is as characteristic of the times and country as the witches of Macbeth were of Early Scotland; and a variety of other incidents, which the squeamishness of French taste could not tolerate.

But what it could tolerate, because the unity of time demanded it, was that Chimène should, in twenty-four hours after her father had been killed in a duel, and before his funeral could in decency have taken place, be nearly reconciled to the champion under whose sword he fell. It is true this champion had, during that time, done many things to win a lady's heart; he had beaten the Moors; he had defeated a knight whom Chimène had promised to marry if he would avenge her father's death; and he had—to her great astonishment and satisfaction—payed her two very long morning visits in her own house. But the Spanish poet, whether it was that he regarded the unities less, or paid more respect to common sense, decency and probability, allowed his heroine longer time to relent; and gave his hero more than one Atlantean day to support his world of achievements. Ximena observes, about the middle of the play, that three months had elapsed since her father's death; consequently it may be assumed that the entire action took up five or six months; and thus the precipitancy of the lady was at least 150 times less. It is true she does not quite consent in Corneille; but the King answers for her to Rodrigo.

‘ Pour vaincre un point d'honneur qui combat contre toi,  
Laisse faire le temps, ta vaillance, et ton roi.’

And thus the catastrophe is incomplete, for the fate of the lovers is not decided by any thing more positive than the promise of a third person, and their own silence. The marriage of Ximena with Rodrigo, at the end of several months, may be tolerated according to the manners which de Castro has given to his personages; but it is incompatible with Parisian manners, and the embroidered coats and hoops in which Corneille has dressed his actors; and, by altering the moral costume of his drama, he has made the denouement disgusting.

The unity of place has brought the French poet into still greater difficulties; and, as it is rigidly observed in the representation, it gives rise to unspeakable absurdity. The confidential scenes of Chimena take place in the king's own room, as do her lover's clandestine visits to what she herself calls her house; and every other incident of the play occurs in the same spot. Corneille felt this inconvenience, and the contradictions to which it gave rise; but all France, its academy, its prime minister, were against him; and, in order to be French, academic, ministerial, in order to be in good taste, he was reduced to be absurd.

The dramatic conceptions of Corneille, had he been left entirely to himself, were vast enough perhaps to have overcome the prepossession

prepossession of his countrymen in favour of the unities. But there was no possibility of acting or of reasoning against them; and a poet, of a totally different mind from his, arose about the time when he began to decline; one who, by a much more finished execution, confirmed the national predilection, which made genius consist in surmounting difficulties of a petty order. Racine, indeed, seemed born to take away all hope that the doors of the French theatre might ever be thrown widely open, to give entrance to all mankind; and to admit the representation of the whole human heart without mutilation. He has overcome, with so much apparent ease and gracefulness, the obstacles which the unities created, his poetry is so chaste and faultless, his versification so smooth and flowing, and his whole composition so perfect in its kind, that, even with our British tastes, we can fully participate in the pleasure which the French receive from the representation of his tragedies; at the same time that, admitting their merit as elegant compositions, we must confess that, as pictures of human actions, characters or passions, they are among the most stinted productions of the art; and seem rather calculated to show how much might be omitted, than how much may be done, without endangering success. His boldness, if such it can be called, consists in restraining his fancy, in checking the flights of inspiration; and, while he has guarded himself against the minutiae of criticism, he has laid himself bare to the more tremendous charge of having escaped from petty blemishes, by sacrificing the magnificent beauties, the splendid enthusiasm of exalted poetry and passion which sometimes touch the giddy verge of rapture.

The poetic impulse, however, does not appear to have been naturally very intense in Racine, or of a very energetic complexion. He excelled in painting the tender passions; and that of which he always gives the truest picture is love; even though, in order to give it currency at Versailles, he was forced to mix it up with a large dose of gallantry, and to make Frenchmen of his Greeks. His female characters are delineated with more truth than his heroes. His Romans have less of their country sternness than the Romans of Corneille: but, indeed, all his personages are French; and French belonging to the time and court of Louis XIV. It is in vain that he gives them foreign names, that he makes them say they are in Aulis or Trezene, that he hands them over all the gods of mythology for their friends and intimates, and dresses them in Grecian armour: their minds and souls are still French, their moral costume is Parisian, and there is not one of them who, had he appeared in the Salon d'Hercule, or the Galerie de Diane at Versailles, might not have passed for a most exquisite courtier. His Achilles is Monsieur le Marquis d'Achille:

## French Tragedy.

d'Achille; his Agamemnon Monsieur le Duc d'Agamemnon; and his Nestor, had he ever introduced this prudent personage upon the stage, would, no doubt, have been a complete rhyming Président à Mortier. Yet such is the prepossession of the French critics, that La Harpe—one of the most pert and coxcomical of the race—has pronounced that the Achilles of Racine is more like the Achilles of Homer, than is the Achilles of Euripides!—We remember once to have seen two English characters on the French stage, dressed as Englishmen *still are*, that is to say, in boots, a light green coat, edged with gold lace, and cocked hats, kiss each other, at meeting after a long absence; and, upon remonstrating against the incorrectness of the copy, we were told the actors must know better than we could. Eriphile in 'Iphigénie' is an intriguing subaltern, at most a discarded modern French dame d'atours; and even Phedre, notwithstanding her appeal to her father Minos, whom she describes, perhaps in the most brilliant passage of Racine, as holding the fatal urn, and sitting in judgment upon the pallid mortals who arrive in the nether world, is not Greek. It was not with vague traits that Shakspeare painted his men of every nation, and the passions of every man.

It is for this very reason, perhaps, that our great poet has been so little appreciated in France. He drew mankind with so bold a pencil, that, to the timid, it appeared rash; he painted them with such full grown features, that, to dwarfish conceptions, they appeared gigantic. But, without the truth of his portraiture, its universality would have no merit; and only nations who are more skilled than the French in the deep mazes of the heart, can appreciate either. It is small praise to say that Shakspeare was the greatest poet of his country. He was the sublimest human philosopher the world has known; and not even Bacon had powers of mind which could be compared to his. But the philosophy of Bacon comes in its naked forms, and undisguised in any garb that might conceal it: the philosophy of Shakspeare, wrapt in the dress of poetry, and the pomps of scenic diction, becomes palpable only by reflection; and the emotion which this first master of the passions has excited, must subside before the philosopher can be perceived.

If neglect of the unities had been the only cause of the indifference which the French have shown toward Shakspeare, they might, whenever they condescended to imitate or translate him, have contented themselves with reducing his eccentricities into the pretended compass prescribed by Aristotle. But they have never failed to do much more than this. Too timid to express his grand strokes of nature, and to make his characters speak the language of their souls, they have brought his sentiments within the

French

French rules, excluding all that were not current in France. An early imitation, (in 1769,) as it is called, of one entire piece of Shakspeare, was the play of 'Hamlet' by Ducis, a poet endowed with greater energy of feeling than the bards of his country in general possess. The French 'Hamlet' opens with a scene between Claudius and Polonius, who, without any feature to distinguish him from the whole tribe of confidants, is no more a Dane than he is a Greek. Claudius, in a speech of *eighty* lines, tells him what he knew before, his projects of dethroning his nephew, and assures him that he is not in the least alarmed by the spectre which the *people* have seen. Gertrude appears, and he makes love to her, for they are not yet married; but, struck with remorse for her crime, she rejects his suit, though it seems they had been attached to each other before her marriage with her murdered husband. In the second act, Gertrude, in her turn, informs her confidant Elvire, that it was she who poisoned her husband, and the manner of it; and thus far all is recital, and useless recital. At this moment Norceste, Horatio, arrives from England, and an interview takes place between him and Hamlet; but how unlike the original! We can safely say that thus far not one of the beauties of Shakspeare but has been flung aside. But Norceste has returned from England, *the land of crimes*, where a king had just been poisoned, and Hamlet conceives the plan of making Norceste relate the murder in the presence of Gertrude and Claudius. His mother is much moved at the recital, but Claudius not at all. Ophelia is daughter to Claudius, and betrothed to her cousin Hamlet, who, when convinced of Claudius's guilt, breaks off his projected marriage. In the fourth act he resolves upon dying, and in his soliloquy is to be found the only reminiscence of Shakspeare that is discoverable in the whole play.

'Et qu'offre donc la mort à mon âme abattue?  
 Un asile assuré; le plus doux des chemins,  
 Qui conduit au repos les malheureux humains.  
 Mourons—Que craindre encore quand on a cessé d'être?  
 La mort? c'est le sommeil—c'est un reveil peut-être—  
 Peut-être—ah c'est ce mot qui glace épouvanté,  
 L'homme, au bord du cercueil, par le doute ariété;  
 Devant ce vaste abyme il se jette en arrière,  
 Ressaisit l'existence, et s'attache à la terre.'

Such is the imitation of 'To Be, or Not to Be!' It is useless to pursue the parallel any farther. But if Ducis had understood and felt his original, he might, even with his unities, have preserved some of the traits which have made Hamlet the most extraordinary and eccentric of all the personages of our bard; a compound of the most incompatible qualities, successively brought

brought to light by unforeseen circumstances; gifted with the most exquisite sensibility, yet often reduced to act as if he had no feeling; with an energy of will, and an ardour in his first impressions, which a weight of vague anxiety and torpid sorrow immediately turns to languor; with the warmest general philanthropy, yet with unchristian hatred toward a few; with elements which make him dearer to the friends of his heart than men in general are; and contradictions which render him unintelligible to the vulgar. But not one clue to such a character could such poets possess. Their too polished souls cannot, like all else that is polished, reflect the images which stand before them. Madame de Staël has somewhere expressed her admiration of the French Hamlet, and of Talma, who usually performs the part. In our opinions it is altogether one of the most disgusting exhibitions we have ever witnessed. The actor understands the character of the prince as little as the translator; and both have made him a kind of gloomy frenetic, like any other gloomy frenetic, but without any of the traits which separate him from that entire class of men, and make him individually himself.

The great spirit of our bard has been even more inhumanly treated in 'Romeo and Juliet' than in 'Hamlet.' Excepting the names of the lovers, of the two contending families, and of the town in which the scene passes, Ducis might as well have called it 'Titus Andronicus.' Romeo and Juliet are two common French gallants; the gentleman a hero, and the lady an admirer of captured trophies. The chief of the Montaigus is of the monster species; and the chief of the Capulets finds no moment so opportune for reconciliation as that immediately following the murder of his son by a Montaigu. In short, the whole is a tissue of absurdities. Friar Lawrence, the nurse, the exquisite Mercutio, our old friend the apothecary, are all omitted; and not a trace can be found of the unison of sentiment which thrills through the hearts of the lovers at first sight, as if they had been created one for the other, and as if their destinies must have remained incomplete if they had not met. Contrary to the opinion of many, we think the first passion of Romeo for Rosaline rather confirms their fitness for each other, for, at the first touching of Juliet's hand, it has flown. It is moreover in perfect harmony with his disposition. Hearts endowed with romantic sensibility have many fleeting passions before they settle into their true affection; and among such, he who finally loves the most is not unfrequently he who has loved the oftenest. Having mentioned the apothecary, we must add, that we consider Romeo's description of him as one of the most extraordinary examples of a thing which often occurs in Shakespeare: the embodying of thoughts and feelings which dwell most naturally



naturally in the soul, but which admit of no expression, and which, when reduced to words, appear almost preposterous. Yet poets, like other men, have no mode but language of giving form to fancy. In Romeo's situation nothing could be less probable than that he would tamely give a description of an apothecary whom he had seen by chance, and considered but heedlessly. But that the image of this man, with all its grotesque accompaniments—and which else, perhaps, had been lost for ever—should return to Romeo's mind in an hour of desperate necessity, is most natural.

————— 'Oh, mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!'

The long detail of particulars which he minutely recollects is a proof of the vivacity of his feelings at the moment of his remembrance; but it appears almost ridiculous when submitted to articulation. His recollections are separately brought before him, like broken wrecks of thought swept along by the hurried torrent of despair; and even though in the mind they may follow in succession, as they were seen when linked together as a fabric, yet they are thrown from the encumbered brain with a tumultuous wildness which utterance cannot reach. The reader in his closet has time to consider Romeo's soliloquy in this light; but on the stage it cannot be spoken as it was conceived; and hence it is generally declaimed with the same effect as if it were a page of 'Gilpin's Forest Scenery.' We once witnessed a circumstance in real life analogous to this. A mother standing by the agonizing bed of a son, beloved as few sons ever were, could not, in the first moments of her despair, when the inevitable loss of her child was broken to her, drive from her mind some uninteresting verses she had heard a few days previously, which she had scarcely recollected during the interval, and which faded on her memory as her anguish subsided into calm affliction. The surest commentators upon Shakspeare are truth and nature.

The tragedies of Lear, Othello and Macbeth have undergone a similar castigation from M. Ducis; and, as he is a poet of merit, the deficiencies which must strike an English reader should not be entirely attributed to him, but, in some part, to the deference which he was compelled to have for the taste of his countrymen. To such of our British readers as may take an interest in the subject, we would recommend a comparison between the originals, and the translations of these tragedies, as a study from which they may acquire accurate notions concerning the modern state and spirit of the English and French theatres. We cannot enter into the matter in all its details; but, in general, the translators have been forced to lop off every thing which constitutes individual character; to alter the whole moral costume  
belonging

belonging to the time, and place of the action; to reduce every passion to the measure of Parisian feelings; to give it no growth or development which cannot be included in three hours; to convert into recital all that is in action; to compose, instead of a tragedy, a dialogued epopea; and, above all, to grant their personages unlimited credit upon the patience of the audience, for long speeches.\*

Many of the imitations by Ducis appeared before the revolution; but when the French conceived that they had been rendered more energetic by that event, his tragedies became more popular. The revolution however lent something of its character to the theatre. The omission common to both was liberty, though a little anarchy crept into the latter, in smaller quantity indeed than into the former, for the rules were not repealed; but every other kind of incongruity laid hold upon the stage. *Marius à Minturnes*, one of the best of those tragedies played in 1790, contains a singular instance of the childish deference still prevailing, for the rule which enjoins that the stage never should be empty, but at the end of an act. *Marius* is going out in pursuit of vengeance against his persecutors; and they are coming in, in pursuit of him: consequently the two parties cannot see each other, or a conflict must ensue. In this dilemma, the following stage direction is given: '*Le théâtre ne reste point vuide ici. Des soldats, qu'on a vus errer dans la forêt pendant la dernière scène, entrent sur le théâtre par différens côtés.*'—This tragedy contains many fine lines and speeches, and some striking situations. *Marius* is one of the best Romans of the French theatre; and the play has a character of energy rarely exhibited there. The same author, citizen Arnault, to give him the appropriate title of the times, surpassed himself in *Blanche et Montcassin, ou les Vénitiens*, the subject of which is highly tragic, and which he has treated more tragically than an author would have ventured to do twenty years earlier. But he fell sadly below himself in *Lucrece*. *Sextus* had been enamoured of her before her marriage with *Collatinus*, and she with him, though she is now perfectly attached to her husband. *Collatinus* too is of the royal party,

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\* Apropos of long speeches; we think we can account, upon a broader principle than any we remember to have seen adduced, for the toleration, or rather the extasy, with which they are heard on the French stage; namely, the principle which is said to be the source of all the pleasure we derive from the drama, which makes us weep with the sad and rejoice with the fortunate,—sympathy. It is amusing to witness the delight with which a French audience, every man and every woman of which knows that no intrusive confidant will dare to interrupt the hero, even should he cough, or sneeze, or stop for breath, listens to the length of his tale; the delicious fellow-feeling with which each and all contemplate the heroine in her exquisite career of a hundred alexandrines; and the rapture with which they sympathise with an actor, in proportion to the magnitude, not of his sorrow, but of his speech.

and in opposition to his father-in-law Spurius. Lucrece, after a year of matrimony, informs her husband of Sextus' former attachment to her; and that she had just read in his looks that he never had loved her more than at the present moment: but Collatinus is not in the least alarmed; for Sextus himself had told him lately that he was enamoured of another person.

Du secret de Sextus par lui-même informé  
Je sais qu'il aime ailleurs, autant qu'il est aimé.

Lucrece is quite shocked at his inconstancy; and coquettishly stung at the loss of her rejected conquest. In a soliloquy which follows she still further laments:

Ainsi Sextus est libre—Il est libre! et son âme  
Pour un nouvel objet et m'oublie et s'enflamme!  
Mais lorsque sur son cœur je ne prétends plus rien  
Quel trouble inattendu s'élève dans le mien—  
Lui reproche en secret son infidélité.

Sextus appears; she orders her attendants to retire, and they remain alone, when he urges his suit with great vehemence in a very absurd scene, wherein the virtue of the Roman matron totters a little. But Brutus appears, and, 'à sa vu,' she exclaims, 'Ma vertu toute entière à mon âme est rendue.' Thus interrupted, Sextus sends to beg of Lucrece—what? a rendez-vous, which she grants: and when Sextus asks, Pour me parler ainsi m'aimez-vous encore?—Lucrece replies—Oui:—upon which the terms perfide, cruelle, &c. are bandied about pretty thickly; ejaculations become frequent, and the lady flees—but where?—into her bed-room, whither Sextus follows her. The denouement is very badly managed; and the liberty of Rome is only talked of, as of a thing in prospect. As to the character of Brutus, there is no deciphering it: he reminds us in one or two instances of the Fool in King Lear. The author has put into the mouth of this model of Roman chastity a few sentiments completely French at all times; but which, previously to the revolution, would certainly have been consigned to boudoir morality, and never found their way to the stage—

La passion excuse un court égarement,  
Je rougirois d'un crime, et non d'un sentiment.

Sentiment means, in fashionable language, an illicit passion. But such were the ideas which prevailed in revolutionary France concerning decorum. The revolution indeed, in most instances, tore off the tinsel veil under which the disgusting idol of depravity had been concealed from vulgar eyes, and brought new incense to its shrine.

A symptom of the increasing ferocity of the time may be found in the *Levite d'Ephraïm* by Lemerrier. Ayoar, of the tribe of Ephraim,

Ephraim, marries Nibé of the tribe of Juda. Both are persecuted by Abaziel, a former suitor; who, after various attempts, succeeds in carrying off, dishonouring and killing her, during the absence of Ayoar. Ayoar, on returning home, cuts the body of his wife into twelve pieces, and distributes them among the twelve tribes, to excite their vengeance. The scenic representation of so horrid an act denotes no small change in a people who could not bear that Horace should murder his sister on the stage, when he tells her—

‘*Vas dedans les enfers plaindre ton Curiace.*’

A still more melancholy prognostic was exhibited by Legouvé, in his *Mort d’Abel*, a very strange composition, imitated from the German poem of Gesner, ‘*Un des chefs-d’œuvres de la langue Allemande, et qui, à quelques longueurs près, seroit digne de figurer avec honneur dans la nôtre,*’ says the French poet in his preface. The subject, one would suppose, was incapable of dramatic representation; yet we actually saw it played; and our first parents appeared upon the stage, clad in the most accurate imitation of that state in which they were, upon leaving the garden of Eden. Cain from the beginning shows a bad and sullen heart. He reproaches Adam with all the evil qualities he feels within himself:

Si j’ai mille défauts enfin, c’est votre ouvrage;  
Je serois vertueux si vous n’eussiez peché.

To his assembled family he says—

A tous les sentimens Dieu m’a rendu contraire;  
Je ne suis plus pour vous, époux, ni fils, ni frère!  
Je suis Cain—

But the most horrible circumstance is, that, after the murder of Abel, the Almighty, from a cloud which covers the whole stage, pronounces, in about a dozen lines, his malediction against Cain; and, as if on purpose to take away from the solemnity of the scene, the invisible actor who spoke the lines had a thin shrill voice, which almost made the curse ludicrous. If the preparatory apostles of atheism had wanted any thing to assist them in tearing away, from unhappy France, the last remnants of Christian belief, they could not have imagined a better method than this; backed by the author’s defence of himself, for having introduced such a denouement. ‘*Que cette rigueur de Dieu soit juste ou non, c’est un fait écrit et connu; et cela suffit pour que j’aie pu le mettre au théâtre, puis que le résultat est dramatique. Et pourquoi serions-nous choqués d’un pareil ressort? Pourquoi ne nous prêterions-nous pas, sur la scène, aux données que nous fournit la bible, quand nous y admettons, sans effort, les chimères*

de la mythologie et les dogmes extravagans de la religion payenne ? Dieu, dans la Mort d'Abel, blesse-t-il plus la raison et l'équité, que les dieux du paganisme, qui entraînent, sans motif, le vertueux Edipe à l'inceste et au parricide, et qui conduisent le bras d'Oreste dans le flanc maternel ; surtout que Diane, qui, dans Iphigénie, ordonne à Agamémnon d'immoler sa fille, parcequ'il a tué par hasard une biche qui lui étoit consacrée !

The later tragedies—some of the most remarkable of which are enumerated at the head of this article—are, like all that have appeared since Racine, even including those of Voltaire, much inferior to his in execution ; but like them also, they are conceived upon a bolder plan. They have however fallen back a little toward the timidity of the cold and regular dramatists ; and are not so energetic as Marius, for instance. The evident tendency is to return to the old standard ; to find pleasure in curbing imagination, and making the heart discuss its feeling in scholastic aphorisms. And such we think will long remain the ruling taste of the nation, and its critics ; for we cannot perceive that a period, during which every passion was unbridled, and every propensity allowed to rage uncontrouled, has taught them any truths respecting human nature in general ; or given them any true lessons on the heart of man.

M. Schlegel, in whom Shakspeare has found one of his ablest commentators, and than whom indeed no person has better explained the nature of the dramatic art, regrets that Corneille did not follow the impulse of his own energetic mind, and purposely break through the unities, in his subsequent plays, as he had begun to do in the Spanish subject of the Cid. ' Je ne sais,' says he, ' quel sort malheureux détournâ des présages aussi favorables.' That fate unquestionably was the national taste, and the state of society ; the ascendancy of the court, and of courtly politeness : but, it may still be asked, how came those things to be so established in France, as to curtail the domain of tragedy, and to convert it, from a moving picture of the soul, into a measured imitation of art ; delighting by rules not by feelings, and approved or condemned, not by the natural impulses which passion makes irresistible, but by laws which the chillingness of diminutive intellect has invented ?

The national taste, the state of society, the ascendancy of the court, together with their influence over the domain of French tragedy, result entirely from the limited knowledge and appreciation of nature in general, and of human nature in particular, which the French have acquired. Man is not held in sufficient estimation in France, to be thought a worthy object of exclusive study ; and all the acquaintance with him that is necessary in a court, is confined

confined to the petty springs of action which guide him in that contracted world. It is only in the great sphere of existence, that manners are disregarded for matter; and natural emotions held more sacred than conventional forms. That mode of existence cannot be established, where all the powers of man are not roused into action; and where human beings are not bound together by the ties of mutual dependency, inspiring mutual benevolence. Wherever social good stands the most in need of the assistance of men, and derives from it the greatest advantages, there it is that the promoter of its prosperity is the most known and valued. But luxurious France—France, that, to be placed beyond the reach of anxiety concerning either its safety or its subsistence, does not stand so much in need of human toil, as northern nations do, is not taught to value men, their faculties, their feelings, their intellects, their souls, so highly, or to study them so deeply; and tragedy, which cannot subsist without the profoundest knowledge of all these, follows, in the hands of the French, the lot of all human concerns there, and is confined to artificial forms and postures, to measured accents and sententious sorrows. Tragedy indeed, in its most dignified and extensive sense, is a conception beyond the grasp of French intellect; which is content with copying a copy, and throwing the drapery of dramatic poetry not on living shoulders, but on marble imitation; not on man, but on a moving statue. With them there is no nature, but that which was current in the court of Louis Quatorze, no gardens but those of Le Notre, no Hercules but in a full bottomed perriwig. The state of things however which has deprived the French of all the great resources of tragedy has made them masters of two provinces of the drama; but as this article is already of too much extent to conclude the subject at present, we must reserve it for another opportunity.

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ART. III.—*History of the Peninsular War.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, Honorary Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, &c. &c. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 806. 1823.

IN whatever point of view we regard the Peninsular war, it is fraught with instruction and interest. While the perfidy with which the French commenced, and the atrocious system upon which they pursued their invasion are unparalleled in the history of civilized nations; the deep retribution which overtook their leader and themselves, their loss and humiliation, their suffering and shame are equally unexampled and fearful. Nor are the circumstances of the resistance less extraordinary than those of the aggression; whether we consider the total disorganization to which the

the kingdom of Spain was reduced; the inveterate abuses which had been entailed on it by the imbecility of its old despotism; the inexperience, the weakness, and the errors of the successive governments which grew out of the necessities of the times; or the devoted patriotism and endurance of the people, which bore them through these complicated disadvantages. And for us as Englishmen, the chivalrous part which our country bore in the contest, and the cheering and wholesome reflections which may be deduced from its successful termination, are calculated to bestow on the subject peculiar and lasting attractions. The Peninsular war is not only the most glorious recorded in our annals, but that also which, in its daring onset, in the vicissitudes of its chequered progress, and in its victorious consummation, affords the most satisfactory proof that, so long as the people of these kingdoms shall be united in a good cause, and directed by an enlightened and vigorous government, they need not dread the encounter with any power, however mighty, however skilfully wielded, however habituated to conquest, however indifferent to crime.

We believe it has been pretty generally felt, that the task of compiling the contemporary history of this memorable war could have been appropriated more fitly to no individual than to Mr. Southey. His acknowledged talents and experience as an historical writer, his unwearied industry and patient research, his engaging and forcible style, his familiarity with the languages and the literature, the annals and the customs, the people and the country of Portugal and Spain, pointed him out as better qualified than any author of our days for this most useful and honourable undertaking; and it was certain that, as soon as he should engage in it, the accumulated materials, the highest sources of original information would be thrown open to his inspection. From this combination of advantages, the British nation expected the production of a literary monument worthy of the holy cause, the stupendous exertions, and the splendid glories which it designed to commemorate; and the examination of the volume before us, justifies us in holding forth a promise that this expectation will not be disappointed. Mr. Southey has enriched our annals with the first portion of a work which—though not exempt from blemishes—will be found to yield to none of his former prose writings in execution, while it eminently surpasses them all in importance and interest.—We cannot adopt any better or more convenient mode of submitting the contents of the volume to our readers, and, at the same time, of passing our strictures upon its merits and defects, than by compressing into the present Article an abstract of the most prominent events which it records.

Mr. Southey has naturally prefaced the account of the occurrences

rences which gave birth to the Peninsular war by an introductory view of the state of Portugal and Spain, of France and of England. The abyss of moral and political degradation into which a long course of blind superstition and misgovernment had plunged the two monarchies of the Peninsula, is depicted with great power and extensive information. After rapidly tracing the career of weakness and shame which, in the first years of the present century, placed the feeble cabinets of Lisbon and Madrid in a state of mean subserviency to France; he offers a concise and lucid retrospect of the origin and progress of the French Revolution, and of the tremendous results which it had already produced on the condition of the world, when, in 1807, Napoleon Buonaparte, in the zenith of his power, and with the continent of Europe at his feet, entered on his project for the complete subjugation of the Peninsula.

Treacherous and wicked in conception, and in execution, as was this enterprize, the impolicy and vain-glorious folly which dictated it were scarcely less remarkable than its atrocity. Already holding both the governments of the Peninsula in submission, Buonaparte had really nothing left to gain; the wealth of South America flowed, through their hands, into his coffers, and the internal resources of Spain in men and *matériel* were equally at his disposal. But his arrogant and insatiable ambition could not rest without grasping at the shadow as well as the substance of power. It was not enough that he effectually and absolutely dictated all the measures of Spain, unless he could gratify an insolent vanity by seating himself, or the puppet of his creation, on the throne of her ancient monarchs.

His first measure on entering on this career of iniquity, was to render the cupidity of Godoy instrumental to its success. That upstart, who was at once the paramour of the Spanish queen and the possessor of her husband's friendship and confidence, had raised himself to the absolute command of the kingdom. His profligacy and avarice were unbounded, and equally notorious with the utter incapacity which distinguished his political conduct. The terms of the treaty of Basle, negotiated by him with France, though they procured from his feeble sovereign the title (by which he became afterwards more disgracefully known) of Prince of the Peace,—had evinced his ignorance of the interests, and his insensibility to the honour of the country. When Buonaparte determined to make the seizure and nominal partition of Portugal the prelude to his occupation of Spain, he easily secured the aid of the Spanish court by bribing the minion who swayed it, with the hope of participation in the spoil. We are disposed to believe, with Mr. Southey, that, loudly as the contrary opinion was afterwards asserted, Godoy was not directly corrupted by Buonaparte to abet his designs



against Spain itself; for, supreme as he already was in the government of that degraded country, it is difficult to conceive by what price the French despot could have hoped to tempt him to a service that would necessarily involve the destruction of the power which he enjoyed. It would rather appear that he was a dupe than a traitor. But the basest treason in Godoy could not have suited the purposes of Buonaparte more effectually than the eagerness with which he fell into the snare of the treaty of Fontainebleau. By this nefarious instrument of partition, which was carried on with a secrecy worthy of the transaction, Portugal was divided into three portions; its northern provinces were allotted to the boy-king of Etruria, in exchange for his Italian possessions, which were to be forcibly ceded to Buonaparte; the centre division was to be held in sequestration by the French until a general peace should determine its fate; and the southern portion was destined to form a principality for Godoy under the investiture of the Spanish monarch. Such were the nominal provisions which formed the pretext for a secret convention, whereby 28,000 French troops were to traverse the Peninsula, and occupy Lisbon and the central parts of Portugal, while 27,000 Spaniards should co-operate with them, and take possession of the rest of the kingdom. A second French army, of 40,000 men, was to assemble at Bayonne, in readiness to support the first, in case the English should succour Portugal; but not to cross the Pyrennees until the contracting parties should come to an agreement on that point.

Buonaparte had thus gained the most important preliminary to his atrocious measures—the power of marching one army into the Peninsula without opposition, and of collecting a second on the frontier to support the first. He was not slow in using his advantages. He had already diminished the means of resistance possessed by the Spanish government, by demanding of it the contingent of troops, stipulated under the provisions of the alliance, offensive and defensive, which Godoy had contracted with France after the peace of Basle. His requisition had been complied with; 16,000 of the flower of the Spanish army had been sent to the north of Germany, and another division to Tuscany: there was now apparently nothing to oppose him. Spain, robbed of great part of its troops, was doubly defenceless in the imbecility of a government which lent itself to its own destruction; and Portugal, which had for years drained its resources to answer his exactions, submitted to reiterated insults which it dared not resent, and incurred the shame of paying tribute without obtaining the security of a tributary state, was now ready to fill up the measure of its humiliation by declaring war against the most ancient of its allies, at the insolent command of an imperious oppressor. But even this last prostration

prostration to his tyranny was unavailing; he had fixed his purpose; and his troops, carrying, as usual, rapine and horror and desolation in their train, had crossed the Pyrennees, and even penetrated, under Junot, into the heart of Portugal, before the court of Lisbon had resigned all hopes of preserving the country from invasion by total submission. To throw themselves upon the protection of the ally whom they had renounced, and to seek an asylum in the Brazils, were the only means by which the royal family of Portugal could escape from the grasp of the tyrant. The circumstances of their emigration are narrated by our historian with such singular animation and eloquence that we must give them in his own words.

‘The royal family had for some time past resided at Mafra; as soon as the emigration had been determined, they removed to Queluz, where they might be nearer the Tagus, and less exposed to any sudden attempt of the enemy. The Portuguese navy was ill equipped for sea; no care had been taken to keep it victualled, and it was now found that many of the water casks were rotten, and new ones were to be made. The morning of the 27th had been fixed for the embarkation, and at an early hour numbers of both sexes and of all ages were assembled in the streets and upon the shore at Belem, where the wide space between the river and the fine Jeronymite convent was filled with carts and packages of every kind. From the restlessness and well-founded alarm of the people, it was feared that they would proceed to some excess of violence against those who were the objects of general suspicion. The crowd however was not yet very great when the prince appeared, both because of the distance from Lisbon, and that the hour of the embarkation was not known. He came from the Ajuda, and the Spanish Infante D. Pedro in the carriage with him; the troops who were to be on duty at the spot had not yet arrived, and when the prince alighted upon the quay, there was a pressure round him, so that as he went down the steps to the water-edge, he was obliged to make way with his hand. He was pale and trembling, and his face was bathed in tears. The multitude forgot for a moment their own condition in commiseration for his; they wept also, and followed him, as the boat pushed off, with their blessings. There may have been some among the spectators who remembered that from this very spot Vasco de Gama had embarked for that discovery which opened the way to all their conquests in the east; and Cabral for that expedition which gave to Portugal an empire in the west, and prepared for her prince an asylum now when the mother country itself was lost.

‘A spectacle not less impressive presented itself when the royal family arrived from Queluz. The insane queen was in the first carriage; for sixteen years she had never been seen in public. It is said that she had been made to understand the situation of affairs, so as to acquiesce in what was done; and that when she perceived the coachman was driving fast, she called out to him to go leisurely, for she was not taking flight. She had to wait some while upon the quay for the chair in which

which she was to be carried to the boat, and her countenance, in which the insensibility of madness was only disturbed by wonder, formed a striking contrast to the grief which appeared in every other face. The widow princess, and the Infanta D. Maria, the queen's sister, were in the next carriage, both in that state of affliction and dismay which such a moment might well occasion. The Princess of Brazil came next, in the octagon coach, with all her children, the nurse of the youngest babe, and the two *camareiras mores*, or chief ladies of the bedchamber. She had been indefatigable in preparing for the voyage, and now she herself directed the embarkation of the children and domestics with a presence of mind which excited admiration. The royal family were distributed in different ships, not merely for the sake of being more easily accommodated, but that if shipwreck were to be added to their misfortunes, a part at least might probably be preserved.

'The apprehension of this danger would occur more readily to the Portuguese than to any other people, because their maritime history is filled with the most dreadful and well-known examples; and the weather at the time of the embarkation gave a fearful specimen of what might be expected at that season. It blew a heavy gale, the bar was impassable, and continued so during the whole of the succeeding day. In the evening M. Herman, and a Portuguese, by name Joze de Oliveira Barreto, came with fresh despatches from Junot; he had sent them down the river in pursuance of that system of deception which was to be carried on to the last. Their arrival produced no effect upon the determination of the prince; but every hour added to the alarm and danger of his situation, and orders were given to dismantle the fortresses which commanded the river, and spike the guns in the batteries. During the night the storm abated, the weather was fair at daybreak on the 29th, a favourable wind sprung up, and the fleet crossed the bar when the enemy were just near enough to see their prey escape.'—vol. i. p. 87—90.

Taking possession of the capital, Junot placed the whole of Portugal for a time in quiet but sullen submission to his master; his Spanish allies assisted in the occupation of the northern and southern extremities of the kingdom. With the exception of the escape of the royal family of Portugal, Buonaparte had thus accomplished one main object of his ambition, and his toils were now thickening round the other royal house by whose dethronement he designed to perfect the remainder of his plans. Circumstances, which had meanwhile been in progress at the Spanish court, singularly favoured the success of his treachery. In proportion as the administration of Godoy had become universally detested and intolerable to men of all opinions in Spain, the confidence and favour of Charles appeared to increase and to preclude every hope of his removal from power during the reign of the infatuated monarch: the eyes of the people were therefore turned upon the heir to the crown, Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, as their future deliverer from the degradation to which Godoy had reduced the state, and  
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from the intolerable abuses and grievous burthens which they imputed solely to his influence. The idol of the nation, and the centre of a party which, from various causes, comprehended the most distinguished names in the country, Ferdinand soon displayed all those qualities of character which the vicissitudes of his subsequent life have more perfectly developed. Free from ~~personal~~ vices, of kind and benevolent disposition, and thoroughly well intentioned, he wanted but the influence of good counsellors to pursue the path of honour and virtue; but devoid of judgment and ability, easily persuaded, more easily intimidated, unsteady and vacillating in purpose, he was utterly unfit for arduous circumstances, and invariably the dupe and the victim of every one who approached him.

As the reliance of the Spanish people for emancipation from the odious and disgraceful ascendancy of Godoy was upon Ferdinand, so, in a despotic state, where the popular voice availed nothing, the hope of that prince for assistance in displacing the favourite was upon foreign intervention. He therefore secretly addressed a letter to Buonaparte, of which the first solicitation was for the *honour* of a matrimonial alliance with his family, and the next for support in the projected removal of Godoy: but at the moment when Napoleon received the prince's epistle, he was engaged in negotiating with this very man the iniquitous treaty of Fontainebleau; and reserving the letter for the hour when some favourable use might be made of it, he did not even deign to reply to its contents. More extraordinary events were rapidly advancing; and a few weeks only intervened before the occurrence of the mysterious 'affair of the Escorial.' Of this transaction the particulars have not been, and probably never will be, clearly elucidated. In one proclamation, Charles IV. accused his son of a horrible plot to dethrone him; and in a second instrument of the same nature, two letters from Ferdinand, who had been arrested, were published, one to his father, confessing his guilt, asserting that he had denounced his accomplices, expressing his deep penitence, and imploring forgiveness; the other addressed to his adulterous and unnatural mother, asking her pardon also, and entreating her mediation in his favour. In consequence of these letters the king declared that he forgave him, 'for the voice of nature unnerved the hand of vengeance.' Ferdinand afterwards endeavoured to exculpate himself from the charge of attempting his father's deposition, and asserted that he had signed his self-condemnation because his parents required it: but so monstrous an act of obedience is inconceivable, and his subsequent occupation of the throne renders it difficult to acquit him of a similar intention at this period. It does not appear whether either Godoy or Buonaparte were implicated in the transaction, though the baseness of  
both

both has naturally thrown suspicion on them; but, at all events, the latter found his advantage in it on every account. Godoy, already engaged by his hopes of the Portuguese principality, was now held in closer subjection by his fears of Ferdinand; while both that prince and the king, who had, like his son, appealed by letter to Buonaparte, awaited in trembling anxiety the course which the arch-tyrant should take. It suited his ulterior purpose, however, to appear to keep aloof from all parties, and to hold them equally in suspense, while he steadily pursued their general destruction; he therefore contented himself with instructing his ambassador to recommend the king to put a stop to proceedings which could only bring disgrace upon the whole royal family. The motive of advice so reasonable was, evidently, lest the continuance of this irritation should lead to some revolution in the government which should awaken the nation to its interest, and thus postpone, if it did not finally defeat, all pretence for his interference.

Thus secure in the mutual and balanced fears of his victims, that no opposition would be made to the most undisguised violence, Buonaparte, in the opening of the year 1808, marched his second army into Spain. That the army of 40,000 men, ostensibly destined for the support of Junot, should enter the Peninsula, had been provided by the convention of Fontainebleau; and Napoleon foresaw that the Spanish court were not in a state to insist upon the condition that the two contracting parties should come to a special agreement on that point. When therefore his troops crossed the frontier, the wretched court, fearing they knew not what, and about to suffer the punishment of their unprincipled participation in the subjection of Portugal, had neither sense nor courage to take measures for their own security. On the contrary, they issued orders that the French should everywhere be received and treated like the Spanish troops. The gates of Pamplona, St. Sebastian, Figueras, and Barcelona, were thus thrown open to them; and by Buonaparte's favourite system of combining treachery and violence, where violence was found requisite, these important fortresses, the great keys of the northern frontier of the Peninsula, were seized and occupied by the invaders.

Of the arts by which these measures of perfidy were effected we shall extract one curious example.

Pamplona was the first place where the attempt was made. General D'Armagnac having taken up his quarters in the city, received orders from Marshal Moncey, whose head-quarters were at Burgos, to make himself master of the citadel in any manner, and at whatever cost. Moncey had commanded the French army in Biscay in the year 1794, and at that time, when the republican soldiers were accustomed to boast of acts of sacrilegious rapacity, left, even among the people whom he had invaded, the reputation of a just and generous and honourable

nourable man. It was his ill fortune now to be in the service of Buonaparte, and to be employed in acts like this! D'Armagnac first tried a stratagem; he requested permission from the Marquis de Vallesantoro, captain-general of Navarre, to secure two Swiss battalions in the citadel, under pretence that he was not satisfied with their conduct: the marquis however perceived that such a permission would put one of the strongest bulwarks of Spain in the power of the French, and made answer that he could not consent without an express order from the court. Where there was prudence enough to prompt this answer, a certain degree of precaution might have been looked for, which nevertheless was wanting. The French soldiers were permitted every day to enter the citadel and receive their rations there, and this with such perfect confidence on the part of the garrison, that even the forms of discipline were not observed at such times. One night, during the darkness, D'Armagnac secretly introduced three hundred grenadiers into the house he occupied, which was opposite the principal gate of the citadel. Some of the ablest and most resolute men were selected to go as usual for the rations, but with arms under their cloaks. The ground happened to be covered with snow, and some of the French, the better to divert the attention of the Spaniards, pelted each other with snow-balls; and some running, and others pursuing, as if in sport, a sufficient number got upon the drawbridge to hinder it from being raised; the signal was then given, some of the party who had entered seized the arms of the Spaniards, which were not, as they ought to have been, in the hands of the guard; others produced their own concealed weapons to support their comrades; the grenadiers from the general's house hastened and took possession of the gate, the rest of the division was ready to follow them, and the first news which the inhabitants of Pamplona heard that morning was, that the French, whom they had received and entertained as friends and allies, had seized the citadel. When all was done, D'Armagnac addressed a letter to the magistrates, informing them, that, as he understood he was to remain some time in Pamplona, he felt himself obliged to insure its safety in a military manner; and he had therefore ordered a battalion to the citadel, in order to garrison it, and do duty with the Spanish troops: "I beseech you," he added, "to consider this as only a trifling change, incapable of disturbing the harmony which ought to subsist between two faithful allies." pp. 155—157.

These acts of usurpation, which had been completed before the end of March, filled all Spain with indignation and astonishment. Never before had the public mind been so violently agitated; but the nation knew the weakness of their king and the incapacity of his counsellors: they had none to look to who should direct their willing hands; and though no people could be better disposed to stand forth in defence of their country, they remained in a state of helpless and hopeless amazement. The eyes of the imbecile king and his unworthy favourite were now opened to a full sense of the real designs of Buonaparte. The first thought of Charles was to

to resign to his son the throne which he could not defend; the only resource of Godoy, to induce him rather to imitate the example of the royal House of Portugal, and emigrate to his South American dominions. He was successful in this last exercise of his influence; the vacillating monarch resolved to fly from his kingdom. Here again we are left in doubt whether Godoy acted on the suggestion of Buonaparte, or on his own timid calculations. Mr. Southey evidently is of the latter opinion; we incline to the former, because we think that the abdication and flight of the royal family to their American empire would have relieved Buonaparte from his most urgent difficulties, and from the most unpopular of his violences, the kidnapping of the king and the heir apparent. Be this as it may, preparations were secretly made for his journey to the coast, and troops drawn to the royal residence at Aranjuez to protect his departure. But no precautions could effectually conceal the determination from the people, and their exasperation against the favourite reached its climax. The circumstances which immediately followed are so perplexed with various and contradictory relations, that Mr. Southey finds it impossible to reconcile them. It is evident, however, that the partizans of Ferdinand, who were really at this moment the patriots of Spain, availed themselves of the popular ferment to accelerate the downfall of Godoy; the prince himself opposed the meditated expatriation, and the king found it necessary to endeavour to tranquillize the people, by disclaiming any intention of quitting the kingdom. But the popular suspicions were only allayed for the moment; their feeble sovereign again changed his purpose; and fresh indications of flight produced an insurrection at Aranjuez, which led to the abdication of Charles. The particulars of these events must be given in the warm and glowing language of the author.

‘An alarm was given late at night, whether wantonly or in design, by one of the body guards, who fired a pistol: others instantly assembled, and the mob gathered round Godoy’s house, and endeavoured to force their way in. His own soldiers were faithful to him, and some of the life-guards fell in this attempt. Don Diego Godoy, brother to the favourite, came with the regiment which he commanded to his assistance, and ordered them to fire upon the people; they refused to obey, and suffered their commander to be disarmed and bound hand and foot. The tumult increased, and some cries were uttered, by which it appeared that the dethronement of Charles was desired as well as the death of Godoy. Ferdinand was at that hour the idol of the unreflecting multitude, and not a thought was expressed or felt of effecting any other change than that of removing one king to make room for another. When the house of the favourite was at length forced, he himself was not to be found. In their indignation the people committed his furniture to the flames; many valuable ornaments were destroyed, but nothing was pilfered;

ferred; and the insignia of his various orders, rich with gold and jewels, were carefully preserved and delivered to the king. In the height of their fury also they had compassion upon the wife and daughter of Godoy; the former perhaps had been made an object of popular favour because of the scandalous life of her husband, and they were conducted safely to the palace with a kind of triumph, but in a state of feeling which may well be conceived. The uproar continued through the night. At the earliest break of day Ferdinand appeared in the balcony, and by his presence some degree of order was restored. The populace were weary, if they were not satisfied; the troops ranged themselves under their respective banners, guards were posted at the door of the house which had been ransacked, and quiet was apparently re-established. At seven in the morning the king issued a decree, saying, that as he intended to command his army and navy in person, he dismissed the Prince of the Peace from his rank of generalissimo and chief admiral, and permitted him to withdraw whithersoever he pleased. He also notified this in a letter to Buonaparte, wherein, as if the real cause of the dismissal could possibly be concealed, it was said that leave had been granted to the minister to resign these offices because he had long and repeatedly requested it: "but," the king added, "as I cannot forget the services the prince has rendered me, and particularly that of having co-operated with my invariable desire to maintain the alliance and intimate friendship that unite me to your imperial and royal majesty, I shall preserve my esteem for him."

The people were not to be appeased by a measure so obviously designed to save the favourite from their hatred, and give him an opportunity of effecting his escape. There were no seditious movements during that day and the ensuing night; but the cause of alarm and agitation continued. Godoy, in the first moment of danger, had taken shelter in a garret, among a heap of mats, in one of which he wrapt himself. There he remained about two and thirty hours; till, unable longer to endure the intolerable thirst produced by the feverishness of fear, on the morning of the 19th he left his hiding-place, and came forth to meet his fate, whatever it might be. It would have been a dreadful one, if the soldiers had not first perceived him, and afforded him some protection against an infuriated populace. Notwithstanding the guard under which he was immediately placed, the raging mob fell upon him, and he was led away prisoner. He had pistols when he had hid himself, and he has been reproached for not using them either against himself or his assailants; but though at such a time he could have little hope of life, he had a Catholic sense of the value of what little interval might be granted him, and he cried out for a confessor when death appeared to be at hand. That cry may sometimes avail with a Catholic mob, when it would be vain to entreat for any other mercy. He was, however, beaten and wounded, and his escort would hardly have been able to have saved his life, if the king had not sent Ferdinand to save him. Under his protection—under the protection of the man whom he had most injured, and whom he justly regarded as his greatest enemy, he was deposited safely in the guard-house; and the



the prince then in the name of his father satisfied the people, by assuring them that the fallen minister should be brought to condign punishment, according to the laws. The hope of seeing him publicly executed induced them to forego the immediate fulfilment of their vengeance, which would have been an inferior gratification. They dispersed accordingly, and there was another interval in the storm.

It broke out with renewed violence about middle day, when a carriage with six mules drew up to the guard-house. A report immediately spread that the culprit was to be removed to Granada, for the purpose of screening him from justice: the mob presently collected; they cut the traces and broke the carriage to pieces. They were once more quieted by the presence of Ferdinand, who repeated in his father's name a solemn promise that Godoy should be punished in due course of justice. How far these repeated commotions arose naturally from the strange circumstances of the kingdom and the court, or how far they may have been excited by intriguing men, who hoped for employment under a new reign, and by those who with warm hearts and heated imaginations promoted the work of revolution for its own sake, it is impossible to ascertain; even those who were present have not known what opinion to form. But whatever the moving causes of these tumults may have been, the effect was, that on the evening of that day Charles, in the presence of Ferdinand, his ministers, and the principal officers of the court, resigned the throne. One of the guards immediately spread the news, and never was any intelligence more rapidly diffused. The abdication was publicly announced by a proclamation from Charles, stating that the infirmities under which he laboured (for he suffered much from rheumatic pains) would not permit him longer to support the burthen of public affairs; and that as it was necessary for the recovery of his health that he should enjoy the tranquillity of a private life in a more temperate climate, he had, after the most serious deliberation, determined to abdicate the crown in favour of his very dear son. He therefore by this decree of "free and voluntary abdication" made known his royal will, that the Prince of Asturias should be acknowledged and obeyed as king and natural lord of all his kingdoms and dominions. The news of these events was received throughout the kingdom with the most enthusiastic delight. At Madrid the rabble manifested their joy by entirely destroying the houses of Godoy, of his brother, his mother, and his more conspicuous adherents; his portraits and his escutcheons were burnt wherever they could be found. In many places *Te Deum* was performed as a thanksgiving for the favourite's fall; in others, bull-fights were given with all the barbarity of the Spanish custom, horses always, and men oftentimes, being sacrificed in those abominable pastimes. At Salamanca the monks and students danced in the market-place.—p. 168—173.

The first act of Ferdinand VII. betrayed either his delusion with respect to the designs of Buonaparte, or his fear of offending him; or, what is more probable, both:—it was to direct that the French troops, who were now rapidly approaching Madrid in alarming numbers,

numbers, should be received as friends and allies. They were led by Murat; and a worthier instrument of perfidy and cruelty could not have been selected. Murat knew that Napoleon was not prepared for the latter events which had occurred at Aranjuez; but he was in his master's confidence, and at no loss what measures to pursue on the unexpected abdication of Charles. He accelerated his march, therefore, and entered the capital, after making a formidable display of his forces under its walls: and as an additional intimidation, he caused a report to be spread, that the Emperor himself was already on his route to the Peninsula. Of all the foreign ministers at Madrid, Beaucharnois, the French ambassador, alleging that he was not yet furnished with instructions from his court, had been the only one who did not congratulate Ferdinand on his accession. But Murat, who was better acquainted with the real views of Buonaparte, went farther than the ambassador; he declared that he could only treat with the old king; and, as if he meant to take him and the queen under his protection, he sent a numerous body of troops to Aranjuez, to guard them: he, at the same time, caused it to be understood, that the French would interpose in behalf of the prisoner Godoy. Charles easily fell into the net thus spread for him. Instigated by the fears of the queen for the safety of her paramour, and by his own misplaced friendship for that unworthy object, perhaps, too, by a personal feeling of offended dignity, he was induced secretly to dispatch to Buonaparte a formal protest against his act of abdication, which he now termed compulsory; and to appeal by letter to the protection of the very tyrant whose undisguised aggressions had driven him, not a week before, to the resolution of abandoning his throne to seek refuge in America.

The seizure of the capital by the French, who were now fifty thousand strong in the city and its immediate vicinity, while thirty thousand more preserved the communications with Bayonne; the refusal of the French ambassador and Murat to acknowledge the accession of Ferdinand; the mysterious silence of Buonaparte himself on this point, and the rumours of his journey into Spain, all conspired to fill the new government with perplexity and alarm. Yet there appeared to the young king no better alternative than, by every warm and flattering expression of respect, to court the favour of the despot. It was the object of Murat, without extinguishing his hopes, to terrify him into the most abject submission, and the measures which he adopted with that view were completely successful. While reports of Napoleon's approaching arrival at Madrid were industriously circulated with increased confidence, and preparations were even made by the French for the event, Murat hinted that it would be a delicate compliment to the

emperor if the infante Don Carlos, Ferdinand's next brother, were appointed to meet him on the road; and that prince immediately departed on this fatal journey.

Having thus secured one victim, Murat's next endeavour was to entice Ferdinand also into the same snare. Don Carlos had scarcely set out, before the French commander-in-chief suggested that it would be an agreeable mark of attentive consideration to his master, if the king were to advance a short distance from the capital to welcome his illustrious guest. Ferdinand hesitated, and then, what had at first been lightly touched upon, and merely advised as an act of courtesy, was pressed upon him as a measure of importance, which would be attended with the happiest consequences to himself and to the interests of the kingdom. But the young monarch had at least one prudent counsellor. His minister Cevallos (whom we saw in England soon after this) earnestly dissuaded him from quitting his capital until he should receive certain intelligence that Buonaparte had passed the Pyrennees; and Murat, baffled for the moment, found it necessary to alter his scheme. After some delay, a new actor was introduced on the scene. General Savary (that worthy person who is now permitted to call himself Duc de Rovigo) arrived at Madrid, and, announcing himself as envoy from the emperor, demanded an audience of the king, which was immediately granted. In this interview he professed that he was sent merely to compliment Ferdinand, and to inquire whether his sentiments with respect to France were in consonance with those which the king, his father, had entertained; in which case, the emperor would immediately recognize him as king of Spain and the Indies. The answer was of course satisfactory, and Savary concluded the conference, during which he had held the most flattering language, by asserting that the emperor was already near Bayonne, and on his way to Madrid. But he had no sooner left the audience chamber than he began, as if in his individual capacity, to execute the real object of his mission. It would be highly grateful and complimentary to Buonaparte, he said, if the king should meet him on the road; and he stated repeatedly, and in the most positive terms, that his imperial majesty's arrival might be expected every hour. The pressing instances of Savary, and the frequent assertion of this daring falsehood, were accompanied with such an intermixture of flattery and intimidation, as might best operate upon such a mind as Ferdinand's. Murat failed not to give the same assurances, to repeat the same falsehoods, and to enforce the same menaces; and Ferdinand and his ministers were finally driven to consent to what they dared not refuse. On the 11th of April, Ferdinand, accompanied by Savary, commenced his ill-omened journey, which he intended should terminate at Burgos: but he

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was now in the toils, and every hour plunged him deeper in perplexity or infatuation. Though at Burgos he found no tidings of Buonaparte, his betrayer, Savary, lured him on to Vittoria;—though at that place he was implored by persons who had learned or penetrated the perfidious intentions of Buonaparte, to proceed no farther;—though the first letter which the despot now condescended to address to him from Bayonne, was full of alarming observations; yet, yielding to the opinions of others, who urged him not to evince any distrust of the emperor, and intimidated by the knowledge that he was now in the power of the French troops, who had encircled him at Vittoria, he precipitated himself on his fate, passed the frontier, and—discovered that he was a prisoner. The atrocious schemes of Buonaparte were now rapidly hastening to their consummation. Ferdinand had not been many days at Bayonne, before the tyrant dispatched orders to Murat to send thither Charles and his queen, Godoy, and all the remaining members of the Spanish royal family. The scenes which succeeded their arrival at Bayonne are detailed by our author with circumstantial care and minuteness, and are replete with interest; but they can here be shown only in their general result. After a firmer and more dignified resistance than might have been looked for from the unhappy Ferdinand, he was at length forced into a renunciation of the crown; and his father, who was made the miserable engine of his disgrace, only resumed the empty title of sovereignty, to sign a second abdication of the throne in favour of ‘his magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon.’ He was then, with the whole of his family, dispatched into the interior of France.

It is correctly observed by Mr. Southey, that ‘the train of perfidy whereby Buonaparte had thus far accomplished his purpose, is unexampled even in the worst ages of history. The whole transaction was a business of pure unmingled treachery, unprovoked, unextenuated, equally detestable in its motive, its means, and its end.’ But the hour of retribution was at hand. From the very moment, which seemed to complete his triumph over the last liberties of the continent, is to be dated the commencement of that unconquerable resistance of the people of Europe to his remorseless tyranny, which terminated not until, encouraged and directed by the unshaken constancy of the British government and nation, it had hurled him from his bad pre-eminence of usurpation and crime, to the seclusion and exile in which he closed his flagitious career.

The indignant feelings which animated the Spanish nation, on the treacherous seizure of the northern fortresses by the French troops, had been shared by the people of Madrid; and when Murat entered the capital, he found a spirit in the inhabitants which neither he nor his master had anticipated. His measures,

under the title of *Don Leucadio Doblado*, this gentleman happened to be a witness and almost a partaker of those scenes, which he describes in one of his letters with considerable detail, and we find that his account agrees even in the most minute particulars with that of Mr. Southey—a corroboration, interesting in the individual instance, but important and most satisfactory as implying the ~~generally~~ and scrupulous accuracy of the historian.

These bloody massacres had scarcely ceased, when there arrived from Bayonne intelligence of the abdication of both Ferdinand and Charles, with a decree by which Murat was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and the people of Madrid, the blood of their townsmen still reeking in the streets, and the yoke upon their necks, read the proclamations by which their late sovereigns enjoined them to submit to the will of the Emperor Napoleon. These edicts were followed by others from the despot himself, appointing, by virtue of the right which had been ceded to him, his brother Joseph Buonaparte to be king of Spain; convening an assembly of the notables of the kingdom at Bayonne, and making vain promises and hypocritical professions of his esteem and benevolent intentions towards the Spanish people. But these came too late for *his* purpose, though not for *ours*; for they afford additional proof of the weakness and the wickedness, the folly as well as the audacity of one whose partizans, even when obliged to concede the *injustice* of his motives, *compensate* themselves for the reluctant admission by the most extravagant praise of *his talents*. We are now growing a little better informed even on this head; and by the time that Messrs. O'Meara and Las Cases have completed their panegyrics, they will have convinced all mankind of that truth which we have long proclaimed,—that this miracle of emperors was the offspring of circumstances, the spawn of the reflux of the revolution; that his abilities (except perhaps in the field) were those of a mountebank; that he had neither generosity nor genius, neither wisdom nor magnanimity; and that his peculiar and distinguishing quality was a kind of cunning audacity, '*ruse doublée de force*,' as M. de Pradt expresses it, which rendered him equal to any attempt that promised gain, and did not require personal courage.

The seizure of the fortresses, and the advance of the French troops, had roused the spirit of the Spaniards; their hopes had been excited to the highest pitch by the downfall of Godoy, and the elevation of Ferdinand; and, in that state of public feeling, the slaughter at Madrid and the transactions at Bayonne were no sooner known than the whole Spanish nation, as if by an instantaneous impulse, manifested a determination to resist the audacious usurpation. Their princes in captivity; many of their nobles and  
most

most of their statesmen cooped up in Bayonne; the flower of their own army out of the kingdom, and a numerous enemy possessed of their frontier fortresses, and occupying the capital and heart of the country; they yet, under these complicated disadvantages and dangers, rose in general and simultaneous insurrection against the mightiest military power that had ever, till that time, existed. On the 24th and 25th of May the flame of patriotism burst forth in every quarter of Spain; the province of Asturias was the first to organize a provincial junta of government, and to send envoys to solicit aid from Great Britain; and the people of Zaragoza, in the name of their province, invested the celebrated Palafox with the office of Captain-General of Aragon, in which capacity he heroically declared war against France. In less than one week from this period, Leon and Galicia, Estramadura and Andalusia, Catalonia and Valencia, were all in full insurrection and communication with England; and if ever there was a moment for national pride, it was this, when we saw a nation which had deserted our alliance, and confederated for our ruin, forget, in the crisis of their danger, the wrongs they had done us, and throw themselves, with the frankness of a renovated friendship, into the arms of our generosity. Ferdinand, when he set out upon his journey to Bayonne, had left a junta of government at Madrid; the Spaniards were therefore familiar with that name, and juntas were every where formed of the most respectable of the inhabitants of the several cities: for it should be particularly noticed, that the people showed no desire to break loose from the laws and habits of subordination. Having always been accustomed to look to their rulers, never to act for themselves, their very zeal displayed itself in the form of obedience; they were eager to follow any who would undertake to guide them, and no person thought of stepping beyond his rank to assume the direction. On these occasions, indeed, in which free scope was, for the first time, given to the hopes and expectations of enthusiastic patriotism, the more unreasonable were sometimes hurried into excesses by their own zeal—sometimes seduced into them by wretches who were actuated by the desire of plunder, or of private revenge. Some blood was shed at Valladolid, Cartagena, Granada, Badajoz, Seville, and several other places; and at Valencia in particular, not only was the governor sacrificed to the rage of the populace, but a frightful massacre of the French residents of that city took place: but this dreadful anarchy was of short duration, and after the first ebullition of fury, the multitude every where yielded themselves implicitly to the provisional authorities.

Though the provincial governments thus suddenly formed throughout the kingdom were altogether independent of one another,

a certain ascendancy was conceded by general consent to the junta of Seville, as that city, for its size and importance, was regarded by the Spaniards as their capital, while Madrid remained in the hands of the enemy: That junta then, in the name of Ferdinand VII. and of the Spanish nation, declared war against the Emperor Napoleon, and against France; directed the enrolment in the patriotic cause of all men between sixteen and forty-five years of age; provided ~~as far as~~ possible for the collection of funds for the public service, and announced the opening of negotiations with England.

The confidence of British aid which the Spaniards entertained from the commencement of their sacred struggle was not disappointed. The intelligence of their general insurrection was received in England with the most enthusiastic joy. The nation was unanimously eager to assist a people who had risen in defence of their native land against the common enemy of mankind; and the government hastened with a corresponding alacrity to extend to them every species of support. Arms, ammunition and clothing were dispatched to the northern provinces of the Peninsula immediately upon the arrival of the Asturian deputies, the first agents of the patriots who landed on our shores; meth, they said, they did not want. The Spanish prisoners were released and sent home; Spain was recognized as a friend and ally; and neither expense nor exertions were spared to meet the numerous requisitions for supplies which followed in quick succession from the different provincial governments.

When hostilities once commenced, the scene of warfare was extended so immediately and in such opposite directions, into all quarters of the Peninsula, that it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, to offer any connected and comprehensive view of the early operations of the campaign of 1808. As the theatre of insurrection comprehended every part of the country not directly occupied by the invaders, and as they became every where the assailants, a reference to their positions and movements will, perhaps, best describe the general features of the campaign. Omitting, for a time, all mention of Junot, who held Portugal with his army, Madrid may be regarded as the centre of the French strength. Their main army was assembled round that capital, while a chain of strong divisions holding the four great fortresses which they had seized, and otherwise preserving their communications with France, extended northward in a line from Madrid to the Pyrenees. The difficulty of their situation was, that while the Spaniards were every where in arms and in commotion, they no where presented an army in the field. The invaders were consequently at a loss where to strike an effective blow, and their only resource was, to get possession of the provincial capitals, that the authority every  
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where might be in their hands as it was in the metropolis. With this intent, General Dupont was detached from the main army at Madrid, with a considerable force, to take possession of Seville and Cadiz; Marshal Bessieres, whose head-quarters were at Burgos, directed a division against Valladolid; Marshal Moncey proceeded with his corps-d'armée against Valencia; and General Lefebvre-Desnouettes was dispatched from Pamplona to seize upon Zaragoza. The capital of Catalonia was already in the hands of the invaders; but General Duhesme, who commanded in that province, was directed to send out two large detachments from Barcelona, together numbering 8000 men, to scour the country, levy contributions, take possession of Lerida and Tarragona; and, finally, to join the two great divisions acting against Zaragoza and Valencia.

It was in the prosecution of these operations in Catalonia that the French received their first check in the field, and that the first dawn of success cheered the hopes of the patriots. The detachment which Duhesme destined to co-operate with Lefebvre against Zaragoza was no sooner on its march, than the Catalans, who displayed a spirit every way worthy of the reputation of their brave ancestors, gallantly prepared for resistance. The French were proceeding to the city of Manresa, where they intended to impose contributions, when they found the armed population of the country posted to dispute the road at the pass of Bruch. After an obstinate conflict the invaders forced the pass; but the opposition was so much more serious than they had expected, that they halted in irresolution; and the Spaniards, acquiring confidence and being reinforced, attacked them in turn, defeated, and drove them in confusion and dismay to the very gates of Barcelona. This success, which was gained by the people without any troops to assist them and without any military leader, had the most important and beneficial effects. The whole of Catalonia at once rose in arms, and Duhesme finding that he should have full employment for all his strength in his own province, recalled his other detachments from their intended co-operation with Moncey. After its return to Barcelona, this division, of greater force than the first, was also sent out to attempt the seizure of Manresa, which was now regarded as the focus of the insurrection: but the fatal pass of Bruch was on the way; it was now occupied more skilfully, the peasantry being aided by a few regulars; and the French suffered a second defeat with the loss of some artillery. Duhesme himself was not more successful than his subordinate generals; for attempting in person to acquire possession of the fortress of Gerona, which, lying midway between Barcelona and Figueras, interrupted his communications, he was—though he defeated the patriots in the field and sullied his victory



victory with horrible cruelty—compelled, after a fruitless assault, to abandon the attempt.

While the invaders found no small difficulty in maintaining the two fortresses which they already held in Catalonia, they were altogether unsuccessful in the attempt to establish themselves in Valencia. For his expedition against that capital, Moncey had a force of upwards of 12,000 men; and, bearing down all opposition in the field, he, after inflicting two defeats on the ill-disciplined Spanish levies, arrived before the walls of the city. Valencia, in a military point of view, might have been regarded as untenable. Its ancient works were blocked up by suburbs as large as the old town, and its population, which exceeded 80,000, were considered as so enfeebled in character by the effects of a luxurious climate, that, in the proverbial reproach of their Castilian neighbours, ‘in Valencia the meat was grass, the grass water, the men women, and the women nothing.’ But the conduct of the Valencians was such as refuted the proverb; or proved, at least, how superior is the excitement of a hallowed cause to the ordinary influence of character. After repeated and ineffectual assaults upon the miserable defences, Moncey was sufficiently convinced that, even if he could force his way within the walls, his army was not numerous enough for the civic war which it would have been compelled to wage from street to street, and from house to house. He therefore, on the 28th of June, withdrew from before the place, and fell back upon the main army of the French; but, so harassed was he on his retreat, that, leaving his artillery behind him, he only succeeded in effecting his escape out of the province of Valencia by twice defeating the Valencian and Murcian forces which endeavoured to intercept him.

But courageous and honourable as was the resistance of Valencia, another and more extraordinary example of devotion and heroism had already commenced—the most wonderful scene of the great drama in which all was wonderful! The inhabitants of Zaragoza had entered on that splendid and ever-memorable defence of their city, which no language can adequately describe, and no admiration sufficiently extol. When General Lefebvre marched with a powerful force from Pamplona for the reduction of the capital and province of Aragon, he anticipated little opposition to the completion of his object; and his successes in the field strengthened his expectations of an easy triumph. He defeated the armed peasantry and raw levies of Aragon in three different engagements, and, finally, approached Zaragoza with so much confidence that his cavalry pursued the retreating patriots into the town. They were there made to feel that their superiority existed only in the field; and their general halted for the night with the resolution of storming the city on the following morning.

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Don Joseph Palafox y Melzi, whom the Aragonese had elected for their captain-general, was an officer in the Spanish guards, and the third and youngest brother of a noble family of the province; though destitute of military experience, his genius and courage were equal to the exigencies and dangers of the times, and his well merited popularity enabled him to direct at will the patriotic ardour and virtuous enthusiasm of the people. He had found the province without soldiers, or money, or warlike stores; but the spirit of the Aragonese and his own exertions supplied every deficiency. The undisciplined and half armed levies which he had been able to form, were defeated but not discouraged; and, though a brave opposition in the field had been unsuccessful, they prepared to defend their capital to the *last house* with unabated resolution. Zaragoza was not fortified, and possessed no advantages of situation; it was, on the contrary, commanded by some high ground called the Torreio, which the patriots however occupied: the city itself stood on an open plain; all its buildings were of coarse bad brick, or rather mud, and a wall of ten or twelve feet high, its only defence, was composed of the same material. But it had a population of 60,000—animated by an enthusiastic devotion to their country and their altars, which produced results far

‘Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame.’

It was on the morning of the 15th of June that the French troops advanced to the first assault of the city; and they who entered *survived not the day*. The conflict presented on both sides an earnest of the desperation with which the future struggle was to be prosecuted. The patriots lost 4000 men in killed and wounded, and the carnage among the French was yet more frightful, before their leader reluctantly withdrew them from the fruitless attack, and, removing a short distance from the walls, awaited reinforcements to commence a regular siege. The period of his inaction was not lost upon Palafox, who privately quitting the city with a few attendants, used such extraordinary exertions in assembling new levies that, within one week, he was at the head of 7000 men, so posted as to intercept the expected reinforcements of the enemy. But his efforts were still unavailing in the field; he was attacked and routed by Lefebvre, and, with the remains of his gallant band, threw himself with difficulty again into Zaragoza. On the 27th, the enemy, now reinforced by several thousands of fresh troops, attacked the city and the Torreio, but were in both quarters repulsed, with a loss of 800 men. On the following morning they renewed both assaults; from the city they were again driven, but of the Torreio they gained possession, and, their train  
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of mortars and other artillery having arrived, commenced from thence an incessant and most destructive fire of shot and shells on the city, in which there was not one building that was bomb proof. Amidst this dreadful scene, some wretches whom the French had found means to corrupt, fired the great powder magazine, and destroyed 200 lives; and a furious assault immediately commenced. But both this and frequent repetitions of it were successfully resisted. On the determination of the people the bombardment made no impression; the very women of all classes vied with the men in achievement; one heroine of the lower orders, Augustina, a handsome young woman of two-and-twenty, ennobled by the surname of Zaragoza, inspired the citizens by her example to resume the defence of a gate which they had abandoned, so terrific was the fire on it; and the Countess Burita, of equal beauty and youth, was every where seen, at the head of a corps of females, exposing a delicate frame to all the horrors and dangers of a siege, to relieve the wounded and carry provisions to the combatants. The monks bore arms or administered spiritual aid to the dying, the nuns made up cartridges, and the children distributed them!

Lefebvre, finding every hope vain of carrying this open town by a coup-de-main, now invested it more closely, and every hour increased the distress of the inhabitants. At the end of July the siege had lasted forty-six days; the supply of food was scanty, and there was no reason to hope for succour. At this crisis, a desperate attempt was made to retake the Torrero, but it failed; and the people, taught by this and repeated repulses that sallies were hopeless, resolved to abide within their walls, and conquer or perish there. This resolution was shortly put to the test: On the 4th of August the French opened their batteries within pistol-shot of the church and convent of St. Eufracia.

'The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge; and the besiegers rushing through the opening, took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse. Here General Mori, who had distinguished himself on many former occasions, was made prisoner. The street of St. Eufracia, which they had thus entered, leads into the Cozo, and the corner buildings where it thus terminated, were, on the one hand, the convent of St. Francisco, and, on the other, the general hospital. Both were stormed and set on fire; the sick and the wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames, and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices, raving or singing in paroxysms of wilder madness, or crying in vain to be set free, were heard amid the confusion of dreadful sounds. Many fell victims to the fire, and some to the indiscriminating fury of the assailants. Those who escaped were conducted as prisoners to the Torrero; but when their condition had been discovered, they were sent back on the morrow,

row, to take their chance in the siege. After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very centre of the city, and before the day closed, were in possession of one half of Zaragoza. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words:—

“Head-quarters, St. Eufracia.—Capitulation!”\* —

‘The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply:—

“Head-quarters, Zaragoza.—War at the knife’s point!”†

‘The contest, which was now carried on, is unexampled in history.—One side of the Cozô, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French; and in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day the ammunition of the citizens began to fail. It was almost certain death to appear, by day-light, within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other’s batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other, that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Zaragozans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it. . . . .

. . . . . ‘A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever-memorable siege. In general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here—in Spain, and in the month of August, there where the dead lay the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so much embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Aragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was, in some degree, diminished.’—pp. 416—420.

But even at the greatest extremity of the besieged did the tide

\* Quartel-general, Santa Eufracia.—La Capitulation.

† Quartel-general, Zaragoza.—Guerra al cuchillo. We know not why Mr. Southey prefers the above translation to the more usual and forcible one of war to the knife.

of victory begin to turn. A reinforcement of 3000 men, with supplies, a succour as little expected by the Zaragozans, as it had been provided against by the enemy, entered the city. The war was now for eleven days and nights continued, without intermission, from street to street, from house to house, from room to room; and at the expiration of that time, the space occupied by the enemy had diminished from nearly half the city to about an eighth part; when on the 14th of August the disasters of the French in other quarters of Spain, and the march of the Valencian army to relieve Zaragoza, finally compelled them to abandon the siege and retire upon Pamplona.

We have been irresistibly tempted to linger so long over the details of this heroic and ever-memorable defence of Zaragoza, that important as were the events which were meanwhile in progress, our notice of them must be general and brief. The insurrection at Seville had been immediately followed by a violent demonstration of popular feeling at Cadiz, which compelled the commanders of the troops there to declare for the patriotic cause, and to commence hostilities against a French squadron, then shut up in Cadiz bay, which was compelled to surrender. At the same time General Castanos, who commanded a body of Spanish troops at St. Roque, before Gibraltar, entered heartily into the national cause; and the governor of Gibraltar affording arms and supplies of all kinds, not only was the whole of Andalusia secured to the patriots, but Castanos was able to assemble 10,000 regular troops and 15,000 new levies. When therefore General Dupont, after mastering all opposition on his route towards the south, and everywhere suffering his troops, as the French generals invariably did, to pillage and commit the most horrible atrocities upon the inhabitants, at last entered Andalusia, he suddenly found himself surrounded by difficulties; and such were the exertions and judicious operations of Castanos, that though Dupont was reinforced from Madrid, and had above 20,000 men, his situation shortly became desperate. On the 19th of July, after having already suffered serious reverses, he made a last and furious effort at Baylen to extricate himself from the destruction which menaced him. He failed, and having altogether lost above 4000 men in the field, now capitulated with his army to the number of 17,000 men. This was a fatal blow to the French. Of all their meditated operations, the occupation of Valladolid had alone been accomplished. They had indeed defeated the undisciplined assemblage of raw troops which Cuesta, the captain-general of Castile, imprudently opposed to them near that city; and Marshal Bessieres afterwards, on the 14th of July, inflicted a more bloody defeat at Rio Seco upon the united Gallician and Castillian levies, which the rash impatience  
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of Cuesta again uselessly hurried on to destruction; but these victories were regarded by the French as insufficient for their security in their present extended positions. As soon as the surrender of Dupont was learnt, Joseph Buonaparte, who had entered Madrid after the battle of Rio Seco, retired to Vittoria. In the country surrounding that place, the main army of the French, evacuating the metropolis, and all the positions which they held south of the Ebro, concentrated about the person of the intrusive king, and awaited the reinforcements from France, which were indispensable to them for the contingency of the contest. The victorious patriots entered Madrid in triumph; a supreme and central Junta of government, composed of deputations from all the provincial juntas, assembled, and commenced its functions at Aranjuez; the provincial armies followed the retreat of the enemy from every quarter to the vicinity of Vittoria; and the cessation from active hostilities which followed was employed in earnest preparations for the renewal of the struggle.

While the greater part of Spain was thus enjoying a short respite from the hateful presence of the enemy, the deliverance of Portugal was also advancing. Ever since the occupation of the kingdom by Junot, in the preceding year, that unhappy country had been weighed down by intolerable misery. Whatever oppressions the French exercised in other countries, whatever enormities they committed in Spain, were mercy and humanity in comparison with their conduct in Portugal. Even while the inhabitants remained in unresisting obedience, there were no bounds to the extortions, and robberies, and insolence of their task-masters. The most respectable and opulent families were reduced to beggary by the enormous amount of the forced loans and contributions imposed on them; the peasantry were so overcome by despair as to neglect putting seed into the ground; the churches were sacrilegiously robbed of their ornaments and plate; the troops universally lived at free quarters on the inhabitants, and plundered their houses of money and clothing; and while the horror-stricken and indigent people saw the sanctuaries of their religion defiled, the arms of their monarchy defaced, and a French military government avowedly established on the ruins of their independence, the insults of their brutal oppressors were carried into the very bosom of their families; prostitutes were forced into their society, and happy was the man who preserved his wife and daughter from contagion, and worse than contagion. But when the provinces, inspired by the example of Spain, about June, 1808, rose in insurrection, the monsters whose tyranny had maddened the people into this resistance, made it the signal and the excuse for the indulgence of every devilish passion. The detachments ordered by Junot under Loison and others to chastise the country, perpetrated

petrated barbarities which would be hereafter incredible, if our own eyes had not seen them, and if contemporary history had not recorded them. Prisoners butchered; females first violated, then murdered; towns sacked and burnt to ashes; men, women, and children indiscriminately massacred in cold blood; these were the often-repeated scenes which terminated only when Junot, leaving the Portuguese of the provinces still unsubdued, was obliged, in the beginning of August, to recall his ferocious and murderous bands to Lisbon to oppose the landing of the destined liberators of this wretched people. It is a glorious remembrance, and one which makes every British heart leap with exultation, that it was reserved for our countrymen to be the instruments of deliverance to this unhappy people; that, from the hour in which our army landed in Portugal, until the hero who led them to their first triumph had victoriously freed the peninsula, the battle was ever for the protection of suffering humanity, for the rights and the happiness of mankind, for domestic security and peace, for religion and virtue, for the hearth and the altar. Therefore is it that the glories of Britain in this war will wear well and long: while time and history shall endure, it will be admitted that the cause in which she generously embarked was as pure as the success was splendid and complete.

Of the circumstances which attended the deliverance of Portugal, the formation of the first expedition under WELLESLEY; its landing and reinforcement; the auspicious encounter at Roleia, we shall not, within our narrow limits, attempt the description. But the more memorable and important victory which followed at Vimeiro must not be passed over in silence; nor shall we, by any garbled narration, offer injustice to the splendid and accurate composition which Mr. Southey has devoted to this animating subject. We give his account entire, and it must be our last extract.

‘Vimeiro, a name which was now to become memorable in British and Portuguese history. is a village situated nearly at the bottom of a lovely valley, about three miles from the sea, and screened from the sea breeze by mountainous heights, through which the little river Maceira winds its way. The village stands at the eastern extremity of these heights; and on the opposite side, separated from them by a deep ravine, are other heights, over which the road to Lourinham passes, a little town in the *Termo* or district of which the parishes of Vimeiro and Maceira are included. The western termination reaches the sea-shore. As the army had halted here only for the night, meaning to proceed early on the morrow, they were disposed of, not as expecting an attack, but as most convenient for the troops. Six brigades bivouacked on the height to the westward. The advanced guard was posted on a hill south-east of Vimeiro, to cover the commissariat and stores which were in the village: this height was entirely commanded by higher ground  
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to the westward. The cavalry and the reserve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills on which the infantry were placed; and there were piquets of observation on the hills to the eastward.

The enemy, who had marched all night, and whom some accidents had impeded on their way, first appeared at eight in the morning, forming in strong bodies upon the heights toward Lourinham, thus threatening the advanced guard and the left, which was the weak part of the British position. Sir Arthur had visited the advanced posts early in the day, and had returned to his quarters before the first shots were exchanged with the enemy's advance. He now moved the brigades of Generals Ferguson, Nightingale, Acland, and Bowes, successively across the ravine to the heights on the Lourinham road. General Anstruther's brigade took post on the right of the advanced guard, and Major-General Hill was moved nearer, as a support to these troops, and as a reserve, in addition to which our small cavalry force was in the rear of their right. The French army was in two divisions,—the right, of about 6000 men, under General Loison; the left, about 5000, under Laborde. Kellermann had the reserve, which was intended to connect the two wings, but they were too distant from each other. General Margaron commanded the cavalry.

Laborde came along the valley to attack the advanced guard on the eminence or table hill; he had a column of infantry and cavalry to cover his left flank, and on his right one regiment marched in column to turn the defenders, and penetrate the village by the church; but this purpose had been foreseen, and part of the 43d had been ordered into the churchyard to prevent it. The French advanced with perfect steadiness, though exposed to a severe fire of riflemen posted behind the trees and banks, and of seven pieces of artillery well directed. They advanced like men accustomed to action and to victory; but suffering more severely as they drew nearer, and especially from the Shrapnell shells, (then first brought into use,) they faltered, and opened a confused fire. Still they advanced, and arrived within a few paces of the brow of the hill, where the 50th regiment, under Colonel Walker, with a single company of the rifle corps on its left, stood opposed to them. That regiment poured upon them a destructive volley, and instantly charged with the bayonet, and penetrated the angle of the column, which then broke and turned. The regiment which was entering the village by the church was attacked in flank by General Acland's brigade, then advancing to its position on the heights, and our cavalry, poor in number as it was, charged with effect. The discomfiture of this column was then complete; they fled, leaving about 1000 men on the ground, 350 prisoners, and seven pieces of artillery; and they were pursued for nearly two miles to the plain beyond the woody ground, where they were supported by a reserve of horse, and where Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, of the 20th light dragoons, who particularly distinguished himself that day, fell with many of his men, overpowered by a much superior force of cavalry. The secondary column, under General Brenier, which was to have supported Laborde in his attack, made a side movement to the left, in order to cross the ravine, and thus it was



separately engaged by General Anstruther's brigade; and being charged with the bayonet, was repulsed with great loss. An aide-de-camp of Sir Arthur's coming up to tell this general that a corps should be sent to his assistance, he replied, "Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance; I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them."

Wilson's attack was made nearly at the same time as Laborde's: it was supported by a large body of cavalry, and made with the characteristic and imposing impetuosity of French troops. They drove in our light troops, but they were checked by General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 56th, 40th, and 71st, which formed the first line; after some close and heavy firing of musketry, the 82d and 29th came up, and the brigades of Generals Bowes and Acland. The enemy were then charged with the bayonet; this weapon is of French invention, but it was made for British hands. They came to the charge bravely, and they stood it for a moment;—in that moment their foremost rank fell "like a line of grass before the mowers." This is not the flourish of an historian, seeking artfully to embellish details which no art can render interesting to any but military readers; it is the language of an actor in the scene, who could not call it to mind in after-hours without shuddering; for the very men whose superiority was thus decidedly proved, could not speak without involuntary awe, of so complete and instantaneous a destruction, produced as it was, not by artillery or explosions, but by their own act and deed, and the strength of their own hearts and hands. The bodies of about 300 French grenadiers were counted upon the field, who had fallen in this charge. The enemy were pursued to a considerable distance, and six pieces of cannon were taken in the pursuit. General Kellermann made a vigorous attempt, late in the action, to recover these from the 71st and 82d, which were halted in a valley where the guns had been captured. These regiments retired a little way to some advantageous ground, then faced about, fired, and advancing with the bayonet drove the French back with great loss. Thus were they everywhere repulsed, though their whole force had been engaged, while not more than half the British army had been brought into action.'—p. 556—560.

We are not disposed to enter into any discussion on the merits of the subsequent Convention, which Mr. Southey censures as having yielded to a vanquished enemy half the laurels which the sword had won: but one observation arising out of this Convention is irresistibly forced upon us. In the evidence before the Court of Inquiry on that subject, Sir Arthur Wellesley justified his acquiescence in the terms given to the French, by his opinion of the strength of the position of Torres Vedras, which they had been allowed to reach. We well remember the gross imputations to which this opinion exposed Sir Arthur. We were told that it was a servile attempt to screen the guilty by exaggerating the force of the position; and we have at this moment

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tingling in our ears the scornful criticism which some parliamentary campaigners made on the 'extraordinary assertion of General Wellesley:' but General Wellesley was destined, within four years, to prove by experience the justice and accuracy of his prior opinion. In 1811, the armies of France and England had exchanged their positions; Massena was to invade, and Wellesley was to defend the same ground which Junot had before to defend from Wellesley's attack. The result was the brightest page in the career of the *Unconquered*, which neither accident nor fortune could have produced, and which was at once the result and the proof of his wonderful military foresight. He retreated to those very lines of Torres Vedras, and there substantiated his evidence given in the Court of Inquiry, by baffling and defeating the greatest force and the ablest general that France had ever sent to the peninsula.

But there is another circumstance which, as Mr. Southey observes, should be considered before the Convention is so absolutely censured. Its terms included the surrender of the frontier fortresses held by the French, and which it is very doubtful whether the entire defeat of Junot would have reduced to submit. If they had not been evacuated as they were under the Convention, they might have held out until the enemy, after dispersing the Spanish armies in the following December, would have relieved them; and thus a way would have been opened for the capture of Lisbon at a time when there were neither preparations nor means of resistance. There was also no unreasonable apprehension for the danger to which subsequent events might have exposed the capital; and on a calm review of all the circumstances, we are of opinion that the Convention was perfectly justifiable. Though censured at home, the capitulation of Junot created a great sensation in France, and in every part of the Continent; and who will now venture to say, that the position of Torres Vedras, which baffled Massena, might not have enabled Junot to retrieve his loss, and to obscure for a time the fulness of that glory which has since irradiated the rescued peninsula?

Over the remainder of this deeply interesting volume, we must be contented to hasten in a few words. The period which it embraces extends to the opening of the year 1809, and comprehends the entrance of Buonaparte into Spain, preceded by above 100,000 fresh troops; the resumption of offensive operations by the French in the month of October, 1808, the repeated and total defeat of all the Spanish armies which had been assembled around the French positions near Vittoria; the re-capture of Madrid by the invaders; and our first campaign, under Sir J. Moore, in Spain; the whole closing with the battle of Coruña.

Disclaiming the ability to follow our author in a few pages through the various, and complicated operations of the numerous

French armies against the disjointed, ill disciplined, and often ill conducted corps which the patriots were able to oppose to them; we shall be satisfied with expressing our favourable opinion of the clearness and method with which he has conducted a most intricate narrative; and with regard to the subsequent and, to us as a nation, most painfully interesting part of Mr. Southey's subject—the disastrous retreat to Coruña,—the details have already been so carefully examined, and our sentiments on them so fully expressed in one of the earliest Numbers of this journal,\* that it cannot be requisite, even could we afford space for the occasion, to repeat either the investigation or the result, in this place. Yet, after the lapse of twelve years we may be permitted to observe, that, looking back on the opinions which we then held, we can discover no reason to modify or change them. Whoever peruses the lucid narrative of Mr. Southey, and remembers our strictures, will have no hesitation in pronouncing that the convictions which we ventured to express, when such things were but subjects of eager and angry discussion, have now calmly subsided into matters of history; and, fully and freely as the historian must award to the memory of Sir John Moore the praise of upright and zealous intentions, and unbounded personal gallantry,—that a tendency to believe in French invincibility thwarted his judgment and fettered his exertions; and that the rapidity and disorder of his retreat through a series of almost impregnable fastnesses, which resulted from this unhappy opinion, will ever be numbered among the misfortunes and errors of our first Spanish campaign.

To the excellencies of this part of the history of the Peninsular war for which we are indebted to Mr. Southey, we have borne testimony in the course of our remarks; and we know not how we can generally sum up its merits in a higher eulogium, than by repeating, that it is in every respect fitted to maintain, and even to extend the reputation of the author. But it is necessary to observe, that in some instances we cannot approve the arrangement of the materials which have crowded upon him: this is, indeed, but a minor blemish, and we point to it with the less reluctance, because, as the work is still in progress, opportunity is afforded for their correction both in the compilation of succeeding volumes, and in future editions of this. It appears to us that Mr. Southey has often unnecessarily lengthened the thread, and thus weakened the strength of his narrative, by the introduction into the text, of entire proclamations, manifestoes, and other state papers, of which his readers would be better satisfied that he should have given the substance only, compressed and abridged according to the relative importance and interest of the documents. We could, for ex-

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\* Quarterly Review, No. III. pp. 203—234.

ample, among other things, have very well spared many of the proclamations of provincial juntas from the text; and if it was not desirable to omit the translation of them altogether, retaining only a passing notice of the spirit of the contents and of their effect upon the people, they would at least have been more appropriately ranged in an Appendix. We make, not without hesitation, the same observation on the frequent introduction of matter of another description, which, though highly entertaining and amusing, is extraneous to political or military history. Mr. Southey's mind is so richly stored with the treasures of Spanish literature; the romantic chronicles, the religious legends, the wild traditions of Spanish lore, the deep seated superstitions, the local associations, the ancient and the present manners and feelings of the people are all so familiar to him, that it would seem as if the temptation to dwell on them were irresistible, whenever the casual mention of church or convent suggested the legend of its saint, or the scene of modern events recalled the memory of 'the olden times.' It will easily be believed, that we are far from undervaluing the varied information, the elegant acquirement, and the cultivated taste, by which Mr. Southey is so eminently distinguished; nor are we insensible to the pleasure which his manner of treating such subjects produces; but we doubt whether they do not occasionally retard the progress of the historical narrative, and whether many readers will not consider them rather as misplaced interruptions than ornaments. The relation of the siege of Zaragoza offers a remarkable illustration of this fact; in the midst of the beautiful chapter which he has devoted to that romantic episode in the war—when every feeling is wrought to intensity of expectation and sympathy—we are twice called upon to suspend our anxiety and restrain our impatience, while Mr. Southey takes occasion to relate popish legends, over which, curious and entertaining as they would elsewhere be, we are persuaded no reader at such a moment can willingly linger. We think too, that the story of the Portugeze is not so effectively told as that of the Spanish insurrection—this arises partly from the inferior interest of the events themselves; but, we think, there is also an abatement of animation in this part of the composition—the details are not only less striking, but they are more carelessly presented to the reader, and want that judicious combination into masses which would have given them both importance and interest. This is, however, a slight blemish in the midst of so many beauties of a superior class; so very slight indeed is it, that a very little trouble would remove it altogether; some compression, and a few 'rapprochemens,' would give to this portion the same noble energy of march and the same fervid interest which transports the reader through the other divisions of the subject.

**ART. IV.** *A Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands of Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca and Zante; with Remarks upon the Character, Manners and Customs of the Ionian Greeks: Descriptions of the Scenery and Remains of Antiquity discovered therein; and Reflexions upon the Cyclopean Ruins.* By William Goodisson, A. B. Assistant Surgeon in His Majesty's 75th Regiment. London. 1823.

**T**HIS unpretending little volume contains matter not unworthy the attention of the scholar and the antiquary; and even the political economist may derive some advantage from the view which it takes of the past and present state of the Ionian islands: for our immediate purpose, however, the latter is the only portion to which we more particularly desire to direct the attention of our readers.

We are not over solicitous to meddle with the character or conduct of individuals, not feeling it to be any duty of ours to step forward in defence of every public man who may become the object of libels and misrepresentations; and well knowing that, under a free government and a free press, calumny is a tax that men in high official situations must submit to pay, and which presses heavier in proportion as they are eminent. There are cases, however, in which we conceive ourselves called upon to depart from this rule; and one of these is now before us, in which gross and unfounded calumnies have been circulated with a cold, malignant and obstinate perseverance, against an old and meritorious servant of the crown, and, through him, against the national character and honour. We allude to the rancour which, in various shapes, has, for the last five years, unremittingly pursued Sir Thomas Maitland, in his character of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands: and as we profess to have some knowledge both of the governor and the governed, we think it due to the individual who has been calumniated, to the government whose measures have been misrepresented, and to the public who have been deceived, to state the real merits of the case, and to refute, as we trust we shall be able to do, those slanders which, in our opinion, have been suffered to remain too long unanswered, through the same channel (the press) in which they are conveyed.

From the first moment that General Sir James Campbell took possession of Corfu, as Commissioner for the four great Allied Powers, the most active intrigues were set on foot, chiefly by a few persons who had hitherto exercised an overweening influence on the island, with the view of creating a distrust in the British government, and of persuading the people, that the islands must ultimately fall to Russia; since the Emperor Alexander, swayed by

by the representations of his minister, a native Ionian, would never suffer them to remain under the dominion of any other power, and least of all under that of Great Britain. The first operation of this faction was to procure a petition to be presented to the House of Commons, in the name of a Count Cladan, (one of the greatest miscreants that ever lived,) complaining of the conduct of General Campbell in the most gross and abusive language. Mr. Henry Grey Bennet, by whom it was presented, ignorant no doubt of the character of this Ionian count, seemed to give countenance to the calumnies it contained; which, added to the constant state of irritation and anxiety occasioned by his troublesome subjects, had such an effect on the honourable mind of General Campbell, as, in the opinion of his friends, to contribute in no slight degree to his death. The petition was sent back to enable Sir Thomas Maitland to inquire into the allegations; but the infamous accuser had by this time disappeared, and nobody knew what was become of him.

Though this first petition produced nothing that could gratify the disaffected party, they still continued to encourage the most sanguine expectations of a change; the rapid succession of different systems had led them to believe that no government could be permanent. The Treaty of Paris of 1815, however, put an end to all these hopes; and then it was that the most active and determined opposition was set up by these malecontents to every measure and person connected with the protecting government; they misrepresented all its views and intentions, mistated facts and proceedings, and perverted the obvious meaning of every public document. Falsehoods the most absurd and groundless were invented to serve their purpose. It was stated, for instance, that, among other miseries and oppressions which the Ionians were suffering from their protectors, 'the plague had actually and designedly been imported by them into Corfu, with the view of reducing the people to such a state of despondence and entire submission, as to allow the Lord High Commissioner to avoid the fulfilment of such parts of the treaty as were not exactly to his liking.' Perceiving their political influence and individual advantages slipping from them, the party, joined by the farmers of the revenues and the spoliators of the church property, framed a memorial of their grievances, which they transmitted to the Russian minister; who, however, either from the situation in which he stood, or from his knowledge of the character of his countrymen, seems to have exercised a due discretion, by taking no further steps in the matter: he must have felt, no doubt, how unbecoming it would have been in him to interfere, after the Emperor his master and the other powers concerned had 'renounced

every right or pretension regarding these islands; and agreed to place them 'under the immediate and exclusive protection of Great Britain.'

Failing in this quarter, their next proceeding was to find out a more suitable advocate to support their cause in the British Parliament, than Mr. Bennet had proved himself to be in the matter of Count Cladan. In this they succeeded to their very hearts' desire: they pitched upon a person who is always ready to grasp at any subject however lofty or however low, and who, in the present case, with all that assurance which peculiarly belongs to him, most eagerly adopted all the gross calumnies in the Memorial as his own, anxious to have it believed that he collected them on the spot, 'having (so he says) spent some time on the Ionian islands, and having attached himself much to the people.' Mr. Hume was, we believe, 'on the spot,' about twelve years ago, when Corfu, he it observed, whence the memorial of grievances issues, was in possession of the French; and he might, perhaps, while a passenger with Captain Chamberlayne in the *Unité* frigate, have passed a day on one of the smaller islands; but we know that the *Unité* did not even anchor at or near any of them. Of the Ionian people, therefore, and the Ionian islands, we venture to affirm, he is equally and utterly ignorant; and the calumnies to which, with unwearied perseverance, he has not hesitated to give currency against Sir Thomas Maitland, and through him against the British government, certainly do not originate with him, though they probably have received an additional daub of colouring at his hands.

Mr. is the little knot of patriots, as they would be thought, the only polluted source from which Mr. Hume has derived his misinformation: we happen to know one still less creditable;—one which, we grieve to say, furnishes a singular instance of perfidy in a quarter from which Sir Thomas Maitland had least reason to expect it; and we mention it to show what unworthy means are had recourse to where a political enemy, though a professed friend, is to be sacrificed, or the measures and intentions of government, however politic and just, are to be stigmatized with an opposite character.

Lord Archibald Hamilton applied to Lord Lauderdale for a letter to his brother Sir Thomas Maitland, entreating, as a great personal favour, that a Mr. Hamilton Browne should be appointed to some situation in the Ionian islands. Lord Lauderdale declined giving such a letter, but, at the request of Lord Archibald, gave Mr. Browne a letter of introduction; in consequence of which Mr. Browne became confidentially employed, in the year 1816, as the chief assistant in the office of the Ionian Senate;  
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in which situation he remained till the beginning of 1822, when it was found necessary to dismiss him on the following grounds. It occurred to Sir Frederick Hankey, on reading, in the report of a debate in parliament, a statement of Mr. Hume, which he said had been put into his hand by 'a noble lord near him,' that it contained the substance of a document which could only have been procured from some of the government offices on the islands; and as Mr. Hamilton Browne was known to be in constant correspondence with Lord Archibald, a suspicion immediately attached to him, as the person who had furnished this document. Sir Frederick, however, in the first instance, called on the assistants in the office of the Lord High Commissioner, (of which he was the head,) to declare whether they had or had not communicated to any person any document in his office without his knowledge; they all declared they never had. It was then requested that Lord Sidney Osborne (the secretary of the senate) would do the same with regard to his assistants, which he did; and when it came to Mr. Hamilton Browne's turn to answer, he confessed that, *at Lord Archibald Hamilton's particular desire*, he had furnished his lordship with every document he could procure relative to Parga; adding, at the same time, 'that he had sent nothing but what was true.' Be that as it may, his assertion was far from being true; the correspondence between Lord Archibald Hamilton and his agent and protégé did not begin nor end with the Parga question; it continued till he was turned out of the office he had so scandalously betrayed.

As to the accuracy of information derived from an impure and imperfect source of this nature, we would just observe that although it may materially assist in propping up misrepresentation, it cannot possibly be of any use in displaying the real merits of a case. Thus, with respect to this very Parga,—for the fate of which our unsuspecting countrymen were so grossly swindled out of their ever-ready sympathy, by the artful falsehoods disseminated concerning it\*—we assert that, whatever documents Mr. Hamilton Browne may have furnished to Lord Archibald Hamilton, and however true, they could at best but tend to mislead that noble Lord's judgment, as, in the first place, the question of Parga was one in which the Ionian government was only collaterally concerned; and in the second place, the senate, in which Mr. Browne was so unworthily placed, was not concerned in it at all.

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\* We refer with pride and pleasure to an unanswered and unanswerable refutation of the daring falsifications of the *Edinburgh Review* on this subject, in our XLVth No. p. 136.



The object of these persevering attacks is undoubtedly that of leading the misinformed into a belief that His Majesty's Lord High Commissioner had violated his duty to his sovereign and his country, in the execution of the delicate and difficult task committed to his charge—that he had studied only his own interests, in support of his own views; and that, to forward them, he had sacrificed every recognized principle of British administration and British feelings; that he had acted in direct contradiction to a positive treaty, settled by the great allied powers of Europe; that he had employed the vilest and the lowest of the people in the administration of the Ionian government, instead of the ancient nobility and families of the first consideration; that he had bribed these unworthy agents with enormous salaries, totally disproportionate to the duties which they had to perform; and finally, that, in pursuit of personal objects, he had disgraced the people he was sent to protect, and established a complete system of tyranny, whilst every principle of propriety, prudence and humanity should have dictated a course exactly the reverse of that which he had pursued.

This is a summary of those grave charges contained in the Memorial of the few factious Corfiotes to whom we have alluded, and which Mr. Hume transferred, charge by charge, into two preparatory paragraphs, such as, according to custom, and 'to beget an awful attention,' introduce the subject matter of his speeches in parliament to the public, through the columns of a Journal systematically hostile to every measure and person connected with government.\* It will be our business to show that these are as false as they are grave.

In order to make a more forcible impression by exciting our sympathy, as in the case of Parga, for the miseries inflicted on the Ionian people in consequence of British tyranny and misrule, we are first presented with a most pleasing picture of the former happy and contented condition of these people, as contrasted with their present deplorable state; which is stated to be so very wretched 'that, their situation under the Venetian rule was mildness in comparison with the government now adopted;—a piece of historical information of which we willingly resign all the advantage that either ignorance or malignity can extract from it. Pass we on then to the 'Septinsular Republic,'—to that happy period when, as Mr. Hume's studies inform him, 'the Seven Islands were formed into an independent republic, when the greatest improvement took place; (improvement on the Venetian

\* Compare two long paragraphs in the Morning Chronicle of the 13th and 14th May, 1822, with the report of Mr. Hume's speech in the same paper of the 15th.

rule, of course ;) when a Greek university was founded at Corfu, and an Ionian academy, which counted among its associates some of the highest characters of Europe for letters and science; and when the peace of Tilsit put an end to this career of prosperity and improvement, and the Seven Islands were annexed to the French empire by a decree of Buonaparte.'

It is true that, in 1800, the Emperor Alexander gave to the people of the Ionian Islands an eminent proof of his great affection, by leaving them to rule themselves, and to manage their own interests in their own way. It is also true, that the Treaty of Tilsit in 1806 put an end to what Mr. Hume is pleased to call 'a career of prosperity and improvement:' as he appears, however, to be grossly ignorant in what that 'prosperity' and that 'improvement' consisted, we will take the trouble to enlighten him somewhat on those subjects, by showing what the Ionian Islands *were*, and what they *are*.

Little more than a year had elapsed from the happy era of the 'Septinsular Republic,' before all the seven islands were guilty of treason and rebellion against their general government; and each island in itself was guilty of treason and rebellion in a variety of instances against its local government; and the whole of this 'happy septinsular republic' became one scene of anarchy, robbery, and murder. As to the University said to have been 'founded,' it would be difficult to find where the foundation was; and with respect to the superstructure and the associates of the academy, it would puzzle clearer intellects than those of Mr. Hume to discover the least trace of the one, or to name the others. In plain truth, the affairs of this happy republic soon became so degraded and perilous, that the senate, alarmed for the consequences, sent a deputation to implore the immediate interference of the Emperor Alexander, as the only means of preventing a continuance of those scenes of bloodshed and horror—the sole result of that power which he had left in their hands. In consequence of this application, Count Mocenigo was sent from St. Petersburg, as plenipotentiary, to endeavour, if possible, to bring those restless people into some sort of subordination. We have before us a copy of the speech which he delivered to the Synclitæ; or electors of Corfu, on the 29th August, 1803; and as it shows, in somewhat more correct colours than those of Mr. Hume, the happy state of the 'Septinsular Republic,' we shall lay a part of it before our readers.

'From a condition,' says the Plenipotentiary, 'obscure, abject, and servile, a prey to the horrors of a bloody revolution, destructive of all government, of morals and religion, these islands, by the

the providence of God, are now brought to the light of heaven, to liberty and independence.

‘They were sailing like a bark without a pilot, in a political situation to which they were not accustomed, and had neither experience, vigour nor good councils. They were left to the impulse of every passion, disunited one from another by pride and distrust; jealous of each other’s rights and interests, they each of them afforded a frightful theatre of civil discord, owing to the struggles of factions, and parties for pre-eminence, each with different political opinions; and which at last terminated in the treasonable efforts of base demagogues against their country. Thus, anarchy stalked about like a horrible phantom, spreading desolation and ruin.’

We have then a picture of the state of affairs at the time of the Count’s arrival. We venture to recommend it to Mr. Hume’s admiration.

‘Such, in fact, were the events, oh Corcyreans! which marked the days of the past year, when with pain and with anguish you ran pale and trembling to your walls, to see on which side the flames were approaching to reduce your houses to ashes, and to destroy your lands and your property. No one dared to show his face out of the gates; but, shut up within your walls, you lent a sorrowful ear to learn from others what devastation had overtaken their property and your own.’

Such was ‘the career of prosperity’ which the Ionians had run in the second year of the happy septinsular government of 1800. Nor is it a person in the employ of Russia only that declares it; all he utters is fully authorized by the Ionians themselves in the instructions to Naranzi, (the person sent to the Emperor,) from the senate; in which it is stated, that such were their perpetual misfortunes, that the people were disposed to receive, with blind resignation, whatever new constitution might proceed from the hand of Alexander; that they wished, in fact, that it should be the work of that ‘admirable person,’ or, at any rate, of a ‘single legislator,’ and that it should be ‘supported by an imposing armed force, to resist the obstinate, artful, and armed attempts that would be put in motion to subvert it:’ they go on to say, ‘that the natives themselves were unfit, from their known habits of insubordination and violence, to be loyal and obedient republican soldiers; and that, if the troops could not be Russian, they must be foreigners of some other description;’ that, ‘to the Russian soldiers they were indebted for personal security and property, that they were solicited and longed for as a gift from heaven; and that, if they were to depart, it would involve their complete destruction, and leave no other alternative than that of drowning themselves in the surrounding

surrounding seas ;' and Naranzi is directed, lastly, to impress on the mind of his Imperial Majesty, ' that, in short, the inhabitants of the Seven Islands, who have thus attempted to establish a republican form of government, are neither born free, nor are they instructed in any art of government, nor are they possessed of moderation so as to live peaceably under any government formed by their own countrymen.'

Nor is this all. A most deplorable picture of the wretched condition of the people of the Ionian Islands, under the Venetian, the Septinsular, and the French government is also drawn, by the president of the Primary Council and Advocate General, Calchiopulo Manzano, in a speech delivered before the Legislative Assembly in April, 1822, (and since published,) in which he brings down historically the situation of the islands, to the moment at which they were taken under British protection. ' At that period,' he says, ' the public buildings were in a state of ruinous dilapidation, the monies voted for their repairs having gone into the pockets of those who had the charge of them ;' the finances were swallowed up by the farmers of the revenue—the public treasury was so exhausted, that when Sir Thomas Maitland sent to ascertain the balance, ' his messenger returned,' says the President, ' with three pieces of copper coin, the whole of the cash remaining ;' that it was, besides, burthened with considerable debts ;—that the plague was raging over one-third part of the island ;—that civil discord and party-spirit prevailed among all classes of citizens ;—that the course of justice was corrupted ;—and the public oppressed by exactions of the public functionaries, and indirect taxation ;—that the churches were neglected, and suffered to go to ruin, the church revenues plundered without distinction, and religion totally neglected ;—that criminal proceedings were of the worst description, and so arbitrary, that it was at any time in the power of the court to procure ' the escape of the guilty, the punishment of the innocent, and the sacrifice of individual liberty, honour, and fortune to private revenge.' To these lively pictures of happiness, we shall add one more, on the testimony of an English gentleman, who has resided five years on the island of Corfu.

' The morality of the Greeks has been proverbially bad, and they still retain their character for cunning and duplicity. The corruption introduced by the Venetians, in the exactions of the needy proveditori (governors) and their followers, has not a little tended to fix the demoralization of this people : the excesses committed by those gave rise to a regular system of plunder, speculation, and deceit amongst them ; money was borrowed of the Jews at Venice, for the purpose of traffic by these merciless usurers : fifty per cent. was the interest exacted at the

the end of the year, and the sum remaining unpaid was doubled each succeeding year. These "*affreux excès*," as a French writer calls them, were *venominated, prostichii*; every thing was venal, and nothing could satisfy their avidity; the hiring of assassins was sanctioned as a means of filling their coffers. Such a system of depravity prevailing in the government of a people naturally prone to deceit, it may well be imagined, that centuries will not suffice to assimilate their morals to those of other European nations. Nothing sets in a clearer point of view the dereliction of every thing virtuous and honourable amongst them, than the total disregard to truth, in which they are brought up; they seem to take as much pains to discourage ingenuousness and candour, as a people of more elevated principle would, to detect and punish prevarication and falsehood: the probability is, that a young Greek will deceive you, even in matters of the greatest indifference; although he gains no immediate advantage by this sacrifice of candour, yet he considers that, by holding you in ignorance, he is ready to profit by his craft at some future emergency. Calumny and detraction are extremely common amongst them, nor is it at all unusual to see two persons, apparently on the most friendly terms, who, when separate, will mutually accuse each other of every thing that is base and dishonourable; but, as a just value is generally fixed upon this friendship reciprocally, neither party incurs much risk from yielding too much to the weakness of self-love: a delusion which, with a people of more simplicity, is always a dangerous tool in the hands of the designing. The means of directly prosecuting their revenge being removed by the complete extirpation of the knife and stiletto, that dreadful passion to which they are so prone, must be gratified by other means; hence the many criminal informations and prosecutions, the various perjuries and prevarications, and the never-ending disputes at law.—*Goodisson*, p. 194—197.

Happily, the British government has succeeded beyond all expectation in putting an end to this vaunted 'career of prosperity and improvement.' The first step towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object, on the part of the Lord High Commissioner, immediately on his arrival at Corfu, was a recommendation to his Majesty's government to dispense with the duties of four out of the five senators, who, not being natives of the island of Corfu, could have no right, according to the Treaty of Paris, to sit in the senate of Corfu; but who, contrary to that treaty, had set up the arrogant pretension of being senators of the Ionian Islands generally; the great principle of the constitution being, that each of the large islands should be represented by one senator. There might be other reasons, but this alone would have demanded the measure which he adopted. It was to be expected, from the well known character of the Greeks for intrigue, that every kind of misrepresentation would be resorted to by the dismissed senators; and accordingly, we find that

that one of the charges brought against Sir Thomas Maitland is, that of having got rid of the best and most respectable persons in the islands, for his own purposes, and selected others of bad character and no consideration. Of the latter description, the foremost is 'one Emanuel Theotoky, a man versed in all the arts of intrigue, and bearing the worst character;' who, they are pleased to add, 'was made president of the senate, in the place of Prince Comuto, a man of high rank, who was turned out.'

It is whimsical enough to see how little scrupulous these patriots are in deceiving each other with false information so easily to be refuted! for it happens, in the present instance, that Prince Comuto *resigned*, and Emanuel Theotoky (Baron Theotoky) had been appointed his successor, and continued to hold the situation under the French government, about *eight years before Sir Thomas Maitland set foot in the Ionian Islands*; and even before this, under the Russian government of 1807, he had been a senator of Corfu. Thus, this man,—this 'creature of Sir Thomas Maitland,—'of no family'—'of no talents,'—was employed by the Russians as a senator, was selected by the French as a chief person in the government, and is universally recognized as a person of eminent talent and tried integrity! he is besides a near relation of Prince Spiridion Theotoky, an able and highly distinguished character, who was at the head of the government during the blissful period of the 'Septinsular Republic.'

We shall now bring forward one of those meritorious personages who is stated to have incurred the displeasure of Sir Thomas Maitland, and to have been dismissed from his office. His name is Vincenzo Verviziotti; he is said, by Mr. Hume, to be a justice of peace of the district of Leftimo, and his crime, according to this authentic gentleman, is that of having refused his signature to a certain paper which the above mentioned Theotoky tried to induce the people of Corfu to sign, delegating some extraordinary power or other not specified to the Lord High Commissioner. Now we have the case of this person before us: he was dismissed, after a most full and impartial inquiry, for various mal-practices, and among others, for extortion and receiving bribes, proved by his own letters produced, and read in court; but he was *not* a justice of peace of Leftimo; nor was there ever such a paper in existence as that which Mr. Hume says he refused to sign! •

The charge next in succession is one of a very extraordinary nature. It is that of a plot, said to be contrived by Sir Thomas Maitland, against himself, with a view to intimidate the people of the Ionian Islands, and to bend them to his own views in the

the formation of the constitutional charter about to be established. There was a sort of sham plot, it is true, got up by means of a person of the name of Lepignietti, whose manœuvres were so artfully contrived, and supported by forgeries so skilfully executed, that the persons whose hand-writing had been imitated were unable to discover which were the forged and which were the real signatures. Mr. Goodisson says,

‘ One of the most extraordinary and artful impositions ever attempted to be practised upon a government, was by a young Greek under twenty years of age, in 1817; he contrived to put all the wheels of government in motion, and to have a number of the most respectable inhabitants of Corfù apprehended, under a suspicion of conspiracy against the state. Amongst his intended victims was his uncle, to whom the monster had been indebted for his maintenance and education when an orphan. With the assistance of an accomplice he forged letters and proclamations, purporting to be of a treasonable nature, between the individuals accused; letters were found in the possession of several, which they could not account for; one man particularly was pointed out as having a treasonable paper in a certain book in his library, which was actually found. A pretended plot was disclosed to the agents of government, by which it was intended, that the citadel of Corfù was to have been attacked and taken possession of during the absence of the regiment which garrisoned it; for at that season it was customary to march out the corps alternately for exercise into the country: the march was countermanded, and the soldiers were absolutely kept under arms, until the ominous hour of attack was passed. The whole proved to be a fabrication, most ingeniously contrived, and a ludicrous story of the conspiracy appeared afterwards in the Paris papers.’—pp. 197, 198.

Ludicrous however as it might be, and contemptibly absurd as the notable discovery is, of a man plotting against himself; it became in Mr. Hume’s hands the subject of a grave and solemn charge against Sir Thomas Maitland, and was put forward as an instance of flagrant misrule in the Ionian government. This wretched man, Lepignietti, being convicted as an impostor, was sentenced to death by a regular course of law, but the Lord High Commissioner softened the sentence to that of banishment to the island of Cerigo; for which his family, (one of the first in the island,) to the present hour, has expressed, and continues to express, its deepest sense of gratitude.

But the Lord High Commissioner is accused not only of dismissing from their employments men of the first rank, talents and character, but also of appointing those of no estimation as members of the primary council, for the purpose of considering and framing the constitutional charter. In reply, we need only say, that  
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a very considerable majority of those old nobles, who had, under every government, held the highest situations in the country, were the first to be selected; that the rest were chiefly nobles of the second class, whose good character and wealth gave them the greatest weight with their fellow-countrymen. That 'military officers were appointed to preside over the electoral body,' is so notoriously false, that nothing but the old propensity to fable, or the most barefaced impudence, and a reliance on the total want of information in England, could have prompted so groundless an accusation. Of the same description is that which follows—'that the members elected for the Constituent Assembly were all friends, either of Sir Thomas Maitland's secretary, of his officers, or of his counsellors;'—that 'one who was elected, had till then occupied the post of *Custode delle Prigioni*, (i. e. jailor) and, on being named, did not hesitate to say, that he was unfit for the situation, as he could neither read nor write: but,' adds Mr. Hume, with a complacent smile at his own archness, 'he had the merit of being the father-in-law of Sir Thomas Maitland's secretary.'

Major Nicolo Varlamo of Corfu is the person thus calumniated: he must, we believe, plead guilty to the crime of being father-in-law of Sir Thomas Maitland's secretary; but every other part of the charge is utterly false. He never was a member of the Constituent Assembly. He subsequently became a member of the Legislative Assembly, having beat his opponent Count Barbati by 219 votes, at a public election. He never was *Custode delle prigioni*, but *Maggiore della Piazza*, (town-major of Corfu, under the Septinsular government too,) and was afterwards promoted to the rank of major of the line in 1802, in reward for long and faithful services; and this member of the Assembly, who *confessed* that he could neither read nor write, is a nobleman of an ancient and respectable family of Corfu, universally honoured and beloved.

Count Anino, *Prytano*, or head of the local government of Cefalonia, a most respectable gentleman, is another of those against whom the shafts of calumny have been aimed. In 1802, under the Septinsular Republic, he was called from his official situation to head a military force against some desperate rebels, whom he defeated, taking about twenty or thirty prisoners. Among them was Count Cesare Metaxa, and a few others who had been banished the preceding year for a former rebellion; when it was declared by proclamation from the general government, signed by Count John Capo D'Istria, that 'any of the persons named therein, who should be found within the territories of



the Septinsular government, should be conducted to the common place of execution, and then and there shot, after the military manner, until death.' Happy and gentle Septinsular Republic! But what did Count Anino with those prisoners, who were not only found within the territories of the Republic, but with arms, in a state of open rebellion? They were tried by a commission of eighteen of the most respectable inhabitants, and unanimously condemned to death; and orders were received from the general government to carry the sentence into execution; which was only done in the case of Metaxa and two others, the acknowledged ringleaders of the rebellion. Prince Spiridion, the president of the government, publicly thanked Count Anino for the services which he had rendered to his country, and the government conferred on him the rank of Brigadier-General. Yet, will it be believed,—that, in appointing this nobleman a member of the Primary Assembly, Sir Thomas Maitland has been accused of employing a *murderer* in the public service? We acquit Mr. Hume of any participation in this atrocious calumny. It proceeds from a foreigner—one, it grieves us to say, who wears the British uniform, and one on whom Sir Thomas Maitland had heaped benefits; but who, being warmed and cherished under his protection, turns round, like the snake in the fable, and stings his benefactor.

And now it may not be amiss to state, who, and what these other worthies are—'those men of talent and immense fortunes, of interest in their country,' who, as Mr. Hume says, 'have been neglected.' Fortunately for our inquiry, he has had the indiscretion to publish their names; their number amounts to seven; among whom are Count Roma, Mr. Metaxa, and Count Flamburiari, three of the four senators who were dismissed by order of the king in council: the remaining four are, Count Silla Sicuro, Mr. Antonio Martinengo, Mr. Miccalizzi, and Count Stefano Theotoky, brother of the Baron Theotoky, president of the senate. Of the first, we only know that he is an advocate and a staunch supporter of revolutionary principles. The character and conduct of Metaxa rendered it impossible to employ him. It was a near relation of his who, in despite of the neutrality adopted by England between the Turks and Greeks,—in the teeth of an act of the Ionian parliament, rendering a breach of that neutrality subject to banishment and confiscation of property,—conspiring with four or five others, published a regular manifesto in the Morea, styling and signing themselves, 'commanders and chiefs of the combined forces of Cefalonia and Zante.' The name of Miccalizzi was submitted to the electors of Zante, but he was rejected; and Theotoky was prevented by his brother the president,

president, for good reasons, no doubt, from filling a situation which had been promised to him.

But of Mr. Hume's special friend, Martinengo, we have something more to say, premising, however, that, instead of his being 'one of the ancient nobility and of a family of the first consideration,' the council of Zante refused to inscribe his name in the *Libro d'Oro* among the nobility of that island, alleging that he was a bastard. This man, under the Venetian government, obtained a ducal order, that no criminal accusation should be brought against him in the island of Zante, (a privilege which was also extended to his three brothers,) but that his accusers should present themselves at the seat of government in Venice. We need not point out the dangerous consequences likely to result from such an indulgence, in an island where bravos were regularly kept, and assassins hired to commit murders at so much a head. The French government had a summary way of settling matters of this kind by a military commission, and under their sway the Martinengos had the prudence to remain quiet. On the arrival of the Russians in 1799, Martinengo crept out of his hole, and so conducted himself that he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, on a charge of conspiracy against the government, and attempting, like another Guy Fawkes, to blow up the council of Zante. His accomplice was led out and shot; but Martinengo, being possessed of enormous wealth, found the means of proving his innocence, and escaping execution, (chiefly through the influence of Count Macri with the Russian commandant,) and not only of escaping, but, through the same influence, of becoming a member of the local government; nay, he actually seized on the government of the island in consequence of the weakness of that 'Septinsular republic,' so greatly lauded by Mr. Hume; and, by way of maintaining himself in power, he pretended to be in communication with the British government, and hoisted the flag of that nation. A Colonel Callender, once of some notoriety, acted the part of delegate from the British government; and this farce was successfully carried on for nine months, when it finished by the disappearance of Colonel Callender, and at the same time of all the cash in the treasury.

This man's character could not long be concealed from Sir Thomas Maitland, with whom he made several attempts to ingratiate himself. Failing in this, he had recourse to his old tricks. Associating with a few other malcontents, and seconded by active and daring agents belonging to the bands of assassins before mentioned, he endeavoured to stir up the people of Zante to an insurrection against the constitutional government; but the most he could accomplish was to prevail on a very few persons,

sons, assembled for the purpose, and at the instigation of a fellow of the name of Cuchi, to pelt the clergyman with stones, who had been sent to notify the arrival of the Protopapa; but the people, who had promised to join him at a midnight rendezvous, and 'to fire the island from one end to the other,' beginning with the murder of the Protopapa, broke their engagement, and positively refused to have any thing further to do with the business. Cuchi, therefore, was forced to inform his old master Martinengo, that all his arts and influence could no longer effect revolutions and insurrections in Zante; and thus was the renewal of the machinations, which had been attended with temporary success at Santa Maura the preceding year, completely frustrated.

But scenes of this kind were no longer to be passed over with impunity. Martinengo and his instrument were brought to public trial before the competent tribunal, at which no less than eight judges were present; and all those with whom Cuchi had tampered came forward and gave the fullest and most complete evidence against him. Martinengo was sentenced to twelve years confinement in a fortress, and Cuchi to six years hard labour in chains; but both sentences were mitigated by the clemency of the sovereign, at the recommendation of Sir Thomas Maitland:—that of Martinengo being reduced to banishment from the Ionian states for the period of three years; in consequence of which he betook himself to Venice, where he formed one of 'the band of illustrious suffering patriots,'—a band not consisting of 'hundreds,' as the zeal of Mr. Hume has been pleased to imagine; but of the worthy in question, Count Flamburiari, Mr. de Rossi, and four others.

The case of one of these, however, we must not omit, as he is represented as a bishop, and, wonderful as it may appear, though a bishop, is deplored by Mr. Hume. He is called 'the bishop of Cefalonia,' though he is not, nor ever was, bishop of that or any other of the islands—but, as he styles himself, a bishop *in partibus* of Tripoli in the East—a nomination procured for him by General Sebastiani at Constantinople, in defiance of the patriarch, against whom this Agathangelo Tipaldo (for that is his name) was actively intriguing. Being banished from Constantinople, he presented himself to Sir Thomas Maitland as a Cefaloniot in distress, was assisted with money, and appointed temporary head of the church of Cefalonia; in return for which, he urged the people to join in the insurrection of the Morea, put up prayers for the destruction of the Ottoman empire, and engaged in a traitorous correspondence with his brother, who was secretary to Demetrio Ipsilanté. On Sir T. Maitland's arrival at Cefalonia, the local government

government complained bitterly of this man's conduct, and earnestly requested that he might be removed. He was therefore told that a gun-boat was at his service to carry him to Corfu, when the senate notified to him that his services as provisional head of the church at Cefalonia were dispensed with, and that he might dispose of himself just as he pleased. This notification did not much disturb the soi-disant bishop—he had been accustomed, he said, to great vicissitudes through life, and had seen many revolutions—and if he had added, that he had actively contributed to most of them, he would only have spoken the truth.

Sir Robert Wilson thought fit, towards the close of the session of 1822, to call the attention of the House of Commons to a certain petition prepared at Zante, and found on the person of Mr. De Rossi. It was seized by Sir Patrick Ross while De Rossi was secretly carrying it about at night for the purpose of obtaining signatures; and the motive of the seizure was not only the information conveyed to him of its calumnious and libellous nature against the whole government, but the further assurance that the first two names were those of Count Flamburiari and Mr. de Rossi, (the one attorney-general, the other a judge,) with their offices affixed to their signatures; and that the intention was to smuggle it into England, (contrary to the charter, which requires all petitions to pass through the hands of the Lord High Commissioner,) as soon as it had received forty signatures.\* The mode in which it was to find its way to the place of its destination (as appears by a document which we have seen) is ridiculous enough. Mr. Strani, brother-in-law to De Rossi, and Swedish consul at Patrass, was to stuff it into a barrel of currants, containing 560 pounds, as the Custom-house in England would not pass one of less weight, and to consign it to the care of Mr. Ugo Foscolo, who was evidently a stranger to the whole transaction, and who, therefore, Strani observes, ought to be previously advised of what is to be put into the barrel:—but a difficulty occurs to Mr. Strani as to the person to whom he should address this precious casket, to avoid suspicion; he knows, he says, a Mr. Booth, but then Mr. Booth is engaged in literary pursuits and might not willingly lend himself to such proceedings—'però questo é un giovane letterato, che non si presterebbe volentieri a simili operazioni.'

The factious nature of this paper, and its illegality, determined Sir Thomas Maitland to transmit it to the senate, who immediately dismissed Count Flamburiari and M. de Rossi from their respective functions; they then sent it to the legislative assembly, who, under the authority vested in it by the constitution,

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\* When seized, it had not reached thirty, most of them Greeks from the Morea.

expelled the former from the assembly, which had been grossly libelled in the petition; and such was the indignation of these two bodies, that they at once determined to prosecute the offenders before the competent tribunal. Here, however, Sir Thomas Maitland thought it right to interfere, stating his intention to lay the case before his Majesty's government; he did more—at his express solicitation, his Majesty was graciously pleased to signify his command, that no further proceedings should be had against them:—but, that Lord Bathurst ever expressed his regret at the treatment which Flamburiari had received, is too ridiculous to deserve a denial.

The senate, however, most urgently requested that these persons, with four others, might not, for a time at least, be permitted to inhabit Zante. To this Sir Thomas Maitland was reluctantly compelled to assent; and it was notified to the parties, that they were at liberty to go wherever they pleased, but that, for the present, they could not be allowed to return to Zante. De Rossi had already decamped on his own accord, and the whole of them assembled at Venice, where, (as we observed above,) with that exemplary person, Antonio Martinengo, they make up that 'sacred and tender-hefted band,' who, Mr. Hume says, are 'weeping over the tyranny under which the Ionian islands are groaning.' That such dangerous characters could not be allowed to remain, must be quite clear, when the situation of the Ionian people, at the moment, is considered; exposed, on one side, to the destructive doctrines of the Italian Carbonari, and on the other, to the insidious attempts of the insurrectionary Greeks, through the medium of profligate adventurers, and worked upon by the misrepresentations and falsehoods of which we have only noticed the smallest part. Such, however, since their removal, has been the general tranquillity and prosperity of the islands, that Sir Thomas Maitland, in his speech to the Ionian Assembly, in March last, recommends to the executive government to recal to their native island (Zante) those misled and turbulent individuals; expressing his conviction that their pernicious doctrines (such is the good disposition of the people, and the confidence they repose in the government) can no longer do any harm.—We are not quite so sure of this, as Sir Thomas Maitland: Jacobins and Carbonari are never cured. The tranquil and happy state of the islands, however, is a triumphant answer to all those calumnies and false accusations of the 'tyranny under which the Ionians are groaning.'

And here we might rest the case, as a complete refutation of the general charge of oppression, on the part of the protecting power; and more than enough has been said, to show the value of Mr. Hume's assertions. To go through the whole, would be trespassing

trespassing too far on our limits ; and we must therefore omit many of the minor charges, even at the hazard of being ourselves accused of slurring over such of them as we knew to be unanswerable. One of the charges, scarcely worth repeating, is that of the Lord High Commissioner having, by transfer of the commerce in grain to the collector of the customs, raised the price of bread 30 per cent. higher at Corfu than on the opposite continent, only six miles distant. A monopoly of grain ! What a fertile subject of abuse ! And accordingly the agents of the Carbonari in Italy wrote a circular, to say, ‘ You have now a fine subject to descant upon ! Do not lose the opportunity of showing to the whole world, what the poor Ionian people have to expect from this most cruel, most oppressive and grinding monopoly of corn, in the hands of the government.’ Mr. Hume was undoubtedly favoured with one of these circulars ; but the price of bread ‘ on the continent, only six miles off,’ must have been excogitated by himself, to show that, among his various acquirements, he is not unacquainted with geography ! his discovery in this line, that the mountain Albanians feed on wheaten bread, is equally novel and important. This monopoly in grain,—which was confined to Corfu,—which was restricted to wheat not eaten generally by the inhabitants,—which was a temporary measure to save the islands from famine, at a time when there was only three days’ corn on the island ;—certainly took it out of the hands of forestallers and regraters, who had it in their power to raise the price at pleasure, and at any time to create a famine ; but so far from creating, it was the means of abolishing a monopoly, and of throwing open the market for grain, though at a very considerable loss to the government, of the country, in the same manner as Sir Thomas Maitland has thrown open the trade at Malta to the merchants. The immediate effect of this measure was, that prices, instead of constantly fluctuating, became steady ; and that, instead of 30 per cent. ‘ dearer than on the opposite continent,’ and in the other islands, the common rate of twenty-four pounds of bread was one *obolo* (not quite a halfpenny) more in Corfu than in Zante, and one *obolo* less in Corfu than in Cefalonia ; and considerably less than in all the other islands ; and the ultimate consequence of ‘ this destructive monopoly’ has been, that supplies of grain for the last two years have been sent from Corfu to Zante and Cefalonia, by which the price of bread has been kept down in both islands.

We pass over the absurd and contemptible accusations respecting the disturbance of property by unjust laws, (of which, however, the senate and representatives of the people are the framers ;) of converting mortgages into simple contract debts ; of discontinuing

tinuing the system of advances from the landlord to the tenant; and of Sir Thomas Maitland, in forming the new charter, paying no attention to the provisions of the matchless constitution of 1803, so greatly admired by Mr. Hume. We know indeed that the good effects of the alterations are felt and acknowledged by all ranks. In the speech of the President Manzaro, we observe an allusion to the happy change—‘Unlawful loans, usury, fraudulent contracts, and transactions ruinous to the patrimony of the poor, which left the indigent to perish, which converted to odious riches the tears and agonies of the widow and orphan, and which, taking advantage of dissipation and vice, proved the ruin of society; all these scourges have, by one law of parliament, entirely disappeared.’

The administration of justice and the legal proceedings were, of all others, the most difficult and delicate matters which the Lord High Commissioner had to regulate. The difficulty did not so much consist in providing remedies for absurd laws, as in finding the means of carrying those remedies into effect, from the habits of the judges, the character of the people addicted beyond measure to litigation,\* and the multiplicity of separate courts in the several islands. The sound principle on which Sir Thomas Maitland acted in this respect was that of keeping the executive, the legislative and judicial authorities, as distinct from one another as possible. It was too evident that, in many of the judicial proceedings, whether civil or criminal, corrupt judgments were given, partly owing to the evils inherent in all legal proceedings in small societies, where all the parties are known to each other, and partly to the nature and character of the people themselves.

To correct these party decisions, and to make the judges of the inferior courts more cautious, a supreme court of justice was instituted, consisting of two British and two Ionian judges, who were to have a general superintending power over all the courts of the islands, and to whom an appeal might lie from the several local jurisdictions. The result has been a complete and salutary change in the whole mode of legal proceedings. Many of the laws themselves are extremely absurd; but the method adopted by the Lord High Commissioner, of having the whole proceedings, with the sentence of every case which may fall under any objectionable law, laid before the supreme court, to be by them reported on to the executive, is well calculated to get rid of such laws; and though the operation may be slow, silent and unostentatious, it will be attended with many eminent benefits—first, it will make the correction of such laws emanate from the

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\* ‘I have heard of an individual,’ says Mr. Goodisson, ‘who was defendant in one hundred and fifty law-suits at one time.’

report of the law officers of the highest description in the islands, and not from the government itself. Secondly, it will be effected with the least possible danger of hurting either the feelings or the prejudices of the people. Thirdly, the evident evil, which arose out of the law itself, will of itself reconcile the people to the change.

If it were true that the protecting government had laid upon the people of the Ionian islands great additional burdens, and that they were suffering, as has been falsely asserted, under a grievous and grinding taxation unknown under former governments, we should be most ready to admit that they had a reasonable ground for complaint; but so much is the contrary the case, that the Ionian people are in point of fact at this moment the least oppressed by taxation of any people under the sun, who are living under a civilized government. The only additional tax, and that laid on by the legislative assembly after due discussion, is one of about half a dollar a barrel on oil exported; but they took off at the same time a variety of oppressive taxes, eleven or twelve at least, which fell heavy on the poorer orders of the people; so that what the assembly effected was rather a modification of the existing taxes than additional taxation; and in this way it was considered by the people themselves. 'So far,' says the President Manzaro, 'from the constitutional government having imposed any new taxes, it has in reality effected a diminution of the old ones.' Such, however, has been the system of misrepresentation, that an honourable member of the House of Commons gravely asserted that Sir Thomas Maitland had actually subjected the 'pumps and wells' in the island of Santa Maura to an inordinate tax! But the absurdity of such charges, and the true causes of the insurrection at Santa Maura, have been so completely exposed by Mr. Petrizzopulo in his letter to Lord Lauderdale, which has appeared in the public prints, as to require nothing further from us.

But while the blundering advocate of the discontented knot of patriots bewails the grinding oppression and taxation under which the Ionian people labour, he complains that Great Britain, and not the Ionians, as he asserts they ought to, pays the enormous expenses of the troops, the number of which is, according to his military and political sagacity, unnecessarily large. The number is 3,000, as fixed by the constitution, and is the same precisely as that in the happy era of the septinsular republic. The whole of the military staff, the quartering of the troops, the erections and repairs of the barracks and hospitals, the repairs of the fortresses, the providing of military stores, and all the incidental military charges, are paid out of the Ionian revenues; the pay



pay of the troops only being defrayed by Great Britain, amounting to about £70,000 a year; which would have been paid whether these troops were stationed at Malta or Gibraltar, or nearly to the same amount if disbanded and pensioned. But we are disposed to extend the view somewhat farther: we will suppose any other power, Russia for example, having, as she once had, 3,000 troops in the Ionian islands; where, we would ask, could we place 3,000 men that would not create a far greater annual expenditure than £70,000? Or, if we were not in military possession of the Ionian islands, could we leave Gibraltar with 2,000 men fewer (as it actually is at present) than it had in 1792, that golden era of whig idolatry, of which we are so often reminded, and to the standard of which every thing must be referred?

But then this expense, we are told, might be diminished, if an enormous civil establishment, and a lavish expenditure in point of salaries, did not absorb a great part of the revenues. Having been furnished from the colonial office with every document on this head, Mr. Hume found he could make nothing of his gratuitous assertions, and wisely, for once, he let them fall to the ground. In fact, the salaries are so low, and the expense of living so high, that there is not a British individual employed in the Ionian islands who can do more than barely exist on the pay he receives; and his labour is constant and severe.

With regard to the Ionian functionaries, Sir Thomas Maitland certainly did increase their nominal salaries three and four-fold, but this was by no means in proportion to the peculations and extortions practised under the Venetian and the 'happy septinsular republic.' In fact, in those days the pay of the functionaries was divided into two branches; the first was the nominal pay, denominated *certi*; and the second, whatever the individual could collect in fees, perquisites, and in various ways, called *incerti*. Instances are without end where the *incerti* exceeded the *certi* ten times over at least. When Marshal Schulemberg visited the vast depots of Corfu, he was surprised at the great confidence reposed in a single individual storekeeper, and asked him what his salary was? On being informed that it was only six zechius a month, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'my friend, you ought to steal at least fifty more:' a hint, as it turned out, which was not at all necessary, the ill-paid storekeeper being the wealthiest man in the island.

The only remaining accusation against Sir Thomas Maitland which we shall notice, and it is one of the most serious, as it involves the faith and honour of the British government, is that of the alleged frequent breaches of that neutrality which his Majesty's government has pledged itself to observe in  
the

the present contest between the Greeks and Turks, and always, of course, in favour of the latter! this however is altogether false. Situated as the Ionian islands are, almost within speaking distance of Greece, and peopled by Greeks, it was next to impossible, and required the utmost temper and vigilance on the part of the government, to prevent a constant breach of neutrality: but when we consider the nature and character of the Ottoman government, on the one hand, and the effect of those early associations connected with ancient Greece on the other, and couple with these the enthusiastic attachment of Englishmen to the cause of liberty, we might almost venture to assure ourselves, without any direct and positive knowledge of the fact, that if any favour has been shown, it has inclined to that side, to which the common feelings of our nature, and every other circumstance, strongly prompted; and doubtless the preponderance has been on that side, and the Turks have felt it to be so: but the Turks have no agents to spread their complaints over Europe; while the Greeks publish their imagined grievances, and their misrepresentations in every part of the world.

The first step taken by Sir Thomas Maitland, was to issue a proclamation, interdicting the armed vessels of either party from all the ports of the Ionian states. Even this was a grievance to the Turks. An ancient ally, with whom we have treaties, to whom we send an ambassador, an acknowledged European power, is denied the usual intercourse, because a portion of its subjects is in a state of insurrection against the government, and because by it we acknowledge, in fact, an unknown and unrecognized flag as a belligerent power. It likewise so happened that the Ottoman flag was that against which the proclamation first operated. A Turkish frigate anchored in the night in the port of Corfu, and the moment she was perceived in the morning, was forced out. The Capitan Bey of a squadron, in want of provisions, requested to be received into a port of Corfu, on the score of the long subsisting friendship between the Sultan, his master, and his British Majesty; to his utmost surprize and indignation he met with a positive refusal. Part of the squadron had actually anchored in the roadstead of Zante, when his Majesty's ships of war commenced a fire on them, and drove them out. On one occasion the Turkish seraskier lodged a sum of money in the hands of the British consul-general of Previsa, for the purchase of grain in the Ionian islands, and application was made to Sir Thomas Maitland for permission to do so, but he positively refused; and once the Turkish pasha attempted to procure a quantity of biscuit, through the Ottoman consul-general at Corfu, but so far from succeeding, he lost the money sent to this agent.

But

But it has been stated that the unfortunate Greeks, driven from their own country, were refused admittance within the Ionian states, and were in consequence thrown back upon the enemy, and murdered; and this accusation, so likely to awaken our sympathies, has been industriously circulated all over Europe. It is not, however, the less false on that account. Neither the Greeks nor their agents are over scrupulous in violating truth; and in this instance they have taken advantage of what strict policy and a rigid line of duty would have prompted us to do, and assert that it was done. The fact is, they have always been received, though it has put the Ionian government to no little expense and inconvenience, and subjected the inhabitants to the risk of contagion. At one time upwards of 10,000 Greeks were received into the islands in two days, all fugitives from the Turks, to the imminent danger of importing the plague, and of embroiling the British government with that of the Turks. Nor were they sent away until it could be done without danger to themselves, and when their countrymen had obtained the upper hand in the Morea; then, indeed, as was his duty, Sir Tho. Maitland dismissed them from the islands. At another time no less than 6000 persons from Acarnania threw themselves into the Ionian islands; and, notwithstanding this violation of the quarantine law, as well as of the neutrality we professed, Sir Frederick Adam not only received them, but made immediate preparations for their residence, until the threatened danger was past, when they were sent back to their own country. The brave and hardy Suliots, when pressed by a large Turkish force, prayed to be admitted into the Ionian islands, as the only chance of preserving themselves, their wives, and their children; ships were accordingly sent for the purpose, and, notwithstanding the great risk of the plague, which is generally prevalent in Albania, they were received into Cefalonia.

Such is the neutrality we have observed in favour of the Turks! In order, however, to give some colour to these unfounded assertions, the calumniators of the Ionian and the British governments have selected a case on which peculiar stress is laid. We are glad of this, for when they condescend to particulars, we find no difficulty in exposing their falsehood and malevolence. The case is that of a family of the name of Perouka, or Birouka, which is said to have been seized by the Turks when on their voyage from Ithaca, from which place they were driven by order of the Ionian government. Such an occurrence, and the name of such a family, was first heard of at Corfu, from a London newspaper, and an inquiry was immediately instituted as to the fact, when it was learnt, from one of the Levant consuls, that this family was one of the Moreot insurgents, who had fled to Ithaca,

Ithaca, where they were allowed to remain *six months*; that they proceeded from thence to Messalóngi, where they remained *five months*; that in going from thence, of their own free will, to the Morea, they fell in with, and were taken by, an Algerine cruizer—the contrivance, no doubt, of Sir Thomas Maitland! But the propagators of the falsehood do not tell us, what however is the fact, that Captain Hamilton, of the *Cambrian* frigate, on hearing that a Greek family had been carried by the Algerines to Alexandria, made a peremptory demand for their restitution, and obtained it, on the debateable ground that they were on board a vessel bearing the Ionian flag; and the said family, which we are left to suppose had been butchered by the Turks through the inhumanity of a British governor, is now living in Zante, under British protection.

Thus every circumstance which has furnished matter for abuse and vituperation, has turned out on examination to be directly the reverse of what has been circulated through Europe; and so far from any disposition to deal harshly or unfairly by the Greeks, the path of humanity has invariably been smoothed in their favour, even at the expense of violating that neutrality which the government professed and wished to observe. The Turkish authorities on the spot, and the Ottoman government at Constantinople, could not be blind to these facts; and made many grievous complaints that the Ionian islands were places of refuge and protection for the persons and property, the wives and children, of their rebellious subjects. Far from blaming Sir Thomas Maitland, or those under him, for what has been done on this score, it appears to us that, considering the difficult situation in which he was placed, he has, on all occasions, acted as fairly and as impartially between the two parties as circumstances would admit—ready to interpose his good offices wherever common humanity required. And the members of the Greek provisional government, sanguine as their hopes at first were that Great Britain would give them actual assistance, have never been bold enough to deny that her neutrality, as far as regarded them, was observed with the utmost fairness.

Having stated thus much, let us for a moment inquire what has been the conduct of the two contending parties towards the Ionian government. The Turks in general have manifested the utmost deference towards the British and Ionian flags; whilst, on the part of the Greeks, there is no end to the acts of petty piracy and robbery which our cruizers have been compelled to redress, and which, to the credit of the officers of the navy, they have effected with great temper, and without firing a single shot in anger. We shall mention but two instances which come within our own knowledge,

knowledge, of the bad conduct of the Greeks; but they suffice to show the spirit in which they act. In March, 1822, the Greek fleet, being off Santa Maura, landed several armed men, who drove away the shepherds and carried off the flocks of the natives, which was not only an insult and violation of territory, but also of the sanitary laws.

\* The other instance is that of a Turkish brig of war taking shelter in a bay of Zante, after fighting her way through sixteen or seventeen Greek cruizers. The whole of the population of the neighbouring villages had assembled, to witness this engagement, with upwards of a thousand refugees from the Morea; and being all armed, according to custom, they attacked the King's troops, consisting of a small detachment of an officer and twenty men, sent by Colonel Duffy to ensure the observance of the sanitary laws, and to conduct the surviving Turks to the lazaretto. In marching them to this spot, the populace, amounting nearly to 5000, at the instigation of the Moreots, fell upon this little band of British soldiers, who, notwithstanding, fulfilled the duties of humanity by rescuing fifty-seven Turks from the wreck, and conveying them safely to the lazaretto. Yet these Moreots, in return for the hospitality they had received, renewed their attack at night, carried off an unfortunate soldier, and committed the most atrocious barbarities on the dead body. Would it be credited, that this simple transaction has been converted into a large military force sent by Sir Thomas Maitland for the purpose of assisting the Turks against the Greeks?

This affair determined Sir Thomas Maitland instantly to carry into execution a measure which, from the first, he had resolved on—that of disarming the population of the Ionian islands. These people had been in the habit of going about armed to the very throat in all the ordinary occupations of life, the consequence of which was that murders were almost daily committed. To get rid of this barbarous custom, and to organize a permanent national militia, it was therefore ordered that all arms should be taken out of the hands of the general mass, and restored to those who really possessed landed property in the islands; and this measure, which neither the Russians nor the French, desirous as they were of carrying it into effect, could ever succeed in, and whose partial attempts always raised commotions, was accomplished in a few days throughout the islands, without the interference of the military, and without the least disturbance, or displeasure.

To show that our conduct has been guided solely by the dictates of humanity between the two contending parties, we may mention that Captain Hamilton received 300 Greeks on board his

his ship at Smyrna, and saved them from being massacred; and, actuated by the same generous and humane motives, rescued the unfortunate Turks who were compelled to surrender the fortress of Napoli di Romania, having received on board his own ship no less than 480 men, women and children, and taken hostages for the remainder sent away in Greek vessels;\* an act no less beneficial to the Greeks themselves than to the immediate objects of his protection, by having prevented them from adding to the indignation and horror excited by their conduct at Tripolizza, Athens and some other places.

There is not a doubt, but for his timely arrival, that the whole population would have been butchered; as a vast multitude of Moreots anxious for plunder, and people from Argos thirsting after revenge for relations killed during the siege, were waiting to force their way into the town the moment it became dark. The Turkish pasha exhibited a noble trait of heroism: he refused to quit the place until the last of his people should have left it, and only requested that Captain Hamilton would represent to his master the defence he had made of the fortress; that he and his garrison had for some time subsisted on the remains of their unfortunate companions, two-thirds of whom had died. This brave man, it afterwards appeared, had refused to sign the capitulation, and remained behind to meet the fate which awaited him, and which could not be doubtful.

When, therefore, we hear of the atrocities committed by the Turks at Scio, which are industriously circulated through a thousand channels, we must not suppose that they are the only butchers in this barbarous warfare. It is the universal opinion of our best informed naval officers, who have seen much of both contending parties, that they are nearly alike blameable in this respect, but that, if there be a shade of difference, it is in favour of the Turks. We beg to be understood that, in making these statements, we are influenced by no unfriendly feeling towards the unfortunate Greeks, and that we make them solely for the sake of truth. We are well aware that their prevailing vices are those which characterize slaves in every part of the globe; and the Greeks can only be expected to relinquish them, when they shall have escaped from the galling fetters in which they have been bound for so many centuries.

If, as is not impossible, we should eventually be called upon to go a step beyond what we have hitherto done in order to mitigate the severity of a strict neutrality, in favour of these unfortunate people, and in support of those principles of humanity

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\* We can vouch for the truth of this, which we were not aware of when the Article in our last Number,—on the 'Cause of the Greeks,' was printed off.

for which Great Britain has ever been distinguished among nations, we are confident that no calculations of policy will prevent the Ionian authorities from lending them a helping hand, when it can be done with safety and propriety; and that no endeavours will be wanting to soften, by every fair means, the bitterness of that fate which must inevitably attend them when they can no longer sustain the present contest. It will then be the pleasing duty of the Ionian government not to consider them in the light of belligerents or insurgents, but as mere fellow-creatures, who, whatever their conduct may have been, demand our commiseration and every possible relief that we can afford them. That the government has not been unmindful of this probable issue, nor neglected to provide for it, would appear by their having appropriated the island of Calamos, a dependency of the Seven Islands, as an asylum for the Greeks when pressed by actual danger, on which they are permitted to land at once, without performing the usual quarantine, and where there are actually, at this time, numbers of these unfortunate refugees residing, many of whom will no doubt ultimately become subjects of the Ionian government.

If, on the other hand, the Greeks should be fortunate enough to bring the contest to a successful issue, or should be contented with the Morea, the two naval islands of Hydra and Spezzia and some others which they possess, and make their peace, on the condition of holding them in independence, the proximity of the Ionian Islands would afford them constant opportunities of witnessing the happy effects arising out of a sound practical representative government, and teach them to despise the theoretical and delusive doctrines of a set of itinerant constitution-mongers, whose only object is to create confusion in order that they may profit by it. For we shall now show that, in spite of the misgovernment on one hand, and the exertions of the patriots on the other, and of the 'tyranny and oppression under which the poor Ionians are groaning,' that they consider themselves to be happy, prosperous and free. After so many changes of constitutions and governments, they doubly feel the value of one that is steady in its proceedings and regulations, to which, after a trial of eight years, they are not only perfectly reconciled, but express themselves grateful for the benefits it has conferred on them. These benefits will be more extensively felt and understood when that article in the Constitutional Charter shall be carried into full effect, which provides that the sole recognized language for all official proceedings shall be Greek, and the only other language, in copies and translations, that of the protecting power. By this regulation they will not only

only get rid of the barbarous Venetian dialect of the Italian language, but of the necessity of sending their youth to Bologna, Padua, Pavia and other places on the continent for their education, which has hitherto only produced just such fruit as might be expected from grafting Italian vices on Greek cunning. It has been an object of great attention with Sir Thomas Maitland to establish primary schools in all the islands, and a very heavy expense has been incurred on this head. The long projected university, of which Lord Guilford is the Chancellor, is on the eve of being opened. The old palace of Corfu has been repaired and enlarged for this purpose. The first idea, of Ithaca, was abandoned for various reasons, and, among others, because the gentlemen of the other islands refused to send their sons to this inferior spot. The Ionians themselves have great doubts of the success of this new literary institution; but we apprehend it cannot fail, provided the professors are men of acknowledged talent and will do their duty. It is to be hoped that the study of the English language, laws, and history will form a prominent part of the plan of education.

Considerable improvement in the morals and habits of the Ionians may reasonably be expected from a more familiar use of the English language, by bringing them more in contact with the British residents; and, what is of the utmost importance to them, by tending to produce a change in the secluded habits of the female part of society. The French in Corfu succeeded in breaking that barbarous chain which bound the females not only to their home, but to their retired apartments. In Zante, too, their manners in this respect are slowly undergoing a change, and the women, who were once closely shut up, feel now inclined, and are permitted by their husbands and fathers, to mix with the English, and go to their entertainments. But the number of the latter is so small, and their means of entertaining generally so limited, (notwithstanding what Mr. Hume says of their enormous salaries) that the progress towards mutual intercourse must be very slow.

Little more remains for us but to mention briefly some of the improvements which have taken place since the Ionian islands came under British protection. We find them, in fact, already summed up in the speech of the President Manzano, before mentioned, in which he takes a cursory view of the condition of the Ionian islands at various periods, and contrasts their state in the year 1816, with that at the time in which he is speaking. He sets out with Corfu, the seat of government, where every public edifice, he observes, has been repaired and embellished, and many new, useful, and interesting ones been erected; among others, two new markets, offering all the products of the island and of



foreign countries; and numerous edifices, all constructed in good taste upon Grecian models. New roads have been opened and the old ones repaired: a new college is in progress, and institutions, with suitable funds, are established for the instruction of youth. The patrimony of the church, that fertile source of plunder, has been guaranteed, and its ministers rendered respectable; and the churches themselves, from a most ruined and dilapidated state, put into substantial repair.

In Zante the completion of the grand Mole forms a secure and convenient harbour, and attracts to that valuable island a great increase of shipping and foreign commerce. A grand aqueduct, far advanced in its progress, will afford a copious supply of fine water to the town. The streets of the capital, and the roads into the interior have been widened and repaired. Two hospitals have been erected, the one for the poor and infirm inhabitants, the other for the military; and a noble street has been built along the sea-shore a mile in length, forming a delightful promenade. The public lazarettos are made larger, and put into the best state of repair; and (as at Corfu) the department of health, through a judicious and attentive superintendence, affords security to the people from the most dreadful of all calamities. Similar improvements have taken place in Cefalonia, and in all the inferior islands: every where cultivation and commerce are seen to flourish, and industry is rewarded, 'because,' says the speaker, 'the people are protected by a government just in its operations, and firm in its principles.'

The best proof, however, of the general prosperity of the Ionian islands is the regular progressive improvement of the revenues, with an actual reduction of taxation. In Sir Thomas Maitland's speech to the assembly on the 1st of March of the present year, he observes, on noticing the promising aspect of their financial affairs, that—

|                                                         | <i>Dollars.</i> |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| The Cash and Credits on the 31st Jan. 1822, amounted to | 644,206         |
| Cash and Credits on the 31st Jan. 1823, amounted to     | 763,099         |
| Being an increase of the balance of the former year of  | 118,893         |
| The whole receipt within the year was                   | 707,875         |
| The whole expenditure                                   | 590,518         |
| Surplus Revenue within the year                         | 117,357         |

The President Manzaro, in stating the benefits which the islands have derived from British protection, goes on to observe, 'You can well remember that, whilst a spirit of turbulence was  
agitating

agitating almost the whole globe, your country remained the most secure, and the most tranquil in the world; and that whilst war, famine, pestilence, and anarchy surrounded you on every side, you continued to enjoy the blessings of peace, the security afforded by the laws, the ease occasioned by plenty, the participation of every honest pleasure, and the blessings of freedom, ensured by a government of more moderation than any other by which you were ever before governed." And, he adds, 'This government usurps nothing—it demands no loans—it imposes no capitation taxes—it forces none to buy its rotten corn—it allows no arbitrary and uncertain emoluments—it lays on no requisitions—it pays punctually the rent of the houses taken for public use, and the salaries of the public functionaries—it requires no gratuitous services—it does not collect vexatiously the public imposts—it repairs all the public buildings and churches—it embellishes the islands with new edifices—it makes new roads, and puts in order the old ones—and so far from being in debt, it has a surplus, after paying all expenses, of 600,000 dollars. This state of prosperity is evidently the result of a mode of administration, which former governments did not understand, or were not disposed to adopt.'

Such is the evidence of that 'disaffection' and 'misery' under which the Ionian people are said to be 'groaning!' Our *liberals* will no doubt discover, that the president is 'a creature of Sir Thomas Maitland's;' that 'he is paid an enormous salary,' &c. But the very few remaining factious and discontented families, the only persons on the whole of the seven islands, who have not signed voluntary addresses of congratulation and acknowledgment for the many benefits derived from British protection, will hardly venture now to class the voluntary expressions of the public feeling, among those 'statues, busts, triumphal arches, and fulsome addresses,' which Mr. Hume accused the Lord High Commissioner of having, 'for his own aggrandizement, contrived to induce the people of the Ionian islands to grant him.'

If there be any truth in this charge, we can only say, that the character of Sir Thomas Maitland must have undergone a complete change since he was governor of Ceylon; for we well remember, that when he heard of the intention of the civil and military servants to present him with an address and a splendid memorial of the sense they entertained of his conduct as governor and commander of the troops in that island, he immediately circulated the memorable order of the late Sir James Craig, applicable to all 'meetings of military men to pass their sentiments on the conduct of their superiors;' and a copy of

it was also sent to the several civilians in the island; which, of course, put a stop to further proceedings: though we believe that some time after, when all his influence had ceased on the island, they transmitted to England a splendid token of their affectionate remembrance and esteem.

Whatever compliments, therefore, the people of the Ionian islands might have been induced to make, from invariable habit, and prejudices to which they always have been and still are attached,\* as is well known to every body but Mr. Hume, such compliments were voluntary on their part, and we venture to assert, without any contrivance or any wish of Sir Thomas Maitland, who, if we know any thing (as we believe we do) of his real character, views with contempt all the calumnies which have been so industriously heaped upon him on this as well as other subjects.

We shall now conclude with an extract from the Address of the people of Cerigo, a remote island, on which, we believe, neither Sir Thomas Maitland nor any of the higher functionaries of the government ever set foot, and the natives of which may consequently be considered as unbiassed by personal influence. It is dated in September, 1822, after, as they observe, five years experience of the Constitutional Charter, the result of which is thus summed up—'a mild and moderate government; justice impartially administered; the finances prosperous without the aid of a capitation tax or gabelle; the public institutions improving and encouraged; talent and industry rewarded and distinguished; and finally, every thing that can contribute to private advantage or public benefit cherished and promoted.'

ART. V.—*Notes relating to the Manners and Customs of the Crim Tatars; written during a Four Years' Residence among that People.* By Mary Holderness. London. Second Edition. 1823. sm. 8vo. pp. 108.

THE eastern frontier of Europe has been subject, from a very early period, to the successive incursions of an homogeneous race, not more remarkable for ferocity of manners than for uncomeliness of person. The Huns and the Tartars, though by far the most celebrated, and perhaps the most mischievous of this ugly catalogue, form, in fact, but a small sample of the incalculable swarms, who with names as uncouth but more varied than their faces, have at sundry intervals been cast across the Volga, from the uncultivated plains of northern Asia. Differing, per-

\* 'A bust of Sir Thomas Maitland, or whosoever happens to be governor, is to be seen in every legislator's and judge's house.'—Goodisson.

haps, in the intensity of their deformity, in the *quantulum* of their civilization, sometimes even in their language, they still are sufficiently distinguished as belonging to the same great family, not only by the evidence of cognate physiognomy, but also by the striking peculiarity of their nomadic mode of life. Neglecting the advantages of agriculture and architecture, to a degree not usual even among savages, vagrancy with them was not, as with the Teutonic barbarians of the north, an occasional and temporary expedient, but the most essential principle and unchangeable practice of their unsettled existence. Their riches consisted almost entirely in the vast herds of horses and other cattle, which the exuberant and boundless herbage of their native wilds enabled them, without much difficulty, to rear; but the necessity for a frequent change of pasture, making change of habitation likewise requisite, it is easy to perceive why the Tartar proprietor became a wanderer and a dweller in tents.

Pastoral vagrancy, indeed, may be said to be the badge of all these tribes; but not theirs were the pastoral virtues of orthodox and legitimate Arcadians. Graziers by profession, sometimes sportsmen for variety, but invariably robbers by inclination, they were better known than trusted, from the Amur to the borders of the Caspian, and were universally recognized as the most successful of breeders, the most expert of bowmen, the most impudent and impracticable of thieves.

Such was the character of the wild and hard-featured Asiatic hordes, which, while the western and more civilized portion of Europe was occupied by nations of a Gothic origin, made the less inviting territories of its eastern frontier, an easy prey. The first of these invaders, to whom history introduces us, after the well known visitation of the Huns, (who seem strictly to have belonged to this division of the human species, and appear, from the description of Ammianus, to have been Kalmucks of the very worst physiognomy,) is a people called *Ogurs* or *Onogurs*,\* by the Greeks, perhaps the *Ogres* of our early apprehensions. These monsters began to figure about the middle of the fifth century, when, growing weary of hunting beavers on the Irtysh, they migrated in a body to the Sarmatian plain, where they remained errant between the Caspian and the Dneiper, till lost at last in succeeding hordes of kindred barbarians, they bequeathed their name to Mr. Newberry and the nurseries. With these, or not long after them, arrived the *Bulgarians*,† a nation of

\* *Pris. Exc. de Legat.* 42.

† *Zonaras*, xi. 55. *Theophan.* 125. The Bulgarians first attacked the Roman provinces in 501.

similar origin and habits, who (quasi *Vulgarians* or *Volgarians*) are supposed by some writers, to have derived their appellation from an original settlement on the banks of the Volga. Whether, however, the river named the people, or the people named the river, is a question too important for us to decide, especially as it is, we understand, still very warmly disputed among the learned of the Russian universities. Next in order is the sanguinary irruption of the *Avars*, who yoked women to their waggons like buffaloes; a people as savage and frightful as the Huns, 'great in body and proud in spirit,' but who, even in the midst of their most unwarrantable excesses, are described as betraying some regard to the graces of personal appearance, since they braided their long hair into a series of tails, which were tastefully diversified with ribbon.\* Before the year 568, they had overrun and pillaged all the country between the Volga and the Elbe; and in the reign of Heraclius, Baian, their khan, who, in spite of his unclassical *chevelure*, was ambitious of being admitted into the number of Roman patricians, was with difficulty prevented from succeeding in an attempt, which he directed against Constantinople† itself. The power of the Avars fell before that of the *Khozars*, who, towards the end of the seventh and at the beginning of the following century, extended their dominion over the Crimea, and a vast tract of country which is now comprised in the southern governments of Russia. Unlike the banditti whom we have hitherto had to deal with, this horde seems to have made no inconsiderable progress in the Asiatic path of civilization. Though the ancient practice of living in tents (the wild liberty of which has so many charms for those habituated to its use) had not been abandoned by a numerous division of the tribe, the khans and richer Khozars were already getting reconciled to the restraints and comforts incident to the possession of permanent walls, and had even been accustomed to the confinement of crowded towns, which they inhabited with some degree of splendour. Their capital was a city called Atel, not far from the present site of Astrachan, where their khan had a palace, constructed with burnt bricks; and where his court was supplied, through the commerce of his subjects, with the tapestry of Persia, the honey of Russia, and the costly black fox skins of Siberia. The town was surrounded, according to Ebn Haukal,‡ by corn-fields and gardens, to the distance of twenty parasangs. Agriculture was much encouraged, and in the southern provinces the vine is said to have been cultivated. The khan himself appears to have been a despot of the finest oriental

\* *δεδεμενας προνδιος*. Theophan. p. 196.

† Gibbon, iv. 518.

‡ Ouseley's Ebn Haukal, 186.

cast. If the office of executioner was dispensed with near his person, it was not the result of any tender-hearted policy, but of a certain peculiar complacency in the parties condemned, who, we are told, whenever he addressed them in these laconic terms, 'Go and kill yourselves,' did not hesitate obsequiously to comply. It is not the least curious part of the history of this singular people, that, in the year 740, the khan became a proselyte to Judaism, which thenceforward continued to be the established religion of the state, even after the majority of the nation had been converted to Christianity by missionaries sent from Constantinople, in the ninth century.

These golden days of strong government, however, were not destined to last for ever. Towards the end of the ninth century, came the *Ungri*, or Hungarians, soon followed by a swarm of *Patzinacæ*, a tribe of equestrian and tented savages, more ugly, ferocious, unenlightened and unclean, than the very worst of those who had preceded them. After spreading themselves like an inundation over the level and defenceless territory, which upon their arrival first presented itself to their ravages, these ill-favoured orientalists at last condescended to establish themselves in a convenient and commanding situation on the Dneiper, the Dneister, and the Danube, where they made themselves extremely useful to the Greeks and Russians of that vicinity, by holding themselves always prepared, at the call of either of those belligerents, to lay waste the dominions of the other.\* It was on an occasion of this nature, that Hurâ, khan of the Patzinacæ, enriched his sideboard with the skull of the Russian Duke Sviatoslaff, which was for the rest of his life of such essential service to his domestic comfort as a *drinking cup*.†

No obstacle of material account was opposed to this liberal and impartial distribution of international wrong, till after the lapse of no less than two centuries, when the east wind blew once more, and brought the *Comanians*, a plague more intolerable than its forerunners. 'It is not without horror,' says M. Karamsin, 'that our ancestors record the ferocious manners of these barbarians. With no better shelter than their tents, during the heat of summer and the cold of winter, robbery and carnage formed their principal delight. For food, they usually subsisted themselves on mares' milk, raw meat, and the blood and carcasses of animals.'(ii. 87.) That their features were as coarse as their diet was uncouth, we might safely, perhaps, have ventured to conjecture, even did we not possess, as to this particular fact,

\* Zonaras, ii. 290. Const. de Adm. c. 8. Karamsin, i. 170.

† Lomonossoff, 165.

more satisfactory proof than the testimony of any trembling contemporary. Strange as it may seem, the Comanians were patrons of the chisel, and we are indebted to the same noble art which has transmitted to us the perpendicular frontal and oval physiognomy of the compatriots of Alcibiades and of Phryne, for the intimate acquaintance which we may at present maintain with the little eyes, high cheek bones, flat noses and prominent ears of these newly arrived amateurs of carrion and virtù. 'The Comanians,' says Rubruquis, (who travelled while this people was still in existence, though powerless and in vassalage to the Tartars,) 'build a great tomb over their dead, and erect the image of the dead partie thereupon, with his face towards the east, holding a drinking cup in his hand, *ante umbilicum*' (c. 10.) Now it is a curious fact, that a considerable number of these statues, so minutely described by the missionary, have been preserved to our time in the plain which he traversed, near the borders of the sea of Azoff. Several of them are engraved in the Travels of Pallas, and one was recently to be seen in its original position, on a tumulus in the neighbourhood of Bakmout. No doubt can be entertained of the identity of these images, which coincide in every particular of aspect, attitude and situation, and furnish, we dare say, 'a very formidable likeness' of the parties they were meant to represent; thus presenting us with a genuine series of original Comanian portraits, attesting the accuracy of Rubruquis in his account of the ceremonies of that people, determining the seat of their abode, marking their Mongolian descent, and entitling them, without fear of competition or dispute, to the palm of pre-eminent hideousness.

The Comanians first entered Europe in 1061, and from that period till the beginning of the thirteenth century, a system of desultory warfare was carried on between them and the Russians, repeatedly renewed by some freebooting foray of the former, and enlivened by reprisals from the latter. These mutual inroads, from the wild and romantic situations which they sometimes afforded, from the irregular nature and national interest of the struggle, and from the striking diversity of the two nations thus brought into conflict, furnished favourable themes for the inspiration of popular poetry which were not neglected by the minstrels and ballad-writers of Russia. One of these expeditions, in particular, unsuccessfully conducted by Prince Igor of Seversky, is detailed with a considerable share of force and spirit, in a fine old contemporary poem still preserved in a private library at Moscow. But an opponent less resistible was at hand. The inhabitants of Kief, who had by this time become habituated to the constant state of alarm which the neighbourhood of the Comanians rendered necessary to their security, were much  
astonished

astonished when, in 1224, a large body of that people bringing with them their wives, their cattle, and all their valuables, as if flying from the pursuit of some near and formidable invaders, took refuge under the walls of their city. In the archæological pages of a romance by Sismondi, this incident would introduce the heroine; in Russia, however, it did worse; it introduced the TARTARS! The Comanians, thus collected, drew an alarming picture of the force and ferocity of the new comers, and bribing the Russian princes by large presents of camels, buffaloes and princesses, induced them, in an evil hour, and not till after much deliberation, to lead forward some troops in their defence. It is easy to conceive the wild transports of delight with which the undisciplined bowmen of the stepp are said to have received this promise of assistance from their more civilized champions. The motley host of the allies moved forward towards the Don. An European and a Tartar armament were to meet in battle for the first time; and as the opposing squadrons slowly approached each other on the immense plain where a contest so novel was to be decided, the young prince Daniel of Volhynia, with an impatient curiosity which it is almost impossible not to share, did not hesitate to spur his horse over the space which still separated the armies, and attended only by a few young men as eager and undaunted as himself, reconnoitered in person the innumerable swarms of this untried and redoubted enemy.\* In describing the strange figures which this nearer approach might discover to the young warrior, we shall adopt the expressions of the missionary Carpini, who travelled not many years afterwards.

‘The Monguls or Tartars,’ says he, ‘in outward shape are unlike to all other people, for they are broader betweene the eyes and the ballles of their cheeks, than men of other nations be. They have flat and small noses, little eyes, and eyelids standing straight upright; they are shaven on the crowns like priests. They wear their hair somewhat longer about their ears, than upon their foreheads; but behind they let it grow long like woman’s hair, whereof they braid two locks, binding each of them behind either ear. They have short feet also. The garments as well of their men, as of their women, are all of one fashion. They use neither cloaks, hats, nor caps, but they wear jackets framed after a strange manner, of buckram, scarlet, or baidakins.’ . . . ‘Moreover, they are enjoined to have these weapons following: two long bows, or one good one at the least; three quivers full of arrows, and one axe, and ropes to draw engines withal.’ . . . ‘They use not to wash their garments, neither will in any wise suffer them to be washed, especially in time of thunder.’—*Hakluyt*, i. 54.

Such were the beings who advanced against the princes, and

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\* Karamsin, iii. 207.



the issue of the contest is well known. The Russians were completely overpowered and dispersed; and though the Tartars, from some cause which has not been explained, neglected immediately to follow up the blow, they returned under Batou in 1237, laid waste the whole country with fire and sword, and reduced it to the state of a tributary province, without experiencing even a serious check.

The yoke of the Tartars was heavy and durable, but, like that of the Moors in Spain, was not destined to oppress for ever the neck of a Christian and improving people. Time and its usual agencies were at work; after the established period of possession and repose, the pugnacity of the Tartars declined; with hope and the first successes that of the Russians increased: at last better days began to dawn; the battle of the Don was fought, the tide, which so long had overspread the land, began gradually to ebb back towards Asia, till we find, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the feeble relics of the Tartar domination in Europe reduced and split into the two detached and often conflicting Khanates of Cazan and the Crimea. The former of these was extinguished not long afterwards by the Russian Duke Ivan the Terrible, who took the city, slaughtered its inhabitants, and annexed the crown to that of Moscow, in the year 1552. The Crimea, however, being stronger in the nature of its mountainous defences, and divided from Russia by vast uninhabited plains, was suffered to remain a thorn in the side of the Tsar, the refuge and ally of his foreign and domestic enemies, and a nursery for robbers and marauders, till almost in our own days, green uniforms began to show themselves at Perekop; the khan was deposed; the geography new christened, and the Mufti himself made a Russian major-general, under the auspices of Catharine the Second.—(*Pallas*, ii. 353.)

The peninsula thus added to the dominions of the Muscovite comprises one of the most fertile and beautiful tracts which the fine regions of the East can boast. Its remarkable fertility, indeed, was well known and much celebrated among the ancients; the corn-market of Athens was glutted with its produce, and the Hellenic grower, at the very name of Theodosia, must have felt the same involuntary shudder which at present is experienced by the British man of acres on the mention of a shipment of French wheat. The exquisite beauty of its scenery, however, was not so well appreciated of old. Strabo, whose notions of this distant region were perhaps formed from the report of some trader of his time, gives just such an account of the aspect of the Crimea as might now be extracted from the mate of a merchantman. Proclaiming, for instance, with due care and commendation, the fertility

fertility of that flat and fat district which occupies the northern and least interesting part of the peninsula, he dismisses the whole line of the southern coast, with the short, unwelcome and disreputable character of being 'rough, rocky,' and teeming with northerly gales.' (vii. 4.) Men of ordinary minds in all ranks and countries, particularly those to whom mountainous scenery is no novelty, seldom entertain much real regard for the wilder features of a landscape, and generally limit their admiration to the arable. In these latter days, however, and since the important era of the subjugation, the Tauric Chersonesus has been duly and frequently explored by intelligent individuals from the west of Europe, and has moreover been peculiarly fortunate in attracting the attention of Pallas and Clarke, two of the most distinguished travellers of modern times. From the accounts of these and other writers, the great natural division of the Crimea into *stepp* and *mountain*, is, we believe, pretty generally familiar. The vast grassy plain which is designated by the Russian term, constitutes by far the largest share of the whole peninsula, covering about four-fifths of its surface, and communicating by the narrow isthmus of Perekop, with wide and almost interminable continental wastes of the same description. This level and *treeless* green desert, however, though apparently formed to baulk the expectations of the landscape-hunter, is not without considerable and weighty claims to the respect and attention of more sober-minded travellers. The deep vegetable earth of which it is every where composed is of such extraordinary fertility, that when scratched with the most barbarous hook ever complimented with the name of a plough, without any assistance from manure, and sometimes even from rain, it returns the grain, which is carelessly scattered on its surface, very frequently in a twentyfold proportion. Cultivation, however, or even habitation is rarely to be met with on the *stepp*. 'The Tartars and Greeks,' says Dr. Clarke, 'refuse to till the land, because they fear to be plundered by the Russians, and the Russians are too indolent to speculate upon the advantages of industry.' A high and luxuriant crop of grass, full of lizards, marmots, bustards, and wild flowers, covers during the spring, and till the middle of summer, the surface of this extensive waste, where the soil is so rich and inexhaustible, that, in the very midst of its rankest herbage, a gigantic species of horse-radish contrives to maintain a root twice the thickness of a man's arm, and the beautiful yellow holyoak to shoot up its lofty stem, to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground.

Such is the nature of the northern, and, in point of extent, by far the most considerable portion of the Crimea; the remainder, however,

however, is of a totally different character. After traversing the level of the monotonous stepp for the distance of eighty or ninety miles from his entrance at the golden gate of Perekop, the traveller is suddenly delighted to find himself in the midst of scenery the very reverse of that which he has hitherto been passing. Instead of an uniform horizon and dull green surface, only varied by tumuli of defunct Comanians, his eye plunges at once into all the intricacy of a woody and Alpine tract, as bold and diversified, though by no means so elevated, as those of Greece, Switzerland, or the Tyrol. The Crimean mountains form an abrupt wall on the southern border of the peninsula. The substance of which the whole range consists is, with some few exceptions, calcareous, but those on the northern side of the chain are of tamer forms and more recent formation than those which line the coast. 'The oldest and most lofty mountains,' says Pallas, (ii. 109.) 'extend from Balacava to the vicinity of Theodosia, or Kaffa, a length of nearly 150 versts; but are of unequal breadth, which is most considerable in the central situation of the hills, and decreases towards the places before mentioned—according to general appearance, they consist of high ridges and crests, craggy on the south side, which is diversified with rocky terraces, but more gradually declining towards the more northern points of the compass.' The centre of this ancient ridge is occupied by the singular and conspicuous mountain called Tchatyr Dag, the Trapezus of Strabo, whose summit is by far the most elevated point of the whole peninsula. Its positive height, indeed, is not rated by Pallas at more than 1200 feet above the level of the sea; but its classical appellation would seem to be sufficiently identified by the decisive testimony of its own form. All persons, however, who have contemplated its figure, are by no means agreed in the similitude it presents, but have ingeniously displayed their own national tastes in the names which they have imagined for the mountain. 'The Greeks,' says Mrs. Holderness, 'called it *Table Mountain*, the Tartars *Tent Mountain*, the Cossacks *Saddle Mountain*; but an Englishman at Sevastopol told a friend of mine that he considered it as resembling nothing so much as a *sirloin of beef*!' From this *pièce de résistance*, which, lofty and detached, holds a prominent position in the centre, the chain branches off in two principal divisions, in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction, each following closely the shores of the Black Sea, and diminishing in elevation, as well as in beauty, in proportion as it approaches its extremity.

Here, then, on the south-eastern slope of these mountainous ridges, which stretch like two wings to the right and left of the more elevated Tchatyr Dag, are formed all those magnificent under-cliffs,

cliffs, natural terraces, and sheltered vallies, which, descending to the Euxine with a sunny exposure, constitute the appropriate and distinctive pride of the vaunted Crimean scenery. It is well known that in the delicious climate of this confined but highly favoured district, the richest vegetable productions of the south, the vine, the fig, and the olive, not only flourish in a cultivated state, but grow wild among the rocks. The scarlet pomegranate spreads its superb blossoms, and matures its fruit literally by the way-side. The large black mulberry-tree attains a size unknown in other countries, and 'is remarkable,' says Mrs. Holderness, 'for its luxuriance and the perfection of its fruit.' At Simeus, the bay (*laurus nobilis*) forms a stem no less than thirteen feet in circumference, and a single walnut-tree at Sudac produces, on an average, a crop of 40,000 yearly. Even the apple of the Crimea requires the chartered aid of no horticultural society to make it one of the best and most beautiful fruits in the world, and maintains a successful competition with those of England and America, in the desserts of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Nor are the more exposed situations and less genial soil of the surrounding hills unfurnished with some of the most graceful species of European plants, the delicate and esteemed inhabitants of our English nursery grounds and shrubberies. Among the oaks and dwarf elms of which the mountain forests chiefly consist, are found the turpentine-tree, the wild medlar, two kinds of sumach,† and the cornelian cherry. The *pinus maritima* thrives under the cliffs of the Criu Metopon, and the *juniperus oxycedrus* on the coast between Sudac and Alushta. The brushwood on Cape Ayoudagh is mixed with bushes of the *arbutus andrachne*; and the warm limestone rocks between that promontory and the village of Yoursouf, are in many places enlivened by the yellow blossoms of the bladder senna, (*colutea arborea*), and the bright red berries of the pyracantha. Resembling the finest parts of Romelia and the Morea in many circumstances of its productions and climate, the scenery of the Tauric coast differs chiefly from that of the Greek peninsula in the more confined dimensions, yet livelier appearance of its habitable and cultivated ground. Unlike the large open plains which occur near the shores of the Ægean, covered occasionally, it is true, with a slovenly crop of wheat, barley, or maize, but more

\* French travellers are well known to be subject to palpitations, to which less sensitive constitutions are not liable. M. Reuilly experienced a regular paroxysm of this sort, at the sight of a laurel in the Crimea. 'La vue de cet arbre reporta ma pensée vers ma patrie; une larme d'attendrissement mouilla ma paupière, je songai au Héros qui gouverne la France, je me rappelai ses victoires, je sentis un mouvement d'orgueil, et la joie succéda dans mon cœur au sentiment pénible qui l'oppressait !—*Voyage en Crimée*, 28.

† *Rhus cotinus* and *R. coriaria*.

frequently with parched grass, thistles, and desolation, the steep and narrow Crimean vallies are little better in themselves than mere mountain defiles, but are filled completely, from side to side, with gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and always clothed, during the hottest months of summer, with the most brilliant and refreshing verdure. Sometimes, as at Parthenit, the low houses of the Tartars are altogether hidden under the spreading boughs and thick foliage of overshadowing walnut-trees. At other places, they are concealed in the same manner by vines and cherry-trees, or their site is pointed out by scattered groups of gigantic Lombardy poplars which are said to have been planted by the Genoese. In all, however, the environs of habitation are at once distinguished by an uniform and splendid attire of the most luxuriant green, and form a striking contrast with the graver colours of the gray rocks and darkly wooded hills with which, on three sides, they are closely and abruptly surrounded. Among these 'emerald gems of the eastern world,' Mrs. Holderness gives, perhaps, a just preference to the delightful situations of Lambat, Aloupka, and Nikita. The first of these beautiful vallies derives its principal charm from the pleasing curve of its small rocky bay, and from its neighbourhood to the remarkable headland of Ayoudagh. The village of Aloupka has a sublime and unrivalled background in the perpendicular cliffs of the Crin Metopon, and the scenery of Nikita, rich and magnificent by nature, is rendered doubly interesting by the large garden which has lately been formed by the Russian government on its warm and sheltered terraces, for the laudable purpose of encouraging and extending the cultivation of fruit-trees in the peninsula. *Laudabunt alii*—the larger and more open vallies of Simeus, Yalta, or Alushta; but where all are beautiful, selection is difficult and ungracious, and we willingly subscribe to the more comprehensive admiration with which Dr. Clarke embraces the whole coast:—

'If there exist upon earth,' says he, 'a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukkoy and Sudac, along the south-coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling Alps from every cold and blighting wind, and open only to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blissful territory. The life of its inhabitants resembles that of the golden age. The soil, like a hot-bed, rapidly puts forth such variety of spontaneous produce, that labour becomes merely an amusing exercise. Peace and plenty crown their board; while the repose they so much  
admire

admire is only interrupted by harmless thunder reverberating in rocks above them, or by the murmur of the waves upon the beach below.'—ii. 252.

The male Tartar inhabitants of this varied land, comprising the lowlanders of the stepp, as well as the mountaineers, are estimated at 186,000. If this statement be correct, and it is given on official authority, it appears that the Tartar population is once more on the increase, since, at the beginning of the present century, this portion of it was found only to amount to 120,000. Previously to that period, it had suffered considerable diminution in consequence of the numerous emigrations which followed the Russian conquest. Mrs. Holderness divides the nation into three principal classes, 1st, the murzas, or noblemen; 2dly, the mullas, or priests; and, 3dly, the peasantry. The existence of the first of these orders, viz. of an *hereditary nobility*, is one of the many very remarkable points of difference between the polity of the Tartars and of the Turks. In Turkey, a title is merely an appendage of office, not descending to the second generation. The son of a Pasha is, indeed, sometimes called Pasha, being allowed the appellation by courtesy; but his rank always ceases with the life or employment of his father, and his quota of tails is inferior. The title of Emir and its concomitant green turban are hereditary, it is true, both in the male and female lines; but these honours, attached to the blood of Mahomet, are at present too widely diffused among the barbers and bakers of the bazar to accord, in the slightest degree, with any notion of aristocratical distinction. The Tartar murzas, on the contrary, are strictly gentlemen by birth, property, and consideration. The state of the Tauric *peerage*, at the commencement of the present century, may be collected from the work of Pallas, (xi. 344.) whence it appears that the Tartar noblesse in his time consisted of seven\* more ancient and *historical* families, in several of which the title of Bey pertained by right to the eldest individual; and eight others of less account, the members of which were simply denominated murza. The descendants of public officers are likewise permitted to assume the same titular appellation, but are looked upon as *parvenus* by the older nobility, and regarded as an inferior race. The *premier peer* (if we may borrow the term) is an elderly gentleman named Atay Murza, who is Bey of the powerful family of the Shirins, the only one which, under the dominion of the Khans, had the privilege of intermarrying with the Ghereis. Undeterred, or perhaps emboldened, by this remarkable right, they have proved themselves,

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\* De Tott mentions only five of these, but we prefer the more recent and accurate authority of Pallas.

from the earliest times, the most discontented and refractory of a turbulent and almost independent aristocracy, have consequently assumed the reputation of being champions of the nobles and people, and have even given their name to a conspicuous mountain in the neighbourhood of Karasubazar, where, mounted and armed at the head of their retainers, they were accustomed to meet in treasonable deliberation on the slightest occasion of disagreement with the Khan. The Murzas, since the conquest, have sunk, of course, into comparative insignificance, but many of them retain a large share of their former property and have considerable influence among their own countrymen.

The *mulla* is in most cases the only inhabitant of a Tartar village who is master of the abstruse art of reading; he is even more distinguished by the possession of this exclusive accomplishment than by the white fillet which he binds round his head. Lest the reader, however, should be misled by this remark to attribute to him too large a share of learning, it is necessary to explain, that though called upon to read he is by no means required to understand; the office of the mosque being performed in the original Arabic, which he seldom is able to interpret. The village mullas of the Crimea are generally decently behaved and respectable men, a little too much given to sell charms for the ague, but living, for the most part, among their neighbours a quiet and charitable life, the arbitrators as well as curates of their sequestered vallies, and frequently possessing, in addition to these weighty charges, the sinecure office of parish schoolmaster.

The Tartar *peasants* are chiefly supported by pastoral and agricultural occupations, and by gardening. Possessed in general of no right or property in the soil, they are permitted to reside on the estate of some landed proprietor, (who is usually a Russian or German absentee, and more rarely a Tartar murza,) with the privilege of grazing all their horses, cattle, &c. on his open pastures, in return for which each male gives him annually eight days labour. In cases where the peasant undertakes the cultivation of the soil, he gives one-tenth of the produce as rent to his landlord; and for hay, likewise, according to the abundance of the season, he pays one-third or one-half. ••

‘In the simple life of the Tartars,’ says our author, ‘much may be traced of similarity with those recorded in the earliest ages of Scripture history. Their riches consist now, as was usual then, in flocks and herds, and in the number of their families. Many also of their domestic habits are the same.’ . . . ‘Exchange is still the medium of purchase, and money is but seldom required or produced in bargains made between one Tartar and another, since they look with far more anxious eyes on the expenditure of a single *petack*, than at the cost of ten or twenty

twenty roubles if negotiated by way of exchange. Poor Tartars, like Jacob, serve an apprenticeship for their wives, and are then admitted as a part of the family.'—p. 6.

The first remark which must occur to every one who attends to the manners of the modern Tartars, and compares them with those of their forefathers, is the extraordinary alteration which they have undergone since the days of Batou and even of Mengli Gherei. Their character, indeed, seems not to have submitted to those more ordinary modifications, which so frequently affect the habits of other nations, but to have passed at once from the *ne plus ultra* of restless ferocity, to the opposite extreme of passive indolence. Instead of the Kaptjack butchers of Souzdal, Vladimir, and Kieff; instead even of the 'Krym,' who, at a less remote period,\* fired Moscow, and 'sent the Russe Emperor a knife, as was said, to sticke himself withall,' we find, after the lapse of a couple of centuries, 'a quiet harmless race, not given to violence or open plunder,'† remarkable for temperance, soberness, and chastity, 'deeming it their greatest happiness to sit still, to smoke, and to sleep, having nothing to employ their thoughts and as little as possible to do.‡ A change to all appearance so complete is not, we think, altogether to be accounted for by the luxurious enjoyment, during several ages, of a rich and productive country like the Crimea, nor by the lulling effects of the Mahometan religion, after its first fanaticism has evaporated, though both these causes have undoubtedly had a share in the operation. More in this case is, we suspect, to be attributed to the utter extinction of military power and military feeling among this branch of the Tartar nation, and to the depressed and feeble state of their present political situation. 'Deprived of their arms,' says M. Reuilly, 'they have lost the habit of using them.' Reduced to a small and insignificant tribe, detached from their kinsmen and natural allies, and without a hope of ever striking again a successful blow for their own independence, they seem to have turned away their thoughts in despair from the more active occupations of their ancestors, and to have fallen at once into a state of peaceful and unresisting apathy, which hardly requires any assistance from opium. Moreover, it should be remembered, that when we contemplate them *now*, they are *at home* and in the midst of their families, where they never have exhibited any of those barbarous excesses, which have characterised their transactions *abroad*. Allowing, indeed, for an accumulation of very natural *ennui*, we are strongly disposed to believe, that they never differed very widely, under their own vines and

\* In 1571. Purchas, iii. 439.

† Holderness, 99.

‡ Clarke, ii. 248.



fig-trees, from the good creatures described by Mrs. Holderness. Broniovius, who resided among them in the sixteenth century as ambassador from Stephen, king of Poland, describes them in terms which, with some few exceptions, might be used at the present day. He represents them, for instance, as courteous and friendly to wayfarers and strangers, lamenting, at the same time, as much as our author can do, that 'the greatest part of them are always idle;' but qualifying this less creditable constituent of their character, by making honourable mention of their 'peaceableness.' 'They are far,' says he, 'from controversies, criminations, justices, unnecessary and personal brawlings, envy, hatred, filthy excess, luxury, and ambition in their victuals and array. I abode there nine months, neither heard I criminal or civil act to have happened among them, or any composition by reason of enmity.\* All this too was written at a time when the Tartars, 'fierce by nature, hardy and bloody,' were in the annual habit of making those atrocious incursions into the Russian territory, of which, if we are to believe Dr. Fletcher, the special business was to carry off little boys and girls. 'To this purpose,' says the Doctor, 'they take with them great baskets, made like bakers' panniers, to carry them tenderly, and if any of them happen to tire or to be sick on the way, they dash him against the ground or some tree, and so leave him dead.† A combination, like this, of inhumanity in war, with hospitality and *bonhomie* at home, is no very unusual or incredible phenomenon in the history of uncivilized tribes. But whatever alteration they may have undergone in other respects, one national propensity remains, in which the modern Tartars have preserved, unsuspected and undiminished, the full force of their hereditary character. Deficient in the energy which prompts to active violence, in *pillaging* they are as unrivalled as ever. The produce of the orchard and bee-garden are never safe, and horse-stealing is a flourishing trade. Even their friend, Broniovius, is obliged to admit this foible; indeed so frequent in ancient times were their attacks upon the live stock of the Russians, that, as Fletcher (c. 19.) tells us, the borderers of those parts were at last compelled to vest their farming capital almost exclusively in large herds of swine, by which ingenious expedient they drew a cordon of pork from one side of the empire to the other, and thus effectually succeeded in paralysing the assaults of the conscientious disciples of the Koran.

In all points connected with the customs and ceremonies of religion, as well as in many particulars of their domestic manners, the Tartars, as might be expected, closely resemble their neigh-

bours the Turks. Polygamy, however, is less commonly practised among them, partly from economical motives and partly from a characteristic love of peace and quiet. 'In cases where husbands have two or more wives, separate apartments and separate establishments must be given them; they will never consent to live together, and always regard each other with feelings of hatred, jealousy, and pride.' Of the state of the female department of a Tartar *menage*, much new information is afforded by the work before us; for with the advantage of a lady, instead of a philosopher, for our guide, we are not turned back from the door even of the harem, but are enabled to obtain a very clear and curious notion of the interior of that forbidden sanctuary. The Murza ladies, if we may trust the report of Mrs. Holderness, are rarely handsome, but endeavour to supply, in the barbarous magnificence of their habiliments, what is wanting in personal beauty. Their fashions are in general copied from the Turkish, and like the women of all eastern nations, they are 'very fond of showy colours and gilding in their dress as well as in the decoration of their apartments.' Stiff with brocade, weighed down with necklaces of money, collars of silver and bracelets of gold, each finger loaded with a multitude of rings of every material, from lead to jewels, a Tartar wife passes her dull and monotonous existence in embroidering napkins and towels, and varying her finery for the gratification of a single pair of eyes, unfurnished with any atom of instruction which might occupy or amuse her mind—and not always without suspicion of *the itch*. Married women are allowed to paint their faces both white and red, a process which they execute with little skill *on a bad ground*; those who are unmarried are denied this high privilege, but may stain their fingers and toe-nails with *kna*. The rooms of the harem swarm with fleas, but in other respects are tolerably comfortable, and are ornamented with specimens of the needle-work of its inmates. On occasion of a wedding they hang the *chemises* of the bride round the walls, forming, as Mrs. Holderness justly remarks, 'an extraordinary sort of tapestry.' Their diversions, as might be guessed, are few and not lively. The gayest and most popular is swinging, which they practise with all the spirit and enthusiasm of children, and were surprised that Mrs. Holderness did not join them. So great an indulgence as this, however, is only granted at the feast of Bairam; but at other seasons, if a piper should arrive, they are sometimes, as an extraordinary favour, permitted to look down, from a lofty latticed gallery, on the men who are dancing in the court. The Tartars are a good-natured race, and unhappy marriages are said to be rare among

them, but the domestic despot keeps up the forms of state to a greater degree than we were aware of.

‘When a murza visits the apartments of his women, they all rise on his entrance and again when he leaves it, although he comes and goes very frequently. This ceremonious mark of respect is never omitted even by the wife, or by any other of the females, except they be very old women, who, on account of their age, are excused.’—p. 21.

Next to his harem in the affections of a Tartar is that favourite of his fathers, the horse. The *tabouns*, or studs, of some of the murzas, are still, it appears, very considerable, and maintained more from traditional habit than from any view to utility or profit.

‘That belonging to Yie Yie Murza, in our immediate neighbourhood, consists of no less than 500 mares. They appear to have no idea of deriving any fixed revenue from breeding these animals, nor indeed any advantage, that I could understand, from keeping so many. Their pride is gratified by the number of their taboun, and they never part with any till the want of a little money compels them. . . . The native horses of the country are small and ill-looking. The Tartars usually ride them in an amble, and this is the only pace which they go well. Nothing can be more slight and rapid than their method of breaking them in. Having ensnared the animal by means of a rope fixed at the end of a long light pole, they tie a halter round his neck, so tight that there seems to be danger of strangling him, and in this manner they pull him about for some few minutes, till they consider him subdued; he is then mounted and soon becomes tractable.’ . . . ‘Some few Circassian horses are imported, but there are not many proprietors in the Crimea, who will put themselves to the expense of buying them. They are remarkably fine animals, and are sold at from 200 to 500 roubles; while those of the country may generally be bought for forty roubles, or about two pounds sterling.’—p. 131.

The Crimean dinner tables are, it seems, no longer supplied with *entrées* of these cheap but noble quadrupeds, and the Tartars had even the hardihood to deny to Mrs. Holderness, that the custom of eating horse-flesh was ever practised by their nation. While we cordially congratulate the present inhabitants of the Crimea on the advancement in decency which this disclaimer denotes, we must take the liberty of assuring them, that their assertion to our author is totally unsupported by fact. There is not the slightest reason to believe, that the Crim of former days was less equivorous than the rest of his race. Not to dwell on the admission of the resident Broniovius, who says, ‘they feed on camels, horses, and oxen, unprofitable for burthen, and kill them when they are about to die,’ the good old English evidence of Fletcher is so direct and positive, that we are induced to extract the passage at length. ‘When the emperor,’ he tells us, ‘hath any use of them, (i. e. of the *Dukes* or Murzas,) to

serve

serve in his wars, they are bound to come and to bring with them their soldiers to a certain number, every man with his two horse at the least; the one to ride on, the other to kill, when it cometh to his turn to have his horse eat. For their chief victual is horse-flesh, which they eat without bread, or any other thing with it. So that if a Tartar be taken by a Russ, he shall be sure lightly (commonly) to find a horse-leg, or some other part of him, at his saddle bow. This last year, when I was at the Mosko, came in one Kiriach Morsey, nephew to the emperor of the *Chrimis*, that now is, (whose father was emperor before,) accompanied with 300 Tartars, and his two wives, whereof one was his brother's widow; where being entertained in very good sort after the Russ manner, he had sent unto his lodging for his welcome, to be made ready for his supper and his companies, two very large and fat horses, ready flayed in a sled, (sledge.) They prefer it before other flesh, because the meat is stronger, as they say, than beef, mutton, and such like.' (c. 19.) In more modern times, De Tott's '*Souper vraiment Militaire*,' will occur to the recollection of our readers; and even as recently as the year 1803, when M. Reuilly paid a visit to the brother of Atay Murza, that nobleman, he says, regaled him with the flesh of a young mare, which he slaughtered in honour of his arrival.\* Lastly, should it be objected, that in the lighter sort of travels such anecdotes are not always to be taken *tout bonnement*; the testimony of M. Reuilly may be satisfactorily confirmed by reference to the conclusive authority of Pallas.†

Not *hippophagy* alone, but falconry and archery, two other favourite diversions of the earlier Tartars, have shared, within these few years, the same fate as elsewhere, and have gone out of fashion in the Crimea. M. Reuilly describes his friend Atay Murza as excelling in toxophilite pursuits, and has introduced a vignette in which he himself is represented as receiving from his host a complete archer's equipment. 'Acceptez,' said the old bey, 'cet arc et ce carquois rempli de flèches; puissent elles abattre tous vos ennemis!' Mrs. Holderness observed only one bow during the whole of her residence in the peninsula, and even this appears, from the account she gives of it, to have been preserved as an object of curiosity. The characteristic amusement of horse-racing, however, is still practised with considerable eagerness, and is seldom omitted on occasions of festivity, of which it forms a very principal feature.

\* 'A mon arrivée chez le frère d'Ataymyrza, ce prince me dit: Soyez le bien venu. J'ai abattu (tué) une jeune jument à la nouvelle de votre arrivée. L'interprète qui m'accompagnait me fit observer que je recevais de mon hôte la plus grande marque d'estime.'—*Reuilly*, 157.

† ii. 359.

'They have no stated course,' says Mrs. Holderness, 'and run to no stated distance. The manner in which the race is conducted is as follows: one party, holding a handkerchief (the prize contended for) in his mouth, sets off at full speed, followed by one, two, or perhaps ten or twenty others. He who overtakes the first, snatches the prize, and is in like manner pursued by the rest, who all endeavour to get possession of the handkerchief, or at any rate to prevent the rider who bears it, from effecting his return to the spectators. It becomes the property of him who retains it till he can contrive to reach the horses of those who are engaged in observing the contest. Thus the race is shorter or longer, according to the number and success of the competitors. There is sure to be a full attendance at this amusement, whenever it may occur, but chiefly at their weddings, when every Tartar who possesses a tolerably good horse, considers himself called upon to display the skill of the animal and his own, in this popular and national diversion.'—p. 83.

Large flocks of sheep are kept in those parts of the peninsula which constitute, or border on, the stepp, and the listless occupation of a shepherd is (at least in fine weather) perhaps the most congenial of any to the taste and habits of the nation. Those flocks from which the celebrated gray lambskins are derived, only thrive near Kosloff and Kertch; in other places a few merinos have been introduced, without much success; but by far the commonest species to be met with in the Crimea is the usual broad-tailed sheep of the east. These, during the summer, find a luxurious sustenance in the unlimited pasturage of the plain; but in winter, they must be driven, if possible, among the mountains, to seek shelter from the sudden and violent snow storms, (called *metel* by the Tartars,) which often prevail at that season. On the dreaded appearance of these well-known drifts, every animal exposed to their fury gallops off with impetuosity before the force of the wind, and is frequently lost in the pits and holes of the stepp, or sometimes even in the sea. M. Degonsoff relates,\* that, in 1812, during a metel which lasted four days, no less than 60,000 head of cattle were destroyed in this manner, in a single æstuary, at the mouth of the Dneiper.

Ἐκ δὲ κεν' ἐξ ἀνέμων ὁπότεν πλεῖστον κρύος ἔλθῃ,  
Ἦ ἵππες θνήσκοντας ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδου,  
Ἦ καὶ ἡμίονος, ἢ ἀγραύλων γένος οἴων!—Dionys. Peri. 670.

[We learn from our author, that on occasions of this nature, the goats, which are usually kept mixed with the sheep, are said to show considerably more courage than the latter animals, and are sometimes the means of saving the whole flock, by heading it and turning it from the danger.

\* Des la Civilisation des Tatares-Nogais, p. 77.

When an unavoidable necessity for the exertion of digging becomes apparent to the mind of a Tartar, he deliberately proceeds to take a seat upon the ground, and goes through his job in that commodious position. From this specimen of their activity, an idea may be formed of the qualifications of this people for agricultural pursuits, concerning their proficiency in which several characteristic details are furnished by the work before us. Winter wheat of a bad quality, rye, barley, with a few oats and a small quantity of hemp, flax, and millet, are for the most part, the sole articles of Tartar cultivation. They have no idea of the advantages to be derived from a succession of crops, and uniformly 'sow the most inferior sorts of grain without any regard to the mixture of other seeds which it may contain. This neglect almost always gives them an abundant crop of weeds with their corn, which they would rather lose altogether than be at the trouble of cleansing.' Naturally the slowest and most indolent workmen in the world, their idleness is increased both at hay-time and harvest, by a ridiculous custom of waiting 'till all the village shall have finished cutting, before any one begins to carry home his share.' Thus, in case of bad weather, the most active and industrious come worst off, and a premium is offered for procrastination. 'Their agricultural implements are as rude as their method of using them. They are made almost entirely of wood, and since iron causes the heaviest part of the expense, they employ as little as possible of that material in their construction.' So wretched are their mills, that no fine flour is to be met with that has not travelled upwards of 900 miles from Moscow. The creaking of the wheels of their clumsy waggons is sufficient to alarm a whole district. 'When asked,' says our author, 'why they do not prevent this annoyance by the application of a little grease, their usual answer is, *that they are no thieves, and are not ashamed that the world should hear of their movements.*' 'From the rude and barbarous form in which their ploughs are constructed, seven pair of oxen are often required in breaking up old grass land.' They submit these animals to the yoke at two years old, and work them till they are twenty, making use of them for every kind of agricultural labour, except that of threshing, which is generally performed by horses. A few buffaloes are kept in some places, but seem singularly ill-adapted to the climate. The Bactrian camel is more hardy and serviceable, but is confined to the neighbourhood of the isthmus.

Herodotus mentions, that the savage race of Tauri, who inhabited, in his time, the mountains of this peninsula, were accustomed to fix human heads on poles, as imaginary guardians of their houses. (Melp. 255.) It would seem that the Tartars,

who have succeeded to their possessions, still countenance the practice of their predecessors, softening it, however, by substituting the skull of a horse, which they doubtless consider next in value. Most of the superstitions of the Turkish rabble, and many that were never heard of by that people, send their terrors and consolations to the conviction of a Tartar, and are hourly the motives of his most deliberate actions. Should a child unfortunately receive a glance from a stranger, the poor infant must be spit upon without mercy, to avert the bad consequences of the evil eye. If a horse be taken ill, they throw eggs in his face, or tie a bag of millet round his neck. Ladies walk about with written conjurations in their hair, while gentlemen wear them stitched between their shoulders. No Tartar would think of leaving home on a *Tuesday*,\* 'for,' said one of them to Mrs. Holderness, 'I once began a journey on that day, and lost two horses by it, so that I would not run the risk again for a thousand roubles.' Spirits of the dead are more manageable in the Crimea than elsewhere, for in cases where they are troublesome to the living, the annoyance is removed by uncovering the grave, and either shooting the body, or cutting off its head. This is evidently the old story of the Vampire and the approved mode of dealing with that troublesome visitor. We are surprised, that with such a fund of credulity at command, the Tartars have no legendary poetry. They have not even the usual oriental taste for tales of necromancy and enchantment; 'but,' says Mrs. Holderness, 'they are fond of ghost stories, and the fact of the devil walking in the garden at Karagoss is not doubted by any one of them.'

On the political situation and opinions of the Tartars, our author furnishes no information, and we infer from her silence, that political opinions do not exist; we are, consequently, unable to draw any conclusions from her work as to their condition under the Russian yoke. Whatever may have been its former conduct, however, the government at present seems to be acting an humane, and judicious part, in abandoning to them, almost exclusively, the occupation of their southern vallies, and thus bringing them as little as possible into contact with their Christian masters. Exempted from taxation and conscription by express capitulation, they are placed, as to these points, on a better footing than the majority of their Russian fellow-subjects; and, excepting from the temporary exactions of some traveller

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\* We smile at this without recollecting the many persons of our own age and country, who are equally superstitious as to the ill luck of commencing any undertaking of a *Friday*. When the *Alceste* was lost, every one at Portsmouth exclaimed, 'I thought so—she sailed on a *Friday*.'

who abuses his privileges, we believe that the property as well as persons of the Tartars are, in ordinary circumstances, undisturbed. It is chiefly in matters of judicial procedure that they have reason to desire an amendment; since the jurisprudence of the Russians invades the pocket and back to an extent never practised by the Mussulmans. The decisions, under the Khan, were prompt, equitable, and unbought,—in civil cases resembling arbitration; and even the barbarous regulation which caused the sentence of a criminal to be completed by the hand of the injured party, wore a rude appearance of retributive right, which made it perhaps less offensive than such protracted and horrible scenes as the following :—

‘ In the spring of 1818, seven Tartars, who had been found guilty of various robberies and murders in the districts of Akmetchet, Theodosia, Kertch, and Port Patch, were sentenced by the Russian law to receive the punishment of the knout\* in each of these towns. Having first undergone this dreadful penalty at Akmetchet, they were conducted to Theodosia, heavily ironed, and lodged in the gaol there till the hour appointed for the flogging. They were then taken to the market-place, where hundreds of spectators were assembled to witness the scene, and from an Englishman, present on that occasion, I received the following account of the transaction :—“ The culprits, each in his turn, were fastened to an inclined post, having a ring at the top, to which the head was so tightly fixed, by means of a rope, as to prevent the sufferer from crying out. The hands were closely tied on either side, and at the bottom were two rings for the feet, which were in like manner secured. The back was then bared, and the plaster or rag, which had been applied after the previous whipping, was torn off. The Tartar sacerdotal, attended by a Tartar priest, next advanced, and read aloud the crimes for which the offenders were punished, together with the sentence of the law. This took up nearly half an hour. The knout has a very heavy thong, as thick as a man’s wrist, and weighing from two to three pounds. The lash is of leather, about the breadth of a broad tape; the handle is about two feet long. With this weapon, the executioner now approached, and giving one cut, walked back again to the distance of about forty yards. He then returned, flourishing his whip, and struck again, till the appointed number of strokes was given, and till it was certain that the poor wretch was all but dead. At every blow the blood spirted from the wound, but the previous preparation prevented the possibility of exclamation. Each one, when his flogging was finished, was unbound, and having the rag replaced on his back, was removed into a cart, till all had been thus disposed of; having witnessed the sufferings of their comrades, and endured their own. Before they left Theodosia, one of them died; and of the seven, I believe, not one lived to undergo the whole of the sentence.” ’—p. 89.

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\* The true pronunciation of this word would perhaps be better represented if it were spelt *knoot*.



It is time, we think, for a government, so well disposed as that of Alexander, to put an end to these disgusting exhibitions, which, whatever may be their immediate efficacy, can only ultimately tend to brutalize the minds of the spectators, and exalt, by comparison, the more merciful dispensations of the bastinado, the cimeter, and the bowstring!

In taking leave of Mrs. Holderness we have great pleasure in assuring her, that her volume makes a near approximation to the sort of work, which we are glad to encourage from intelligent English residents abroad. On questions connected with the manners of foreign nations, we consider no one but a resident to be a competent witness. A traveller may describe the mountains and rivers of a country, its theatres and galleries, its innkeepers and postilions,—he may even, in the civilized capitals of the west, catch a glimpse of the modes of good society; but for the ordinary life, daily habits, and household opinions of the great body of a people,—for all, in short, which is really national in their practice, their prejudices, and ways of thinking, unless he take more pains than are usual with his brethren, he must trust to the information of a resident. This necessity is, of course, increased an hundredfold in those eastern countries where the language is of difficult attainment; and where whole volumes have been seasoned with second-hand intelligence, gleaned from domesticated *Franks*. These latter, therefore, are the *original authorities*, and whenever they are *themselves* induced to publish their remarks, nothing can be more clear than that a few sentences from such sources are worth all the quartos into which they might be dilated. Such, for instance, though somewhat too diffuse and tautological, are the entertaining letters of Mrs. Tully, and such are the valuable and amusing Memoranda, subjoined by Mr. Turner to his Travels in the Levant. Such also is the little note-book before us, which details, in few words, the results of no common experience, and without any pretension to authorship, or even regular arrangement, bears every where the stamp of good sense, observation, and truth.

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ART. VI.—*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ; or Observations on the Organic Remains contained in Caves, Fissures, and Diluvial Gravel, and on other Geological Phenomena, attesting the Action of an Universal Deluge.* By the Rev. William Buckland, F.R.S. &c. London. 1823.

THE science, as it is perhaps improperly called, of Geology differs from all other sciences in one material respect. It contemplates not only what is, but what has been. It embraces

braces the *history* of our globe as well as its actual composition; it endeavours to trace the succession of events which have preceded its present state; to ascertain not only the changes which have taken place, but the causes, or, in other words, the physical connexion of those changes, and to determine the order, the time, and the circumstances under which they were effected.

The province of the geologist resembles therefore in some respects that of the historian. He must diligently examine ancient documents, he must estimate the degree of credibility that is due to them, he must compare their report with the evidence of actual appearances, and must not even neglect, in the absence of direct proof, the feeble and uncertain aid of oral tradition. His conclusions concerning remote antiquity will even then amount to probability only, or, at the utmost, to what is called moral certainty; and they will always lie open to correction and progressive improvement, in proportion as new information may be obtained, without calling upon us to reject, as altogether false and unworthy of belief the testimony which had been before employed; and without reflecting discredit or contempt upon former reasonings.

It is in a great measure owing to this mixed character, that so much discord has prevailed in the schools of geology. Possessed as we are of a brief historical account of the creation and the destruction of the habitable globe, an account which the most civilized nations receive as of divine authority, and which all learned men admit to be the most ancient record in existence, it has been the exclusive object of one class of inquirers to comment, as it were, upon that text, and to explain the manner in which all the phenomena we discover may have been produced by the operations there recorded. Others, on the contrary, rejecting this evidence altogether, have confined themselves to the examination of natural phenomena, and applying to these facts the laws of nature as far as they are understood, have boldly maintained opinions respecting the history of the globe, wholly incompatible with the truth of that volume in whatever way interpreted.

To say nothing here of those exploded cosmogonies, the dreams of pious and ingenious men, who, without investigation of the component parts of the earth, spun theories out of their own brain, it will be sufficient to mention, as a specimen, one of the latest and by far the most respectable of the first class, Catcott. In his treatise on the Deluge there is evidence of a strong spirit of inquiry, much knowledge in detail, and considerable sagacity in combining and reasoning upon the minute circumstances, which prove the universal action of the deluge upon the surface of the earth. He too was not ignorant of the vast store of organic substances

stances deeply imbedded even in the hardest strata; of the successive depositions of these strata, and the various forms of animal life which they exhibit. Yet chained to his hypothesis, that all these phenomena are the effects of that single catastrophe, he is driven to adopt the absurd conclusion, that the whole crust of the globe was then dissolved into a soft pulp, which gradually hardened again and inclosed those remains in the several strata as they happened to be dispersed through the waters of the deluge; not offering a syllable to explain how the same process, which, according to him, reduced the solid rocks and even metallic instruments\* to a fluid, yet spared not only bones and teeth, but all the myriads of animal exuvie preserved as we find them even in their finest and most delicate forms.

The natural consequence of these abortive attempts of the friends of religion was to encourage desertion into the ranks of the enemy. Disgusted by such preposterous reasoning, and convinced of its falsehood, men rushed, as is too common, into the opposite error. It soon became the fashion to doubt the truth of the Mosaic history of the deluge, and Linnaeus even ventured to declare that he saw no evidence of such an event in the present state of the earth. Philosophers of the French school had long treated it as a fable: and in our own country a system was broached about thirty years ago, under the name of Dr. Hutton, which professed to explain the actual condition as well as the past history of our planet, without reference to any beginning of things, or any supernatural interposition in the changes which have taken place. With the aid of two modest postulates, one, an eternity of organized matter *a parte ante*, the other, a magazine of fire within the shell of the earth, all the revolutions of our globe were accounted for by causes now in action. The corrosion of the atmosphere, according to the Huttonian system, is incessantly wearing away the summits and sides of hills and mountains; the matter thus detached is carried down by streams to the vallies, and by the larger rivers to the sea, where it is spread out into strata formed gradually on the bed of the ocean. After this process has been continued for thousands or perhaps millions of years, and a good portion of the existing inequalities on the earth's surface has been destroyed, an expansive force is supposed to act from beneath, and to heave up these submarine strata already hardened by the central fire, forming on a sudden new continents with their hills and vallies, which are again to be subjected to disintegration by the atmosphere, again to be submerged in the ocean by the conveyance of rivers, and to form the materials of future continents in endless succession.

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\* Catcott on the Deluge, p. 272.

That a theory so extravagant, so gratuitous, so utterly unsupported by fact or by testimony should have been allowed even an indulgent hearing in a philosophical age, was hardly to be expected. That it should have had what is called a *run*, that it should have been illustrated and defended by a man of science, a professed admirer of the Baconian method of inquiry, and one of the ablest writers of his day, is to be reckoned among those anomalies of human nature which, according to the humour we are in, provoke either our regret, our indignation or our contempt. Professor Playfair recommended it for its 'originality, grandeur and simplicity;' and he enlarged upon the powerful agency of the sea as co-operating with the rivers, in the work of reducing the inequalities of the earth.

We must be allowed here to remark that the very terms of the panegyric indicate a remarkable confusion of thought, when applied to a system of philosophy, and a total forgetfulness of that character which, as we observed in the opening of this article, belongs to the department of geology not less than to that of history. In discussing the merits of an invention in the arts of life, or of any new method or plan, its originality, its simplicity or its grandeur may indeed be proper objects of consideration, and a fair ground of praise. But when the inquiry is concerning a matter of *fact*, when we have to demonstrate, not to invent; to inquire what has been, not to speculate on what may be, the introduction of these ideas is manifestly improper, and has a tendency to mislead and confound us. It is precisely that error against which the great founder of modern philosophy cautions his reader. The true and only object of philosophy is the *interpretation of nature*. We must take nature as we find her, and dismiss from our thoughts the vain desire of modelling her according to any pre-conceived fancy of our own.

In the miserably meagre collection of facts also upon which this fabric was raised, and in the sudden flight to the first principles of things, after a superficial examination of a few phenomena, we see a marvellous neglect of that code of inductive reasoning which Bacon delivered, and which is continually quoted as an oracle by that very school from which this theory sprung. There is something so remarkable in all this, and at the same time so illustrative of the main subject to which we are soon to proceed, that we shall not scruple to burden our pages with an extract by way of specimen.

'On observing the Patowmack,' says Mr. Playfair, 'where it penetrates the *ridge* of the Allegany mountains, or the Irish, as it issues from the defiles of the Altai, there is no man, however little addicted to geological speculations, who does not immediately acknowledge, that  
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the mountain was once continued quite across the space in which the river now flows: and if he ventures to reason concerning the cause of so wonderful a change, he ascribes it to some great convulsion of nature, which has torn the mountain asunder, and opened a passage for the waters. *It is only the philosopher*, who has deeply meditated on the effects which action long continued is able to produce, and on the simplicity of the means which nature employs in all her operations, who sees in this nothing but the gradual working of a stream, that once *flowed as high as the top of the ridge* which it now so deeply intersects, and has cut its course through the rock in the same way, and almost with the same instrument, by which the lapidary divides a block of marble or granite.—*Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*, § 102.

Statements such as these seem hardly to be entitled to a serious answer. To assume an infinite series of centuries merely that weather may have time to remove mountains and plant them in the sea, and that water may cut through the *ridge* of a mountainous chain, (a thing to the performance of which in all eternity it could never tend to approximate,) is too monstrous an outrage upon common sense to be treated without ridicule. Nothing but scepticism could venture to make so large a demand upon human credulity—and all for the purpose of drawing away the mind from the contemplation of any beginning of things, and of teaching that ‘there is no occasion (to use Dr. Hutton’s own words) ‘for having recourse to any *destructive accident* in nature, or the agency of any *preternatural cause*, in explaining ‘that which actually appears.’

Notwithstanding this, an ample, a candid, and a respectful examination of the theory was laid before the public by De Luc, a philosopher of whom it is impossible to speak without bearing testimony to the amiable qualities of his heart, as well as to the great services he has rendered to the cause of science. That he had strong prepossessions in favour of revealed religion is not denied; but they have warped his reasonings on physical facts much less than the opposite prepossessions appear to have affected his opponents. This however is not enough to say on such a subject. We contend therefore boldly, that in an inquiry into the history of the world, to reject the evidence of written records, as wholly irrelevant and undeserving of attention, is in itself *illogical* and *unphilosophical*. It is true, that to assume these records to be infallible, and above all criticism, is to prejudge the question, and to supersede all inquiry: but when the case is one of a remote age, and full of difficulty, when we are compelled to compass sea and land for presumptive and circumstantial evidence, to turn a deaf ear to that volume which professes to give a direct and detailed narrative of the whole transaction, is a greater violation of the laws of sound reasoning, and is a symptom of stronger prejudice  
against

against religion, than all the annals of superstition and bigotry can furnish against true philosophy.

De Luc entered upon his task with an active and persevering spirit. He patiently analysed his opponent's argument, exposed his sophistries, his inconsistencies, and his gratuitous assumptions, and by a large induction of facts, collected chiefly from personal examination, he overthrew the fundamental position upon which the Huttonian theory rested; proving that those processes of nature by which its abettors accounted for the conversion of old continents into new ones, in the course of millions of years, could not by any possibility effect what was pretended, for that in fact they had a direct tendency the other way. All the operations produced on them, says De Luc, (and no man was better entitled to speak from accurate and extensive observation,) by the combined action of atmospherical causes, gravity, and running waters, have tended only to obliterate their original characters, by reducing the abrupt faces into gradual slopes, by softening down the asperities of the hills, by raising instead of excavating the beds of vallies, and by filling up the cavities of lakes; while neither the materials conveyed by rivers to the sea, nor those detached from the steep coasts by waves are transported to any distance: the waves and the tides throw them back upon the coasts, and even bring up the sand from the bottom, wherever they can reach it. § 290.

We dwell the longer upon the works of this excellent and candid writer, because although he has fallen into some material errors, yet we regard his writings as constituting a kind of epoch in geological science. He first, if we mistake not, hit upon that sound distinction which has introduced a ray of light into this confused and intricate subject; by the aid of which the inquiry has been since pursued with rapidly increasing success. He divided the various phenomena which the surface of the earth exhibits, into those which are produced by causes *still in action*, and those whose causes have *ceased to act*. Adopting this distinction, and proceeding to examine with indefatigable industry, the phenomena of coasts, vallies, lakes, ravines, estuaries and deltas, he arrived at similar conclusions in every case, by processes totally independent of each other; and these conclusions were in strict accordance with the scriptural account of an universal deluge, which overwhelmed the earth about four or five thousand years ago.

De Luc indeed frequently talks of the *birth* of the present continents, as if their forms must needs have been the result of a single catastrophe; and his favourite hypothesis, which he is ever labouring to support, is, that the deluge was effected by the sinking of the old continents, when the sea rushing into the lower level

level laid bare its former bed, which composes our present land. Against all gratuitous hypotheses of this nature, however simple or ingenious, when they rest upon no positive evidence, we have a decided objection. The falsehood of De Luc's has been at length fully demonstrated by Mr. Buckland in the work before us: and it is only one out of many important points which he has been the first to establish. And as to the reiterated phrase, 'birth of our present continents,' it would have been quite sufficient for De Luc's purpose, and much more consonant with the sober tone of his reasoning, to have spoken of the continents *as they were left* at the subsidence of the deluge, without determining whether they existed before that event, the same in their leading characters as at the present day, or not. The chronometers which he has beautifully deduced from the progressive growth of subsequent phenomena, would have been equally valuable and conclusive under either supposition; because the deluge so modified the surface of the globe as to obliterate all phenomena of this kind, and to fix the commencement at least of a new æra.

In tracing thus rapidly the history of geological science, we are obliged to pass over many eminent names, and to confine ourselves to a few which serve to mark its more prominent epochs. In this point of view, the labours of M. Cuvier are by far the most important. Following up the principle so happily propounded by De Luc, with equal candour, and love of truth, but with greater strength of mind, a more capacious intellect, and more exact science, Cuvier has determined, in his admirable *Essay on the Theory of the Earth*, that the causes now in action are insufficient to account for the phenomena we discover; and the general result of his investigations, as far as it affects the subject more immediately before us, may best be given in his own words: from which we shall perceive that, in adopting De Luc's hypothesis of a reciprocal change of sea and land, he has left an important error to be corrected by the author now before us.

'I am of opinion then, with M. De Luc and M. Dolomieu—That, if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or six thousand years ago; that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by man and by the other animals that are now best known; *that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries at present inhabited*; that the small number of individuals of men and other animals that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry, and consequently that the human race has only resumed a progressive state of improvement since that epoch.'—*Theory of the Earth*, § 34.

Independently

Independently indeed of direct historical evidence, and, with very slight reference to the phenomena exhibited on the earth's surface, philosophical inquirers had long ago been convinced of the recent origin of the human race, and of the present order of things on our planet. The novelty of the arts and sciences, the low antiquity of the most ancient monuments, and the short period within which all authentic history is included, forced this belief even on the mind of the atheistical poet of Rome, who with good reason asks,

Præterea, si nulla fuit genitalis origo  
Terrarum ac cœli, semperque æterna fuere,  
Cur supra bellum Thebanum et funera Trojæ,  
Non alias alii quoque res cecinere poetæ?  
Quò tot facta virùm toties cecidere? nec usquam  
Æternis famæ monumentis insita florent?  
Verùm, ut opinor, habet novitatem summa, recensque  
Natura 'st mundi, neque pridem exordia cepit.

The same concession (for so, from his manner of treating the subject, it is fair to call it) is made by La Place in his *Système du Monde*: who suggests that the few families which escaped the general destruction would be for some ages so far plunged in ignorance as to efface all accurate knowledge of former events, and to envelope the tradition of this catastrophe in fable. That a few escaped is an undeniable fact: but an extraordinary anxiety is manifested by most of these philosophers to leave the escape open to natural causes. Even Cuvier, whose works never indicate hostility or disrespect towards Revelation, and who seems to be actuated by a sincere love of truth, yet betrays a morbid eagerness to separate his reasoning from scripture, and to seek no support or confirmation from that quarter. He is clearly of opinion, that the deluge did not cover the highest mountains, and that several portions of the human race might thus have escaped: and adverting in particular to the remarkable difference in the form of the Chinese and Negroes from the rest of mankind, he suggests the probability that their ancestors escaped from the general catastrophe by different routes, and on different parts of the great mountain-ranges of the world. § 32. To such conclusions also the doctrine of De Luc himself is open; for he supposes many species of animals to have been preserved\* by retiring to the tops of mountains, which were as islands in his antediluvian sea: but if brute animals were thus preserved, it is even more probable that some individuals among men would have betaken themselves to the same places of refuge.

We are now arrived at that stage in the scientific investigation of the subject, where Mr. Buckland commenced his labours.

\* See his 6th Letter to Blumenbach, § 35.



Having been appointed Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, a situation rather of honour than of emolument, and having previously devoted several years with ardour and assiduity to the study, he commenced a series of lectures in that University, embracing all the branches of this complicated science. His success was brilliant beyond example. Something perhaps must be attributed to the novelty of the subject, and to the rapid advances made within a few years through the combined researches of the most eminent men of science in Europe: all which information Mr. Buckland embodied in his lectures, together with a large collection of materials, the fruit of his own observation and inquiry. But this alone could never have kindled the admiration and enthusiasm which has attended him throughout his career. In the luminous arrangement of his subject, in the copiousness and accuracy of his details, in the candour with which conflicting opinions were discussed, the large and interesting views of nature which he presented to the mind, the promptitude and felicity of his illustrations, and the perspicuity, spirit, and beauty of his language, he far exceeded any thing that his hearers had ventured to anticipate. The charm which was thus thrown over the subject awakened attention, excited curiosity, and infused an appetite for physical knowledge, which had never before been the leading characteristic of that University. But what more than all contributed to the value of his lectures was, the new demonstrations continually introduced of providential design throughout this department of nature; and the satisfactory proofs given of the reality of that event recorded by Moses, which once swept the whole surface of the globe, destroying all the fair works of the creation, and leaving a single family to re-people and subdue the earth.

In the vast field of research which geology includes, this event occupies indeed but a small space: yet considering its intimate connexion with the moral and religious history of man, it possesses an interest far more powerful than all the rest. As such, it is well deserving of a separate discussion; and the minutest phenomena which tend to elucidate and establish the truth assume an importance, similar to that which in a grave judicial inquiry often attaches to circumstances the most insignificant in their own nature.

We have already remarked on the judicious distinction adopted by De Luc between the result of causes now in action, and of those which have ceased to act. Under this latter head falls the evidence of the deluge: and it forms but a small part of that comprehensive division. Setting aside therefore the consideration of all the phenomena of the earth prior to that epoch, the successive gradation of primitive, secondary and tertiary formations, with their  
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several mineral and organic contents, all which have been largely treated in the course of his academical lectures, the professor, in the work before us, distributes his proofs of the Deluge under three heads.

1. The appearances of caves and fissures of rocks; and the sand, clay, pebbles, and bones of animals found in them.

2. The beds of diluvial sand, loam, and gravel, containing the bones of animals, which are found in all parts of the world, and at the highest levels.

3. The excavation of vallies, and the marks worn into the surface of the earth by diluvial currents.

The first portion of the volume is a reprint nearly of the paper on the Kirkdale cave, which we not long ago reviewed from the Philosophical Transactions, and which procured from the Royal Society their award of the Copley medal. Of the conclusiveness of the professor's reasoning on the phenomena of this cave our opinion has been already given. We will only add, that it appears to us just as reasonable to doubt that the town of Pompeii was the habitation of human beings, as to suspend our belief in the conclusion, that this cave was the long continued abode of hyænas before the deluge, which has left enveloped in its muddy sediment the shattered fragments of those beasts, and of the several animals on which they preyed. The animals found in the cave agree in species with those that occur in the diluvian gravel of England, and of great part of the northern hemisphere; four of them, the hyæna, elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, belong to species that are now extinct, and to genera that live exclusively in warm climates, and which are now found associated only in the southern parts of Africa near the Cape.

Another cave similar to that of Kirkdale having been discovered at Kirby Moorside, and having been closed up by Mr. Duncombe the proprietor, until some qualified person should be present to inspect it in its undisturbed state, Mr. Buckland went into Yorkshire accompanied by Sir Humphry Davy for that purpose; and though it contained not a single bone, yet its circumstances with respect to diluvial sediment and stalagmite were precisely analogous to those of Kirkdale, and fully confirmed his reasoning upon them. Since that time the author has visited and minutely examined several caves and fissures containing animal remains, in this country, as those of Hutton in the Mendip Hills, Derdham Down near Clifton, Dream Cave near Wirksworth in Derbyshire, the Oreston caves near Plymouth, those at Crawley Rocks, and at Paviland in Glamorganshire.

Of all these a perspicuous and detailed description is given in the present volume; and they exhibit a specimen of strict and severe inductive reasoning, such as no fallacy can escape. De

Luc was certainly right in his remark, that ‘real and general advances will then only be made in the science of nature when the dread of prolixity shall be overcome.’ Detail is the very essence of circumstantial evidence: and whoever is enamoured of the pursuit will read with delight the full and accurate descriptions of which it would be useless here to attempt an abridgment, and which all conspire to the support of the same position, attesting the action of an universal deluge at no very distant period of time. In perusing these details, the reader will be struck not only with the cautious and persevering spirit of investigation they display, but with the sagacity evinced in combining facts which reflect light on each other, and in eliciting conclusions from phenomena so combined, which, viewed in their scattered state and by ordinary observers, would convey no information whatever. The patience and candour also with which the most captious objections are examined is generally repaid by finding that the phenomenon out of which the objection arises, is not only reconcileable with the hypothesis, but that, upon a closer inspection, it is converted into an argument in its favour. Of this kind are the explanations given of the open fissures with their contents of two kinds, diluvian and post-diluvian, the puzzling circumstances of the Plymouth caves, and the several cases of human skeletons, which last turn out, upon careful examination, to be in every instance of post-diluvian origin. We must, however, in this place content ourselves with a bare summary of the conclusions to which, after a thorough sifting of the phenomena of bones, the professor ultimately arrives. He divides them into five classes, the last of which only is posterior to the deluge.

1. Those of carnivorous animals, that retired spontaneously to the caves to die during successive generations in the period immediately preceding the deluge, as in the case of the bear bones in the caves of Germany.

2. The remains of animals that were dragged in as food by beasts of prey during the same period, as in the case of the various remains in the cave of Kirkdale.

3. The remains of animals that fell into and perished in the open fissures and caves connected with them in the period preceding the deluge, as in the case of the bones at Plymouth and Gibraltar.

4. The remains of animals that were washed in together with mud and pebbles at the deluge, as in the case of the entire skeleton of a rhinoceros at Wirksworth.

5. The remains of animals that have entered caverns, or fallen into open fissures since the period of the deluge, as in the case of the human bones in the open cave at Paviland, and the bones of dogs, deer, &c. in the open fissure at Duncombe Park.

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The advantage of personal inspection having proved so great in the English caves, our professor resolved to examine for himself the caves of Germany, which had been long known to contain the remains of extinct species of animals. Their animal contents had been accurately studied and described by Cuvier, and other naturalists; and most of them had been already visited by Mr. Buckland himself; but he was induced now to explore them with the additional view of discovering evidence of diluvial action, which had formed no part of the object of former examinations. Accordingly in the summer of 1822, he completed this survey, and had the satisfaction of finding all his opinions confirmed by the evidence they afforded.

The result of his investigation, which is related in full detail in the volume before us, may be comprized in the following summary.

The present entrances to them were not their original openings, but are truncated portions of their lower branches laid open by diluvian denudation. The diluvium they contain is either loam, sand or pebbles, but more commonly a mixture of all three, through which the bones lie interspersed, and the whole mass has often been indurated into an osseous breccia, like that of Gibraltar. The loam has not been produced by the decay of the flesh or bones, or of the rock in which the cave exists, but it agrees, in chemical constitution, with that of the diluvial beds of the adjacent country. In the remarkable cave at K hloch, indeed, there is a vast accumulation of black animal earth with bones dispersed through it:

‘The quantity of animal matter accumulated on the floor,’ says Mr. Buckland, ‘is most surprizing, and the only thing of the kind I ever witnessed; and many hundred, I may say thousand, individuals must have contributed their remains to make up this appalling mass of the dust of death. It seems in a great measure to be derived from comminuted and pulverized bone; for the fleshy parts of animal bodies produce by their decomposition so small a quantity of permanent earthy residuum, that we must seek for the origin of this mass principally in decayed bones. The cave is so dry, that the black earth lies in the state of loose powder, and rises in dust under the feet: it also retains so large a proportion of its original animal matter, that it is occasionally used by the peasants as an enriching manure for the adjacent meadows.’—p. 138.

This cave contains no pebbles. Its size and proportions are nearly equal to those of a large church, and the professor calculates that it contained 5000 cubic feet of the black earth, equal to the remains of at least 2500 bears, a number which, in the course of 1000 years, may have been supplied by a mortality at the rate of two and a half per annum. For a solution of the anomaly we must refer to the section itself, accompanied by a plate; and we

would point it out as an example of that happy mode of explaining apparent difficulties, without any attempt at concealment or evasion, which characterizes all our author's statements. We now proceed to the rest of those general conclusions to which his recent examination has led.

The number of caves in which any bones at all are found is comparatively very small, but when they occur it is usually in enormous quantities. Every circumstance tends to evince that the mud, pebbles, &c. were washed in by the deluge upon the bones already existing in the caves: if, on the contrary, all the bones had been drifted in by the diluvian waters, they would be found dispersed in small quantities only, and in numerous caves: while, from the elevated situation of the caves, it is proved that the mud could not possibly have been introduced by land-floods or by rivers. Lastly, there is only one superficial crust of stalagmite in any of the caves, and *no alternations* of mud, pebbles, and bones, but simply one confused mass covered by a single crust of stalagmite.

'The facts I have enumerated in the above Descriptions,' Mr. Buckland concludes, 'go to establish a perfect analogy, as far as relates to the loam and pebbles and stalagmitic incrustations in the caves and fissures of Germany and England, and lead us to infer an identity in the time and manner in which these earthy deposits were introduced; and this identity is still further confirmed by the agreement in species of the animals whose remains we find enveloped by them, both in caves and fissures, as well as in the superficial deposits of similar loam and pebbles on the surface of the adjacent countries: viz. by the agreement of the animals of the English caves and fissures, not only with each other, but also with those of the diluvial gravel of England, and of the greater part of Europe; and in the case of the German caves, by the identity of their extinct bear with that found in the diluvial gravel of Upper Austria; and of the extinct hyæna with that of the gravel at Carnstadt, in the valley of the Neckar; at Horden, near Herzberg, in the Hartz; at Eichstadt, in Bavaria; the Val d'Arno in Italy; and Lawford, in Warwickshire. To these may be added the extinct rhinoceros, elephant and hippopotamus, which are common to gravel beds as well as caves; and hence it follows, that the period at which the earth was inhabited by all the animals in question, was that immediately antecedent to the formation of those superficial and almost universal deposits of loam and gravel, which it seems impossible to account for, unless we ascribe them to a *transient deluge*, affecting *universally, simultaneously, and at no very distant period*, the entire surface of our planet.'—p. 145.

We cannot however dismiss this branch of the subject, without adverting once more to the dissertation on the Kirkdale Cave. Some objections, it seems, had been taken against hyænas eating one another and feasting upon bones, and some ridicule attempted to

to be thrown on the statement made, upon Dr. Wollaston's authority, that the balls of dung found in the cave were recognized as belonging to that animal by the keeper at Exeter 'Change. We shall see how the professor has answered these objections and verified his former statement; while the passage exhibits a fair specimen of that active spirit of inquiry, and that talent for perspicuous and accurate description which pervade the whole work.

' Since this paper was first published, I have had an opportunity of seeing a Cape hyæna at Oxford, in the travelling collection of Mr. Wombwell, the keeper of which confirmed, in every particular, the evidence given to Dr. Wollaston by the keeper at Exeter 'Change. I was enabled also to observe the animal's mode of proceeding in the destruction of bones. The shin bone of an ox being presented to this hyæna, he began to bite off with his molar teeth large fragments from its upper extremity, and swallowed them whole as fast as they were broken off. On his reaching the medullary cavity, the bone split into angular fragments, many of which he caught up greedily and swallowed entire; he went on cracking it till he had extracted all the marrow, licking out the lowest portion of it with his tongue: this done, he left untouched the lower condyle, which contains no marrow, and is very hard. The state and form of this residuary fragment are precisely like those of similar bones at Kirkdale; the marks of teeth on it are very few, as the bone usually gave off a splinter before the large conical teeth had forced a hole through it; these few, however, entirely resemble the impressions we find on the bones at Kirkdale; the small splinters also, in form and size, and manner of fracture, are not distinguishable from the fossil ones. I preserve all the fragments and the gnawed portions of this bone for the sake of comparison by the side of those I have from the antediluvian den of Yorkshire; there is absolutely no difference between them, except in point of age. The animal left untouched the solid bones of the tarsus and carpus, and such parts of the cylindrical bones as we find untouched at Kirkdale, and devoured only the parts analogous to those which are there deficient. The keeper, pursuing this experiment to its final result, presented me the next morning with a large quantity of album græcum, dispersed in balls, that agree entirely in size, shape, and substance, with those that were found in the den at Kirkdale. I gave the animal successively three shin bones of a sheep: he snapped them asunder in a moment, dividing each in two parts only, which he swallowed entire, without the smallest mastication. On the keeper putting a spar of wood, two inches in diameter, into his den, he cracked it in pieces as if it had been touchwood, and in a minute the whole was reduced to splinters. The power of his jaws far exceeded any animal force of the kind I ever saw exerted, and reminded me of nothing so much as of a miner's crushing mill, or the scissars with which they cut off bars of iron and copper in the metal founderies.'—pp. 37, 38.

We too, it appears, were thought somewhat credulous in stating (what we had the best authority for doing) that an old hyæna in  
Paris

Paris had eaten up his own leg. This fact has also been verified by Professor Buckland. Not satisfied with receiving the information from the same quarter we did, (His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark,) he wrote to his friend Mr. Underwood, resident in Paris, who not only confirms the fact, but states that the animal may still be seen in the *Jardin des Plantes*, walking on three legs,

To the specimen just produced we should be tempted to add another on the Oreston caves near Plymouth, as strikingly illustrative of that searching spirit of inquiry, that keen observation, and close inductive logic which mark all the author's reasonings upon difficult and entangled cases. It is one of the best examples the book affords. But the passage is too long for insertion: and we have still much to say before we proceed to the consideration of the scriptural difficulties, which to many of our readers will appear to be the most important bearing of the whole question.

In our account indeed of the *second* class of evidences, those derived from diluvial beds of loam and gravel, we must be more brief. Among the animal remains contained in these deposits, the fossil elephant is by far the most generally dispersed. It is that species to which the term mammoth (animal of the earth) has been applied by the natives of Siberia, who imagined the bones to be those of some huge animal that was still living, like a mole, beneath the surface of the earth. How abundant this animal was in England is sufficiently apparent from the following extract.

'It was to be expected that the remains of elephant should be found in the diluvial gravel of Yorkshire, from the fact already established, that these animals inhabited the neighbourhood of Kirkdale, whilst its caverns were occupied by hyænas; and accordingly, the teeth, tusks, and bones of elephants of prodigious size have been found in the diluvium at Robin Hood's bay near Whitby, at Scarborough, Bridlington, and several other places along the shore of Holderness. As we proceed southward, we continue to find them abundantly on the coast, and in the interior of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. The largest deposit of them is at Walton near Warwick, where they lie at the water's edge, mixed with great numbers of the teeth, bones, and horns of elk, stag, ox, horse, and other diluvial animals. In the valley of the Thames, they have been discovered at Sheppey, the Isle of Dogs, Lewisham, London, Brentford, Kew, Hurley Bottom, Wallingford, Dorchester, Abingdon and Oxford; also at Norwich, Canterbury, and Chartham, near Rochester. On the south coast of England, they occur at Lyme Regis and Charmouth, (from the latter place Mr. De La Beche has lately obtained a tusk nine feet eight inches in length,) also at Burton and Loders near Bridport, and near Yeovil in Somerset. At Whitchurch near Dorchester, they lie in gravel above the chalk, and are found in a similar position on Salisbury plain: in the valley of the Avon also, at Box, and  
Newton

Newton near Bath, and in that of the Severn at Gloucester, and at Rodborough near Stroud. In the centre of England, we have them at Trentham in Staffordshire, at two places mentioned by Grew and Morton, in Northamptonshire, and at Newham and Lawford, near Rugby in Warwickshire. In North Wales, Pennant mentions two molar teeth and a tusk found in Flintshire, at Holkin, near the mouth of the Vale of Clewyd; and they are not wanting, though they have been less frequently noticed, in Scotland and Ireland. In all these cases they are found in the superficial diluvial detritus, consisting either of gravel, sand, loam or clay, and are never imbedded in any of the regular strata. —p. 173.

In the valley of the Arno, near Florence, parts of the skeletons of at least a hundred hippopotami have been found, mixed in great abundance with the remains of rhinoceros and elephant, together with those of horses, oxen, deer, hyæna, bear, tiger, wolf, mastodon, hog, tapir and beaver. They are from animals of all ages, and one of the elephants could not have been a week old. Again, in the northern regions they occur equally abundant. There is not, says Pallas, in all Asiatic Russia, from the Don to the extremity of the promontory of Tchutski, a stream or river in the banks of which they do not find elephants and other animals, now strangers to the climate. ‘How is it possible then,’ says the professor, ‘to explain the general dispersion of all those remains, but by admitting that the elephants, as well as all the other creatures whose bones are buried with them, were the antediluvian inhabitants of the extensive tracts of country over which we have been tracing them; and that they were all destroyed together, by the waters of the same inundation which produced the deposits of loam and gravel in which they are imbedded?’ No unprejudiced man, we think, can for a moment doubt that such is the case.

A curious question, however, we cannot call it a *difficulty*, arises, how so many animals should be found, in climates where the same genera could not at the present day exist. Cuvier’s solution, deduced from the warm coating of fur near the skin, which was observed on the carcase of a mammoth cased up in ice near the mouth of the Lena, is quite inadmissible. Amid the rigours of a polar winter they could have no supply of food, and even if we suppose the elephant and rhinoceros, with some others, to migrate periodically, like the musk-ox and the rein-deer of Melville island, yet in the case of crocodiles and tortoises, which are also found in these regions, extensive emigration is impossible; and the same may be said of so unwieldy a creature as the hippopotamus. In fact, fossil fish and plants of tropical origin are found, as Mr. Greenough has observed,\* in northern latitudes,

\* Principles of Geology, pp. 182---5.



as well as the remains of terrestrial animals: they are found, too, in situations where, as at Monte Bolca, it is inconceivable that they can have been wafted from the neighbourhood of the line. The only admissible inference is that the climate has undergone a change since the antediluvian period.

To account for this change may be difficult; but having established the body of evidence above stated, the fact of the change may be admitted without difficulty. Ingenious men may indulge in conjectures as to the physical cause, such as a change in the direction of the earth's axis, or any other planetary disturbance; but this, after all, will be conjecture only, not philosophy; and Mr. Buckland has wisely forborne to entangle himself with such questions. We will only observe, that nothing is more likely than that the stupendous revolution then wrought on our globe should have been accompanied by some permanent change in its atmosphere; and the mention of the rainbow in scripture, as a novel phenomenon after the deluge, clearly implies that some meteorological change then took place, although we may be wholly incompetent to explain what it was or how it was produced. De Luc's hypothesis, in his sixth Letter to Blumenbach, in which he supposes that tempestuous rains are among the consequences of that change, is the most pleasing and plausible that has yet been advanced; but it is hardly entitled to a place in a scientific work.

The following sections of this second part treat of the evidence afforded by deposits of loam and gravel *without reference* to their animal contents, and by blocks of granite and pebbles of various kinds, drifted from their parent rocks. Beds of this description are totally distinct from those local and partial formations, now going on from day to day, of deltas, terraces, tufas, torrent-gravel and peat-bogs; and Mr. Buckland justly remarks on the importance of appropriating the term *alluvial* to the latter class, and of speaking of the former always under the appellation *diluvium*.

Nothing can be more decisive than the evidence collected under this head from various parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, the continent of Europe, and even from North America, Africa and Asia. The diluvial gravel is almost always of a compound character, containing amongst the detritus of each immediate neighbourhood, (which usually forms its greatest bulk,) rolled fragments of rocks, whose native bed is often at a great distance, and which must have been drifted thence at the time of the formation of the gravel, in which they are at present lodged. The position of the parent mountain, with respect to the fragments, is important, as affording a proof of the *direction* of the currents that drifted them to their present place of lodgment.

Our notice of these chapters, curious and interesting as they are,

are, must necessarily be brief. Suffice it to say, that the currents which have strewed the surface of England and the continent of Europe with the wreck of distant masses, appear to have set generally from the north; and that these scattered fragments clearly indicate that the chalk strata, as well as other formations, once extended much farther north than they at present do; having been swept *en masse* before the mighty currents which tore them from their former position. In the Appendix, a detailed account is given, accompanied with a map, of the gravel of the valley of the Thames, charged as it is with pebbles brought from the Lickey Hill near Birmingham. This curious memoir will, we trust, serve as a model to many similar investigations, by which our local histories and topographical memoirs may hereafter be enriched.

This part of the work concludes with a chapter, which, in a religious point of view, is the most important of the whole work, viz. proofs of inundation at the highest levels of the globe. It was before observed, that Cuvier left this point open to the belief, that various portions of the human race might have escaped to the mountains, and there survived the general devastation. Mr. Buckland brings together decisive proofs, that the highest summits were covered with water. The granite blocks on Mount Jura, transported from the summit of Mont Blanc, the form of the Alps and Carpathians, and other mountainous regions of Europe, which he has visited, all bearing the same evidence of having been modified by the force of water, as do the hills of the lower regions, and the lodgment of diluvial gravel in their plains and valleys, all attest this fact. Nay, the bones of extinct animals, although not yet discovered in the Alpine gravel beds, have been found in America, at an elevation of 7,800 feet, and by Humboldt in the Cordilleras, at 7,200 feet above the level of the sea. In central Asia, the evidence is still more decisive. Captain W. S. Webb, an officer of high character in the East India service, and a man of science, who was employed many years in a survey of the Himalayan Mountains, procured fossil bones from an elevation of more than 16,000 feet. They were sent home last year to Sir E. Home, and prove to be those of a small species of horse and of deer. To this we may add, that others of the bear species have been found in the same spot. It is an elevated plain, surrounded by snowy peaks, the highest of which are at least 26,000 feet. The plain itself is cultivated and inhabited, and is that in which the great river Sutlej has its source. Being just within the borders of Chinese Tartary, Captain Webb was not permitted by that jealous government to pass the boundary; but his geometrical observations fix the altitude with the greatest certainty; and

and the bones were procured from the inhabitants of the district, who call them the bones of genii, and think that they fell from the clouds. There is no ground to suspect that they are brought from a lower region by the natives, for they are not valued or sold, or used for any purpose, and the natives wondered at Captain Webb's desire to possess them. The first specimens were brought by a man in his employment, who had failed in obtaining the object of inquiry, viz. some supposed works of Grecian art, of which Captain Webb had heard, and who, in default of these, brought abundance of the fossil called Ammonite, upon which the Hindoos set a superstitious value. These fragments of bone also he produced, as being something curious found in the gravel at the base of those eminences from which the ammonites are procured; and which, although frequently noticed, never appear to have been made the objects of search, and are not preserved, as the ammonites and similar fossils are, from a superstitious motive. These are additional facts, which we have ourselves had the means of ascertaining since the publication of Mr. Buckland's work; and they surely leave us no pretence for doubting what the scripture records, that 'all the high hills and mountains under the whole heavens were covered,' at the time when the last great physical change took place, by an inundation of water over the whole surface of the earth.

The *third* head of evidence relates to the Vallies of Denudation. It is thrown into the Appendix, having been partially anticipated in the preceding discussions, and having been already published in the Geological Transactions. To the force of a body of water like the ocean, pouring in over the land, or rushing from a higher level, no limits can be assigned. The professor demonstrates its agency in the excavation of valleys in several parts of England, drawing his examples chiefly from his native district, on the southern coast, that between Lyme and Exmouth, where they abound in a remarkable degree, and form the characteristic feature of the country. But we must put an end to abstracts and quotations, having still much to say upon the general principles of this inquiry, and its connexion with the important question of revealed religion.

Before, however, we enter upon this consideration, it may be well to take a brief review of the points which Mr. Buckland has been the first to establish in geological science; for a single step, well secured, which advances us beyond the former boundary of real knowledge, is worth a whole budget of theories, however grand, ingenious or original.

In the first place then, he has refuted the favourite notion of De Luc, which was adopted even by Cuvier, and seems to have been  
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the prevailing belief of the present day, that the sea and land changed places at the deluge, the former continents sinking into vast subterraneous caverns, the roof of which gave way on that sudden convulsion. Great as the changes certainly were, that were caused by that catastrophe, and deeply as its ravages are sculptured on the surface of the globe, excavating vallies, and forcing passages for water through the margin of lakes, and the sides even of mountain ranges, yet it is clearly proved that the same lands which are now inhabited were, before that event, also uncovered by the waters, and although the parts hitherto examined, appear not to have been occupied by man, yet they were the abode of numerous tribes of land animals, whose remains are identified with the greatest certainty and precision.

In the next place it is proved, for the first time, by means of the phenomena of the Kirkdale cave, that these remains were not drifted from remote climates to the places in which they are found; but that the animals to which they belonged, lived in the neighbourhood, and were the ordinary inhabitants of these regions of the earth.

Thirdly, it is Mr. Buckland who has first presented us with a distinct and detailed view of a *state of animal life* previous to the deluge. Hitherto this epoch had presented an impassable barrier to all the researches of naturalists. We saw, indeed, evidences of the destruction of organized beings, dispersed throughout the interior of the crust of the earth, as well as largely scattered over its surface. But it was a confused and indiscriminate scene of death which met our eyes. All that we could infer was, that the animals perished. Their habits, their instincts, their food, their mode of life, were all involved in utter, and, as it would seem, in hopeless uncertainty. The veil, however, which before concealed that antediluvian world from our eyes, has now been lifted, and a spectacle opened to our view, which has at once enlarged the range of our physical knowledge, and leads the imagination, freed as it were from its former shackles, to roam with delight over a field hitherto covered with impenetrable mystery. It is, in short, one of those cheering facts which encourage us to hope, that through the progressive improvement of the several arts and sciences, no bounds are set to the possible discoveries of the human mind, when its powers are well disciplined and rightly directed. How much, indeed, this very discovery is owing to the late improvements in comparative anatomy, the memoir on the Kirkdale cave plainly proves. The Tartars suppose the diluvian bones they find to be the bones of genii: our ancestors called the large ones those of giants: we now ascertain with precision, not only the component parts of elephants, horses, oxen, deer, but we speak with

with confident familiarity of the ‘teeth of water-rats,’ ‘the left ulna of a lark,’ or the ‘coracoid process of the right scapula of a duck,’ that was eaten before the deluge. To Cuvier the world is indebted more than to all other naturalists put together, for our advancement in this branch of knowledge; and it is pleasing to observe, that he has made, in his last publications, the most flattering acknowledgments of Mr. Buckland’s merits, even in many points where he had himself formerly held opposite opinions.\*

But it is in the collection of this vast body of evidence, attesting the greatest physical epoch in the history of mankind, in its masterly arrangement, in the upravelling of intricate questions, in the candid examination of objections, in the solution of difficulties and anomalies, in the perspicuous and exact descriptions, and, above all, in discerning the relation which subsists between scattered phenomena, and in the close inductive logic which is brought to bear upon the facts as they arise, that we trace the action of a mind destined, we hope, to make still larger additions to the stock of human knowledge. Certainly we may pronounce the author to be the first who has placed this fact beyond the reach of controversy or cavil, and to have put the finishing hand to an argument so long laboured at by our divines, that the earth, after having been inhabited for ages, was, at the period recorded in the sacred history, covered, even to its highest summits, by a sudden, simultaneous, universal, transient flood of waters.

We have already observed that when once a fact is thus established, although it may be difficult, or even impossible, to assign its physical causes, yet our inability to account for it throws no difficulty whatever in the way of our believing it. However philosophical it may be to make this attempt, it is a most unphilosophical confusion of thought to suffer the difficulty of discovering a cause to affect our belief in a fact demonstratively proved. We have no objection indeed to the endeavours which ingenious men have made to discover in the system of nature some means by which this extraordinary effect might have been produced; nor do we regard them as necessarily indicative of a disbelief in the divine interference, because even miraculous agency is often, nay generally, combined with natural means; and even if some physical agent should hereafter be suggested, adequate to such a phenomenon, we should be far from thinking that our own belief in the positive agency of the Divine Being was thereby disproved. But if the whole case be carefully and impartially ex-

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\* See the extracts from Cuvier’s fourth volume of his *Ossemens Fossiles*, edit. 2d. given in the Postscript to Professor Buckland’s book, p. 229.

mined, we are confident that an unprejudiced mind will acquiesce in the conclusion that both the universal destruction thus caused, and the preservation of the few survivors, was the immediate work of God.

Mr. Greenough has stated with accuracy, and with the most philosophical absence of all prepossessions, the several natural solutions that may be offered, and the insuperable difficulties involved in them all. We cannot do better than present the passage from his work entire.

‘ If the submersion of the highest mountains on the face of the globe was occasioned simply by an increase of water, from what source can so enormous an addition of water have proceeded? If it existed previously, what became of it during the growth of those land-plants, which we so often find embedded in the secondary rocks? during the lifetime of those land-animals whose fossil remains are so extensively distributed? If it existed at the time of the Deluge, what is become of it now? If derived from the interior of the earth, how shall we explain the existence of those enormous caverns, within which this mass of water was contained? how explain its own existence in such a situation? what attraction from without, what repulsion from within could have dislodged it from its hiding-place, and forced it far beyond those barriers which the laws of gravity prescribed? How happened it that the roof and the sides of the caverns, in which the water resided, did not fall in during its absence, so as to prevent the possibility of its return? Was increase of temperature the means of dislodging it? whence did that increase of temperature proceed? from within? we know not any cause acting from within capable of producing it; of producing it once only, within a space of five thousand years: from without? how could heat be at the same time so intense as to penetrate a solid crust some thousand miles in thickness, and yet so gentle, that no traces of its action are discerned upon the surface, where it must have acted most intensely?

‘ If it be supposed that this accession of water was derived from some body extrinsic to the earth, we know of no cause in nature by which such transfer of water from one body to another could be produced. But let a cause be assumed: let us grant that the water was so obtained: how was it afterwards removed? what is become of it now?

‘ Shall we then, fearless of paradox, attribute to the waves constancy, mobility to the land? Shall we say that continents have been submerged, not from the rising of waters, but from their own descent? Extravagant as such an hypothesis may appear, it falls short, very short of that which the Huttonians have long admitted

‘mitted and maintained. *There can be no doubt;* says Mr. Playfair, *that the land has been raised by expansive forces acting from below; and there is reason to think that continents have alternately ascended and descended within a period comparatively of no great extent.*’

Mr. Greenough goes on to consider De Luc’s hypothesis, and exclaims, ‘Alas! this expedient, so far from obviating our difficulties, tends only to enhance them. If there were no caverns beneath our continents, how could they sink? If there were caverns, how were they produced? why were they commensurate with the extent of the land? the continents having sunk, how have they risen again to their present level? after all this subsidence and elevation, how happens it, that of the strata which were deposited horizontally so many remained horizontal? how happens it that subsidence and elevation were unattended by fracture?’\*

He then proceeds to observe, that to the solution of the problem, impetuosity of motion in the water is indispensable; ‘but an increased quantity of water, he adds, is perhaps superfluous; for there seems no good reason for supposing, that the quantity which actually subsists upon the earth, *if thrown into a state of excessive agitation*, would not be of itself sufficient to produce all the phenomena of the deluge;’ and after discussing the possible causes of such an agitation, although he carefully avoids giving any opinion of his own, yet he seems to think the near approach of a comet the most plausible of all the solutions hitherto proposed.

Upon this latter question we shall venture to offer a few remarks, first, however, observing, that the obvious and almost necessary inference which a candid mind would draw from a consideration of all the foregoing difficulties is, that some preternatural influence was then exerted for a temporary and a special purpose. When the evidence of facts fails to inform us, and leaves the case inexplicable, is it consonant with reason to neglect that historical testimony which has always been in our possession? There we find it explicitly recorded, and recorded too in terms which seem emphatically to *exclude* the operation of ordinary nature, and are so far therefore in strict unison with the philosophical investigation just detailed, ‘Behold I, EVEN I, do bring a flood of waters, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.’

Against the hypothesis of a comet, which seems to be the only

\* *Principles of Geology*, p. 190, &c.

possible solution from natural causes which stands the test of Mr. Greenough's examination, conjectural and gratuitous as it is, we are not without objections drawn from the actual appearance of the globe. A deluge so caused, consisting of a tumultuous rush of waters surmounting the highest mountains on the one side and again descending to the vallies on the other, must have left evidence of its action somewhere in the wreck of lower strata (lower, we mean, as to actual position upon the surface of the earth) carried upwards and lodged in the hollows and clefts of higher ranges. The contrary, however, of this, as far as the world has yet been explored, is known to be the fact. Every where we find traces of *descending* torrents, bearing fragments of the higher masses, and strewing them along the sides and lower levels, in such order and gradation of size as decisively indicate that the currents originated from above. Blocks of granite, it is true, are found upon the Jura mountains, but they are traced from the still loftier summits of Mont Blanc: and in numberless instances are found beds of pebbles forming a cap as it were on the tops of hills; but in all these cases there is convincing proof that the vallies around them are scooped out by the same currents which brought the pebbles from a higher level, and which left them in beds on those parts of their course that presented a firmer resistance to the retiring waters. In no single instance, we believe, has the opposite phenomenon been discovered, and we point out the subject as the more worthy of the attention of geologists, because the hypothesis which it refutes, is the only one left open to our reception by Mr. Greenough; and this hypothesis, if admitted, would not only remove farther from the mind that preternatural agency which we are convinced was then employed, but it would defeat also one essential character of the deluge, that of being *simultaneous*, and would allow of the possible escape of men and animals from several points of the globe thus irregularly and successively overwhelmed.

From these conjectures let us turn to the plain and sober narrative of Moses, which manifestly indicates an *equable, progressive and gradual* rise, and which, whatever may be thought of its authority, was certainly not written to confute the hypothesis of a comet raising by its attraction the waters of the globe, as the moon raises the tide.

‘ And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and *bare up the ark, and it was lift up above* upon the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark *went upon the face of the waters*. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered.



‘Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.’—*Gen. vii. 17.*

But the deluge is not the only point in geology which is closely connected with the Holy Scriptures. It is, in fact, as was before observed, but a small part of that field to which the researches of the geologist are directed. The more the strata which compose the crust of the earth are examined, the stronger evidence do they present of revolutions and catastrophes occurring at wide intervals of time, of slow progressive advancement to its present state, and of the existence of various orders of created beings which successively occupied its surface before it was finally fitted for the abode of man. These phenomena, or rather the principles on which they are explained in the modern schools of geology, have been thought to militate against the history of the creation contained in the first chapters of Genesis. The difficulty has been fairly stated by Professor Buckland in his Inaugural Lecture some years ago published: and we think he has acted judiciously in not coming to any peremptory conclusion upon this disputed question.

The usual mode of solving the difficulty has been to interpret the six *days* of the creation, not as natural days determined by the revolution of the earth on its axis, but as indefinite periods of time: and to this explanation Mr. Buckland seems disposed in that lecture to incline. Others object to it with great vehemence, as wholly incompatible with the institution of the Sabbath, which is manifestly set forth as the seventh day; and therefore they contend that the other six must necessarily be regarded as days in the same sense, and of the same kind.

Instead of presuming to decide peremptorily in this matter, our object will rather be to caution the friends of religion against a rash and possibly mischievous mode of vindicating their opinions. We beseech them to bear in mind that similar alarm has been taken, and similar zeal manifested for the cause of religion, in several instances which have all terminated in establishing the points so much dreaded; and yet Christianity, so far from receiving a shock, has only emerged from the controversy with increased vigour and lustre. It is hardly necessary to remind them of the persecutions raised against the first teachers of the Copernican system of the universe. The doctrine was pronounced to be contradictory to the language of holy writ, and was accordingly condemned as false and impious. Nay, so late as the early part of the 18th century, when the Jesuits’ edition of Newton appeared, it was thought necessary by the editors to prefix an advertisement, disclaiming all belief in the system thus demonstrated, because it  
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had been declared unscriptural by the church, and setting it forth only as a series of deductions from a false hypothesis.\*

We would call to their recollection also the opinions formerly maintained as to the plenary and even literal inspiration of Scripture—the clamour raised against the first collections of various readings in the copies of the New Testament—and still later against those of the Old. Vossius, we know, came forward as a champion to vindicate the inspiration of the Septuagint version; and it was by many deemed impious to suppose that Almighty God would commit the transmission of his word to the same accidents and errors to which all human compositions are liable.

Well indeed is it for us that the cause of revelation does not depend upon questions such as these: for it is remarkable that in every instance the controversy has ended in a gradual surrender of those very points which were at one time represented as involving the vital interests of religion. Truth, it is certain, cannot be opposed to truth. How inconsiderate a risk then do those advocates run, who declare that the whole cause is at issue in a single dispute, and that the substance of our faith hangs upon a thread—upon the literal interpretation of some word or phrase against which fresh arguments are springing up from day to day!

Why, for instance, must we be compelled to understand the word *day* in the first chapter of Genesis precisely in the same sense it now bears, viz. the period of the earth's rotation on its own axis? Certain it is from the narrative itself, that the word does not bear the same meaning throughout that chapter; for the first three days were passed before the creation of the sun is mentioned: and yet in these, no less than in the others, the portion of time is denoted by the words 'evening and morning;' which, according to their received import, necessarily suppose the existence of the sun. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are firmly convinced that the institution of the Sabbath is a divine ordinance from the beginning—that the observance of it is enjoined as commemorative of the close of the great work of creation, and that its solemn obligation is expressed by the parallel which it pleased God to draw between the progress of his own works, and the destined employment of that being whom he made in his own likeness. Yet no one can believe, when it is said God *rested* from his works, that he really underwent fatigue and required repose. The same principle of accommodation

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\* Newtonus, in hoc tertio libro, telluris motæ hypothesim assumit. Autoris propositiones aliter explicari non poterant nisi eadem quoque tactâ hypothesi. Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam. Cæterum latis a summis Pontificibus contra telluris motum decretis nos obsequi profiteamur. Newtoni Princip. Ed. Jes. Genév. 1742. tom. iii. pars 1.

to our perceptions and modes of speaking must be admitted here as it is in a thousand other passages of Holy Scripture. Our *duty* cannot be mistaken, whatever interpretation we put upon the disputed words; and it is this duty which it is the main purpose of that volume to declare and to impress upon us.

We would further ask those who contend for the strict letter of Scripture, and for the mystical correspondence of the several days of the week with the order of the creation, upon what authority they have transferred the character of Sabbath from the seventh to the first day? The *reason* we do not ask for, for that is well-known, but the *authority*. The answer must be, that in this particular a constructive and traditional rule has been allowed gradually to supersede a positive command. Nay, it is well known; that within the church itself the practice has varied. For although the Lord's day has from the first been the weekly festival of Christians, yet the transfer of the Sabbatical *rest from labour* to that day was by no means uniform, nor did it form one of the canonical ordinances of the church in the first three centuries.

Again, let those who tremble for the authority of Scripture, if this point be conceded, recollect, how strict and peremptory the language is in a hundred instances of the Mosaic law, which have been abrogated in practice, without any positive declaration to that effect; and let them consider what a violence must have appeared to be done to the letter, especially in the apprehension of the early Jewish converts, when these observances were pronounced to be matters of indifference and suffered to die away. The Apostles themselves, we know, did not all agree in practice upon these points, and yet the divine authority of Scripture was universally acknowledged.

The Sabbath, it is certain, was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Every practical purpose therefore which it was intended to serve is fully answered whether we conform our physical system to the letter of Scripture or not—whether we consider the chapter of Genesis as setting forth the last formation only and the final adjustment of our globe to the occupation of man, (in which case the days may be regarded as portions of time equal to our natural days), or as declaring the whole series of changes the planet has undergone from the beginning of time.

It is by no means necessary to insist upon either of these interpretations as essential to our faith: and we repeat that the professor appears to us to have acted wisely in not attempting to determine the matter. Of this, however, we are quite sure; that the Scripture requires of us; both in its letter and in its spirit, to respect even the mistaken scruples of our brethren—to suffer errors of this kind, if they be errors, to die of themselves, not attempt

tempt to eradicate them with a violent hand. It teaches us to propose our opinions, when they militate against the conscientious impressions of others, in the most inoffensive form, not to take a malicious pleasure, as is sometimes done, in perplexing the mind or alarming the religious feelings of our neighbour—or to be forward in boasting our own superiority, and our freedom from his prejudices.

From errors such as these Professor Buckland stands wholly free, not only in the volume before us, but in the still more arduous and extensive work of his Academical Lectures. Into these he has largely introduced new and convincing proofs of providential design—of that system of final causes, which is deeply impressed on the whole mechanism of nature; the contemplation of which disposes the mind to pious feelings, and to a thirst for that more intimate knowledge of the Creator's will which the revelation of his word has conveyed to us. The importance of such services in an age of free inquiry, and among the hundreds of students who now flock to our universities, it is not easy to estimate; for though it be true that divine truth must in the end prevail over all opposition, yet the taint of infidelity may be imparted, by careless or irreligious teachers, to many whose minds will never afterwards possess the strength or the opportunity to expel it. The charge then that is committed even to the professors of physical science is precious and sacred; and happy is that age and country in which it is placed side by side with the interests of religion, in the hands of men whose education is enlightened and liberal, and who unite, as may surely always be done, the character of the scholar and the Christian with that of the philosopher, in their investigations of the frame and constitution of the material world.

ART. VII.—*Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time: with the suppressed Passages of the First Volume, and Notes by the Earls of Dartmouth and Hardwicke and Speaker Onslow, hitherto unpublished. To which are added the Cursory Remarks of Swift, and other Observations.* 6 vols. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

THE Clarendon Press has of late years been well employed in republishing books of sterling value, such as the historical works of Prideaux and Shuckford, the voluminous collections of Strype, to whom, of all men, our ecclesiastical history is most indebted, Hooker, Barrow, Sherlock, Butler, and other worthies of our church. Burnet's History of the Reformation had already been given, and we have now his History of his Own Time from

the same press, with some singularly curious accompaniments. The passages now restored were struck out by the original editor, because, though the Bishop was too careless whose memory he blackened, or whose feelings he might wound, his son seems to have felt that by expunging what was most injurious to others, he consulted best the reputation of his father. Some trifling alterations he made, to soften or amend the author's language; but the suppressed passages were mostly of an acrimonious or malicious character. One of the most remarkable relates to Charles I., upon the alleged authority of whose letters to the Duke of Hamilton, Burnet declares that he could not admire his judgement, his understanding, or his temper; pronounces that he had little tenderness in his nature, little regard to law, and seemed to think he was not bound to observe any promises or concessions that were extorted from him by the necessity of his affairs. The whole passage is utterly disgraceful to Burnet; he confesses that, in his *Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*, he omitted those things in the king's letters from which he drew this conclusion; and he forgets (which the present editor has most properly remarked) that Hamilton, at his execution, said of Charles, 'I have had the honour since my childhood to attend and be near him, till now of late, and during all that time I observed in him as many virtues and as little vice as in any man I ever knew.' He forgets also his own declaration that he proposed to himself nothing more in those *Memoirs* 'than to let the world see the great piety and strictness of conscience that blessed prince carried along with him in all his affairs.' There is reason to believe that King William was treated by the Bishop with as much malevolence as his predecessors, but the suppressed passages in the latter half of the history have not been recovered; supposing them to be of the same character as those which are now restored, they may be allowed to perish without regret. \*

Swift's cursory notes are characteristic of their author; they exhibit at once his hatred and his contempt of Burnet, sometimes captious, sometimes dirty, generally shrewd, always short and caustic; never stopping to confute or controvert the passages upon which he comments. Like Warburton, in his excellent remarks upon Neal's *History of the Puritans*, (the most dishonest book in our language, Dodd's *Roman Catholic Church History* not excepted,) he contents himself with expressing his opinion in the bitterest terms which occurred, such as, dog! Scotch dog! rogue! vain fop! silly fop! canting puppy! treacherous villain! well said, bishop! false! false and scandalous! false and spiteful! and once he says, false as hell! This last indignant contradiction is provoked by a base charge in the text against Archbishop Sancroft, 'that though he

he seemed zealous against popery in private discourse, he was of such a timorous temper, and so set on the enriching his nephew, that he shewed no sort of courage.' So reprehensible a passage has called forth a censure also from Lord Dartmouth: 'this reflection,' he says, 'might well have been spared upon a man who gave sufficient proof at the revolution that he could quit the highest preferment rather than comply with any thing contrary to his conscience; especially from the most interested, confident, busy man that ever his nation produced.' Burnet says that the Earl of Argyll was 'free of all scandalous vices,' upon which Swift remarks, 'as a man is free of a corporation, he means.' The Bishop speaks of Q. Henrietta Maria as a woman who 'loved all her life long to be in intrigues of all sorts.' 'Not of love, I hope,' says her commentator. Burnet observed it was an extraordinary thing that a random cannon shot should have killed Turenne. 'How extraordinary?' says his sarcastic reader; 'might it not kill him as well as any other man?' In his account of the Rye House Plot, Burnet says that the parties 'ran into much wicked talk' about the way of killing the king and his brothers, 'but nothing was ever fixed on, all was but talk.' *All plots begin with talk*, is the just observation of Swift upon this. Burnet says of Baillie, (who was indeed sacrificed by the foulest injustice,) that his 'behaviour looked like the reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians and first martyrs in those best days of the church.' *For he was our cousin*, Swift writes in the margin. Burnet affirms that the presbyterians 'loved episcopal ordination and the liturgy, and upon some amendments seemed disposed to come into the church; and they liked the civil government and limited monarchy.' 'A damnable lie,' says the Dean. The year 1688, says Burnet, formed an extraordinary and unheard-of revolution. The Devil's in that, remarks Swift, 'sure all Europe heard of it.' The Bishop gives *lero lero lilibulero* as Irish words. Swift says they are not Irish, but better than Scotch. Sometimes he sneers at the style for its carelessness or its poverty; sometimes condemns it as 'dark nonsense,' or 'sad trash.' It is worthy of notice that he objects to the word 'mob,' calling it sarcastically a word of dignity for an historian. Concerning the settlement of the government at the revolution, Swift declares himself to be one of those persons who thought there was an original contract between the King and the people of England; yet he says he would have been for a regency, as much the best expedient; but he admits the force of the argument, that men knew they might act legally, and therefore safely, under a king, but not under a regent created by the Convention; and that James, by flying to the enemy of the nation rather than submit to

reasonable terms, had put the people of England to the necessity of securing themselves upon a legal bottom.

Upon Burnet's bold assertion that the presumptive proofs of imposture on the birth of the Prince of Wales were 'more convincing than plain and downright evidence,' Swift remarks, 'well said, Bishop!' Burnet's political character, indeed, is far from clear, and this is the worst part of it. He accepted the dirty office of gathering together these proofs, and making out a case in support of one of the most impudent falsehoods that was ever swallowed by gaping credulity. The fact is known by his own avowal of it; for upon further deliberation, the government wisely abstained from producing the case formally before the public. It is worthy of notice that there had been precisely a similar disposition in the case of Queen Mary to believe that a supposititious child would be produced. Probably at both periods it had been instilled into the people; and some colour on both occasions was given to the suspicion by the confident folly with which the Catholics proclaimed their expectation of a male heir. A most impudent and licentious example of this may be seen in the verses composed by an English Jesuit at Loretto; James's queen had offered to the idol of that celebrated shrine an angel of gold, holding a heart covered with diamonds; the priests there affirmed it appeared by sure calculation that she had conceived at the very moment when this offering entered the *Santa Casa*, and they produced a dialogue between the guardian angel of the queen and their Lady of Loretto, in which the angel requests that his client may have a son, and the Virgin assures him the request is granted at the moment it is made.

Swift's remarks, brief as they are, were in general well worthy of preservation; right or wrong, (for some of them are certainly to be regretted, and we are sorry to see them inserted here,) whatever comes from him bears the stamp of his original and strong character. Lord Dartmouth's notes are of a very different description; he from his own knowledge sometimes corrects the Bishop's statement, and sometimes adds to the information in the text. His opinion of Burnet, though he thought him a man of the most extensive knowledge he had ever met with, is on the whole little more favourable than Swift's, though somewhat less contemptuous. 'He had read and seen a great deal,' his lordship says, 'with a prodigious memory, and a very indifferent judgment; he was extremely partial, and readily took every thing for granted that he heard to the prejudice of those that he did not like, which made him pass for a man of less truth than he really was. I do not think he designedly published any thing he believed to be false.' Lord Dartmouth, on perusing the second portion of the work, (which was not published till

• eleven

eleven years after the first,) thought he saw reason to alter this opinion; 'I wrote,' says he, 'in the first volume of this book that I did not believe the Bishop designedly published any thing he believed to be false; therefore think myself obliged to write in this, that I am fully satisfied that he published many things that he knew to be so.' And, at the close of the work, where Burnet prays God that his history may be read with the same candour and sincerity with which he has written it, his commentator adds, 'thus piously ends the most partial, malicious heap of scandal and misrepresentation, that was ever collected for the laudable design of giving a false impression of persons and things to all future ages.'

Lord Dartmouth's censure is too severe; in politics he was uniformly opposed to the Bishop, and his remarks savour too often of the bitterness of personal dislike; a feeling which Burnet appears more than any man to have excited in his contemporaries. The Bishop was busier in state affairs and, less excusably, in political intrigues, than be seemed his station and profession. Among the Scotch he was unpopular because he sought and obtained preferment in an episcopal church; the members of that church regarded him with suspicion as a presbyterian at heart, because on all occasions he favoured the dissenters, and depreciated the establishment to which he belonged; and it was his singular ill fortune to be vilified and slandered by those even who agreed with him in their general views and took the same part in public life. Cunningham, who seldom displays the slightest malevolence or want of candour on any other subject, never mentions Burnet without reviling and calumniating him. The manner in which he treats him on one occasion is perfectly villainous. 'Being sent for,' he says, 'to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, on his death bed, he published a book upon that subject, wherein he betrayed the secrets of confession, to the great dishonour of God, by reason of the monstrous principles of Spinoza therein discovered.' The excellent little book which is thus malignantly censured need not now be defended against the slanderer; and the effrontery with which he accuses Burnet of betraying the secrets of confession, is exposed by the book itself, Burnet having been charged by Rochester 'to publish any thing concerning him, that might be a mean to reclaim others.' The dying penitent commanded his mother's chaplain to preach abroad and let all men know how severely God had disciplined him for his sins, by his afflicting hand, and that his sufferings were most just; and he prayed that as his life had done much hurt, so his death might do some good. How little has the falsehood of such an accusation injured him whom it was intended

to



to wound ! but how deep and indelible a stain has it fixed upon the accuser !

Burnet's reputation has withstood the attacks of more formidable enemies : Arbuthnot, Swift and Pope directed their merciless satire against him ; their satire is still read, but so is his history ; and the history will continue to increase in estimation when the satire will be perused only by a few curious readers, and by them chiefly because it relates to so eminent a man. The personal faults and weaknesses of the historian were undisguised, he wore them *on his sleeve, for daws to peck at* ; but they were proofs rather of simplicity of character than of worldliness, and both in his life and writings the good predominated greatly ; his history is one which the present editor truly says ' will never lose its importance, but will continue to furnish materials for other historians, and to be read by those who wish to derive their knowledge of facts from the first sources of information. The accuracy of his narration has often been attacked with vehemence, and often, it must be confessed, with success, but not so often as to overthrow the general credit of his work. On the contrary, it has in many instances been satisfactorily defended, and time has already evinced the truth of certain records which rested on this single authority.' He who should take his opinion of those times from Burnet's work alone would form a partial and erroneous estimate of one of the most important ages in English history ; but his knowledge of that age would be meagre indeed without it.

A more just and liberal view of the period which Burnet's history embraces cannot be presented than that with which the present editor (who is understood to be the highly respected president of Magdalen College) concludes his preface.

' The great influence which personal character had formerly on events, together with other causes, occasions the reign of Charles the First, in which the contest for political power commenced, to form the most interesting period of English history, whether we are disposed to triumph with the conquering party, or to espouse and commiserate the cause of high honour and suffering loyalty. The frequent and remarkable changes of government during the Interregnum, as well as the singular and energetic character of the protector Cromwell, secure the attention of every reader. The disputes, which arose between an unprincipled, but good humoured monarch, regardless alike of his own honour and the national interest, and a restless, violent, and merciless faction, are subjects of deep concern, on account of their melancholy results. At the same time, the mind feels consolation in the virtues of Ormond, Clarendon, and Southampton. And, notwithstanding the enormities of courtiers and anti-courtiers, we reflect with pleasure on the freedom then first securely enjoyed, from every species of arbitrary taxation, and from extra-judicial imprisonment ; on the provision  
made

made for the meeting of parliament once in three years at the most; in a word, on the possession of a constitution, which King William admired so much, that he professed himself afraid to improve it. The gloom of the next reign, overcast and ruined as its prospects were by folly and oppression, and finally closed by means of intrigue, falsehood, and intimidation, is in part enlivened by a view of the courageous and disinterested conduct of Sancroft, Hough, Dundee, Craven, and a few others. Some of these persons, desirous of a parliamentary redress of grievances, thought that, instead of the force put upon the person of the king, an accommodation might and ought to have been effected with him; as he had a little before, when threatened with the just and open hostility of his subjects for his perversion of the law, and maintenance of a standing army, made very important concessions. Yet it may reasonably be doubted, whether a composition with a prince of his disposition and feeble judgment, whatever good qualities he was otherwise possessed of, would eventually have been lasting, or even reducible to practice. The appeal made by him to his subjects immediately after his retreat to another country, was signed by a secretary of state employed contrary to law.

Times had now passed, which were chequered with great virtues and vices: but the reigns of William and Anne exhibit to the reader one uniform scene of venality and corruption; and the mind, instead of being interested, is disgusted with the contests of two parties for the government of the country, assuming, as it best suited their selfish purposes, each other's principles. The long contemplated change in the executive government was at length effected; its power being virtually transferred to combinations of persons possessed of great influence in parliamentary elections, and in parliament itself. Hence what has been called the practice of the constitution differed widely from its theory; and to this depression of the crown and of its direct power, occasioned by the seeming necessity for the almost constant sitting of parliament, were added maxims totally annihilating the will of the single person, and in conjunction with other causes, finally subversive of all dutiful and affectionate attachment to authority. These maxims, not recognized as constitutional by Clarendon, Hale or Locke, were advanced in order to colour and justify the alteration. A wider and more extensive field was now opened for the exertion of talents, serviceable indeed to the advancement of the individual, but as often pernicious as useful to the public. In these reigns also, contrary to every principle of justice, were laid the deep and broad foundations of a debt, which no other than the political system then adopted could have entailed on a nation. It ought still however to be remembered, that at, or soon after the revolution, a solemn recognition was made of the liberties of Englishmen; the power of dispensing with the laws was abrogated in all cases; the judges were no longer dismissible at the sole pleasure of the crown; a provision was made against the long continuance of parliaments; freedom of religious worship was secured to the great body of Protestant dissenters; the important and necessary measure of a union with Scotland was effected; the liberty of the press established;

established; trials for treason better regulated; and a more exact and impartial administration of justice generally introduced in the kingdom. Which blessings, together with all other constitutional rights, may God's providence, and a virtuous and independent spirit, continue to us! —*Preface*, p. xxix.

The first portion of Burnet's work is much the most important. England after the Revolution was deeply engaged in continental politics; the character of the age became military: his accounts of foreign and military transactions are neither comprehensive nor distinct; nor indeed was he so well informed concerning the secret springs of our domestic policy as in earlier life, when he had borne a more active part himself, and had been more trusted. The subject also itself is of a higher interest. The country underwent greater changes during the reign of Charles II. than in any preceding age; changes not produced by violence, but by the gradual and natural course of events, and thus permanently affecting the manners, the institutions, and the character of the nation.

No event had ever been so deeply and generally desired by the English people as the restoration of Charles II. They looked to it as the only means of their deliverance from an intolerable tyranny; as the only circumstance which could put an end to calamities of twenty years continuance. He had left the kingdom a proscribed and hunted fugitive, escaping almost by miracle; his return to it was brought about not by any effort on his own part or that of his friends, but by so general a concurrence in his favour of those who had been most instrumental in his father's overthrow, that both at home and abroad it was regarded as a manifest intervention of Providence. His journey from Dover to Canterbury was like a triumphant procession. In the towns through which he past, the streets were festooned with garlands, 'curiously made up with costly scarfs and ribbauds, decorated with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts, and some with gold chains, each striving to outdo others in all expression of joy.' From Rochester to Blackheath, Lord Clarendon describes the highways as being on both sides 'crowded with such a multitude of people, that it seemed one continued street, wonderfully inhabited.' On Blackheath, where the troops were drawn up to receive and escort him, he was welcomed by the country people with a morris dance; the old music of tabor and pipe was heard, and Maid Marian and the Hobby-horse, who were proscribed during the dismal Calvinistic tyranny, appeared once more in all their glory. A hundred young women, clad alike in white garments, with scarfs about them, were placed in Deptford to strew the way before him, as he rode, with flowers and fragrant herbs. His entrance into London was made with all the splendour of civic magnificence,

magnificence, the most eminent citizens forming part of the procession, 'all well mounted, all in black velvet coats, with chains of gold about their necks, and every one his footman with suit, cassock and ribbands of the colour of his company. The houses were hung with tapestry, carpets and costly stuffs; bands of music were stationed in the streets, and the conduits ran with claret as he past.' Such multitudes followed that they were seven hours in passing the city, 'even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.' 'I stood in the Strand,' says Evelyn, 'and beheld it, and blest God!' Within the rails, where Charing Cross had stood, before the Puritans, in their brutal bigotry, destroyed it, was 'a stand of six hundred pikes, consisting of knights and gentlemen who had been officers in the late king's armies, Sir John Stowell at their head.' Ill as the old cavaliers were requited, it is not to be believed that Charles could at that moment have looked upon the subjects of his father who had served him so well, and suffered so severely in his service, without emotion. And at the moment when the guns announced his entrance into Whitehall, some of the bishops and of their long oppressed brethren performed *Te Deum* in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

The demonstrations of joy in all parts of the kingdom were so general and sincere, that Charles frequently said it could be nobody's fault but his own that he had staid so long abroad when all mankind wished him so heartily at home. The loyalty of the people seemed to be met with corresponding confidence on his part, so that both from the temper of the king and of the nation the reign might have been expected to proceed as auspiciously as it had begun. According to Burnet's opinion, all the errors of that reign may be imputed to the king's coming in without conditions. Sir Matthew Hale had moved that a committee might be appointed to look into the concessions which the late king had offered during the war, particularly at the treaty of Newport, and digest from thence such proposals as they should think fit to be sent over to Charles. But when Monk represented the imminent danger of throwing the country again into confusion, if the government were left in an unsettled state while such a point was in discussion, the house rejected the proposal by acclamation. The truth is, that, in receiving the king unconditionally, they neither intended to surrender the liberties of the nation, nor in the slightest degree endangered them. The Commons retained their constitutional power, with all that increase which recent events and the progress of society had given it; the King was dependent upon them for those supplies without which even the ordinary expenses of government could not be supported; and there was more indication of a disposition on their part to make him feel that dependence,

pendence, than of any desire on his to throw it off and render himself an arbitrary sovereign. He would gladly have been as absolute as the king of France, if circumstances had brought the English monarchy to that form; for he thought 'government was a much safer and easier thing when the authority was believed infallible, and the faith and submission of the people was implicit.' But his good sense and his constitutional temper prevented this opinion from influencing his conduct: he loved ease and indulgence too well, and had wisely determined that no imprudence of his own should ever compel him to set out again on his travels.

Yet the reign which commenced thus auspiciously proved in its course deeply disgraceful both to the king and to the nation. Even at this distance of time it is difficult to determine whether the one party or the other were more sinned against or sinning, so much is there on either side which must appear utterly indefensible to those who consider it impartially. Much of this must undoubtedly be ascribed to the King's personal misconduct; more to the profligacy of those who were at one time his ministers, at another the most inveterate and dangerous of his enemies. But mostly the events of this reign may be traced to those predisposing causes whereby the character not of Charles alone and the politicians of his age, but of the nation and the times had been formed. The sins of the father were visited upon the children. So it was announced by revelation to the Israelites that it should be; and so upon the great scale of things it is, and must be in the order of Providence; for in this respect mankind are and always will be under a visible dispensation. 'I have heard, indeed,' says Dryden, 'of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation; Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general.' It is equally true that no wicked nation has ever escaped its deserved punishment.

The extreme profligacy of the lower orders in Paris, which the better part of the French people perceived and deplored, even before the Revolution called it into full action, was ascribed by many of the French themselves to the extreme misery which had prevailed in that city during the time of the League. Private afflictions, when they come in the ordinary course of nature, are not more salutary to the individuals whom they chasten, than great and overwhelming national calamities are destructive to general virtue. In this respect, ages of revolution and anarchy are like seasons of pestilence, which is less frightful for its ravages, even when death is in every house, than for the horrible dissolution of social and moral ties which it produces. 'How,' says Quarles, when he describes the feelings of the 'plague affrighted man,' 'how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears! were it

it a sickness whose distraction took not away thy means of preparation, it were an easy calamity : were it a sickness whose contagion dissolved not the comfortable bonds of sweet society, it were but half a misery. But as it is,—sudden, solitary, incurable,—what so terrible ! what so comfortless ? At such times

Heaven's music, which is order, seems unstrung,  
And this brave world,  
The mystery of God, unbeautified,  
Disordered, marr'd, where such strange scenes are acted.

The Restoration was the only possible remedy for the evils which so many years of misery and triumphant wickedness had induced. But remedies are always slower in their operation than the evils for which they are administered ; and the state of England, when that desired event by which alone legitimate order could be restored was brought about, may be likened to the condition of a cultivated and fertile country, after the waters of some wide and terrible inundation have subsided : landmarks obliterated, roads broken up, houses overthrown, foundations laid bare, the labours and the hopes of the year destroyed ; fields and gardens covered with slime and wreck, or rendered barren, some because the soil has been swept away, others because it is buried beneath stones and gravel ; yet even these are less mournful than the consequences of a revolution, for they may sooner and more surely be repaired.

Though Charles the Second had few virtues, he was not without some redeeming qualities which are akin to them ; and it would be disparaging human nature were we to doubt that, when he landed, his intentions were just and his feelings generous. But he was soon made to feel how impossible it was to set right a time so ' out of joint,' and to lament that he had neither the means of being generous, nor the power of being just. When he past the act of indemnity, he told parliament that he had not been able to give his brother one shilling since he came into England, nor to keep any table in his house but that at which he ate himself ; adding, with characteristic good nature, ' that which troubles me most is to see many of you come to me to Whitehall, and to think that you must go somewhere else to seek your dinner.' The bill which he then past was called by those whose hopes it defeated, an act of oblivion for his friends and of indemnity for his enemies. The Earl of Bristol had supported it in a remarkable speech, and with a feeling worthy his better days, though he thought it defective in many things reasonable, and redundant in many things unreasonable. ' This, my lords,' said he, ' may appear a surprizing motion from a person thought to be (as indeed I am) as much inflamed as any man living with indignation at the detestable proceedings of the late usurped power, so pernicious to the public,

and

and so injurious to my own particular ; in whom the motion may seem yet more surprizing, when I shall have told you with truth, that I am irreparably ruined in my fortune for my loyalty, if this bill of indemnity to others for their disloyalty should pass. But the ground I go upon is this received maxim as to all public sanctions, better a mischief than an inconvenience : yea, better innumerable mischiefs to particular persons or families, than one heavy inconvenience to the public.—My lords, I profess unto you, I find myself set on fire when I think that the blood of so many virtuous and meritorious peers, and persons, and others of all ranks, so cruelly and impiously shed, should cry so loud for vengeance, and not find it from us ! That many of the wretchedest and meanest of the people should remain, as it were, rewarded for their treasons, rich and triumphant in the spoils of the most eminent in virtue and loyalty, of all the nobility and gentry of the kingdom ! What generous spirit can make reflection upon these things and not find his heart burn into rage within him ? Here it is, my lords, that we sufferers have need of all our philosophy ! But when I consider that these are mischiefs only to the sufferers, and that to insist upon a remedy might perhaps expose the public to an irreparable inconvenience, I thank God I find in an instant all my resentments calmed and submitted to my primary duty.’

The principle upon which Digby thus argued could not be contested. But the Cavaliers had some reason for saying, when they compared themselves to Job, both for poverty and patience, that they had been tried with severer provocations. ‘Men were well enough contented,’ says Clarendon, ‘that the King should grant indemnity to all men that had rebelled against him ; that he should grant their lives and fortunes to them who had forfeited them to him. But they thought it very unreasonable and unjust that the King should release those debts which were immediately due to them, and forgive those trespasses which had been committed to their particular damage. They could not endure to meet the same men on the king’s highway, now it was the king’s highway again, who had heretofore affronted them in those ways, because they were not the king’s, and only because they knew they could obtain no justice against them. They could not with any patience see those men who not only during the war had oppressed them, plundered their houses, and had their own adorned with the furniture they had robbed them of, ride upon the same horses which they had then taken from them, upon no other pretence but because they were better than their own ; but after the war was ended, had committed many insolent trespasses upon them wantonly, and to show their power of justices of the peace, or committee men, and had from the lowest beggary raised great estates,

out

out of which they were well able to satisfy, at least in some degree, the damages the other had sustained.' This is indeed *jus datum sceleri*, and must have been more galling than the injury itself to those who, amid all their sacrifices, had cheered themselves with believing all would be well, 'when the king enjoyed his own again.' The necessity of thus sacrificing justice to expediency was too evident, but this necessity is one of the most fatal consequences which revolutions leave behind them. Claudian tells us in one of his finest passages, that the prosperity of the wicked made him doubt the providence and even existence of the gods, satisfied as his understanding had been of both when he contemplated the manifestations of their wisdom and power in the visible creation.

Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,  
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset  
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu?  
Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,  
Præscriptosque mari fines, annisque meatus,  
Et lucis noctisque vices; tunc omnia rebar  
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri  
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,  
Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserit igni  
Compleri, Sôlemque suo; porrexerit undis  
Littora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.  
Sed cum res hominum tantâ caligine volvi  
Adspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,  
Vexarique pios; rursus labefacta cadebat  
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar  
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina, motu  
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras  
Fortunâ non arte regi; quæ Numina sensu  
Ambiguo vel nulla putat, vël nescia nostrî.

The heathen poet proceeds to say, that by the punishment of Rufinus, his mind was relieved from this disquietude, and the gods were acquitted:

Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum  
Absolvitque Deos.

That just and right-minded man Sir Philip Warwick confesses that he had been led into the same temptation. When he arrives in his Memoirs at the last stage of his royal master's life, he says, 'knowing his goodness and Christian patience, I ever expected (and there were often rational hopes to feed that desire) such a deliverance from God in his behalf, as He had at other times afforded unto David, by teaching his hands to fight, and giving victory unto his Anointed. But his end, (I speak it to my shame,) as it flung me into great melancholy so it did into some diffidence; and was the occasion to me of attempting an essay about knowing



God and a man's self by the light of reason and revelation.' Distributions of temporal justice, indeed, are not needed to confirm the well founded belief of those who look beyond the grave for that general and perfect retribution which they know to be impossible here. But when justice fails to triumphant wickedness, and the greatest criminals secure for themselves impunity by the very magnitude of their crimes, the faith of the weak is shaken, and reprobates are strengthened in impiety.

In no other age of English history had so many causes combined to injure the national character. The very misery of their condition had tended to deprave those royalists who (in Clarendon's words) 'had been born and bred in those times *when there was no king in Israel.*' They contracted habits of drinking to excess, from the mere 'uneasiness of their fortunes, or the necessity of frequent meetings together, for which taverns were the most secure places.' The consequences of riotous intemperance were disregarded by men who were ready to set their lives upon the hazard in any desperate attempt, and it was even politic in those who were planning such attempts, to affect a dissolute and careless course of life; thereby to shelter themselves from suspicion. Cleaveland confirms this in one of his Cavalier-songs.

Come fill my cup until it swim  
With foam that overlooks the brim.  
Who drinks the deepest? Here's to him.  
*Sobriety and study breeds*  
*Suspicion in our acts and deeds;*  
*The downright drunkard no man heeds.*

But the vices into which the Cavaliers, according to their own confession, were led by 'pride, poverty and passion,' were imitated when their day of triumph arrived, by the vilest of their former enemies; hypocrites, who 'formerly would as soon cut a Cavalier's throat as swear an oath, and esteemed it a less sin,' became sinners as ostentatiously as they had enacted the part of saints before, 'terming us,' says Captain Hammond, 'fools, that we did not turn knaves as they did, and then face about with them.' Knavery had long reigned paramount: the ragged and thread-bare cloak of hypocrisy was now thrown off, and men attained that last degree of depravity in which they feel and avow self-gratification to be the main spring and sole principle of their conduct. One set of men were debauched by undeserved prosperity; others were ruined in mind as well as fortune, by the miseries to which not their own misconduct, but the deplorable circumstances of the kingdom had reduced them. For it is worthy of consideration, that the afflictions which come in the order of nature, and those which are induced by the course of society, differ as much in their effect as in their cause.

Sickness

Sickness and pain bring with them patience and resignation, and the sorrows which wean us from this life, prepare and hasten us for the next: but the wounds which are inflicted by fortune, fester. Evils brought upon us by the constitution of society are naturally resented as wrongs; they who feel that

The world is not their friend, nor the world's law,  
are tempted to consider themselves in a state of moral outlawry, unless they are withheld by the restraints of religion; and the worst effect of misery is the moral evil which it produces.

The temporal condition of the English people had never been so good as it was before the commencement of the civil wars. The increase of trade had been so great, owing to the disturbed state of other countries, that the revenues arising from the customs had nearly doubled; and the effect of this prosperity was felt by all ranks. 'I think,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'I may truly say, that there were few good cobblers in London but had a silver beaker, so rife were silver vessels among all conditions.' Twenty years of civil war, usurpation, and anarchy had produced a woeful change. Pauperism had increased beyond all former example; and at the time of the Restoration it was computed that there were not less than ten thousand persons imprisoned for debt; a far greater number hiding themselves and living in continual fear of arrest. This evil past away with the generation, and the nation soon appeared to prosper; for the wish of Erasmus, that the English were as industrious as they were ingenious, had been fulfilled. But the vices which these miserable times had generated, continued to pollute the land. Anarchy had introduced wickedness of every kind. The rebellion had set parent against child and child against parent; policy in some cases producing an apparent passion, in more, a real disunion. The old forms of filial piety, which the heart cannot with impunity throw off, had been discountenanced, as so many vestiges of superstition; and the sectarian who could sow disunion in a family and teach the children to despise the controul of their parents and act in defiance of them, rejoiced in the service which he had rendered to the good cause. Education had been grievously disregarded. The young royalists were in the camp, who otherwise would have been pursuing their academic studies; when the struggle ceased, the ruined fortunes of their party rendered them unable to support the expense of training up their sons according to their birth; and by their triumphant enemies profane learning was regarded either with abhorrence or contempt. This continued after the Restoration. 'What an unfashionable fellow art thou,' says one of Shadwell's 'gentlemen of wit and sense,'—'that in this age art given to understand Latin!' 'Tis true,' is the reply, 'I am a bold fellow to pretend to it, when

when it's accounted pedantry for a gentleman to spell, and where the race of gentlemen is more degenerated than that of horses.—If they go on as they begin, the gentlemen of the next age will scarce have learning enough to claim the benefit of the clergy for manslaughter.' Thirty years later, one of the questions proposed to John Dunton's Athenian Society, was 'Why is the learning of the tongues in so little repute, and persons so difficultly persuaded to it?'

The king, who was called to rule over a nation thus deteriorated, had been trained in the school of adversity; and they who looked only at the surface of things, supposed that he and his followers had profited in it. 'Plenty and prosperity,' says Count Hamilton, 'which are thought to lead only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.' Charles had in reality, during the latter years of his long exile, composed his mind to his fortune; but he had succeeded in so doing less by the aid of virtuous principles, than of an easy and cheerful temper. That temper enabled him to retain in an extraordinary degree the affections of his subjects, through the whole course of his reign; it led him also into those personal vices and political crimes for which he stands deservedly condemned by posterity.

Him, Virtue's nurse, Adversity, in vain  
Received, and fostered in her iron breast;  
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,  
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain  
And long privation, now dissolves amain,  
Or is remembered only to give zest  
To wantonness.

It must however be admitted, that in some things, and those of great importance, he was unfortunate as well as culpable.

Defoe wrote his *Religious Courtship* to exhibit in a familiar manner the unhappy consequences of marriage between persons of opposite persuasions in religion. It is composed with his characteristic talent, and continued till within these few years to be one of those books which were printed on coarse paper for popular sale, and to be found at fairs and country shops with Pomfret's *Poems*, Harvey's *Meditations*, and the *Death of Abel*. Had it been Defoe's purpose to show the political evils arising from a similar cause, he would have found them fully exemplified in the ill-omened marriage of Charles I. That marriage produced no domestic infelicity, because Charles was the most affectionate of husbands, not because his

his queen was the most deserving of wives: but it unquestionably contributed to the misfortunes of his reign, and drew on the ruin of his family. When Henrietta past through Amiens\* on her way to England, a girl who stood in the niche of a triumphal arch to personate Bertha, Queen of Kent, addressed her in these lines:

*J'étois fille de France, Espouse d'un grand Roy,  
A qui j'ay faict cognoistre un seul Dieu qu'on adore.  
Je n'ay que commencé, faisant comme l'Aurore,  
Qui vous ay attiré, vray Soleil de la Foy.*

If Henrietta did not at that time entertain the hope of performing the ambitious part which was thus assigned her, the priests of her religion believed that by her means a way was opened for the conversion of England, and presuming on their absolute authority over her conscience, they exercised it with an insolence that defeated its own views. They were mad enough to enjoin her, in penance, to wait upon her domestic servants at their ordinary meals; to walk through the dirt on a rainy morning from Somerset House to St. James's, the confessor going at the same time in his coach; and even to walk barefoot to Tyburn, and offer her prayers in honour of the Romanists who had suffered there as traitors! They attempted also to baptize her first born child as soon as it was born, and would have done it if the king had not been apprized in time of their intention. Henrietta believed herself bound to obey her spiritual directors rather than her husband; all other duties were to be disregarded, all other ties broken, if the interests of her religion could be advanced. The wildest enthusiasts have never proclaimed these intolerable doctrines more audaciously in defiance of divine and human laws, than the Romish Church. She was in many respects† unworthy of her husband; but in this the fault was not personal; it proceeded from sincere devotion to a church whose principles and practices are incompatible with the welfare of this nation, and with the good of mankind. The language of its defenders was then what it is now: 'Out of that church there is no salvation, as there was none out of Noah's Ark which is its type:'—these are the words of M. Grégoire, the liberal ex-bishop, who, while he maintains that men have a right to civil toleration, declares that religious toleration is an outrage against God, a point of religion upon which he agrees as heartily with gangrened Edwards and 'Scotch Rutherford,' as he differs

\* The poets of Amiens exerted all their strength upon this occasion, in proof of which they exhibited this distich upon a representation of Mount Parnassus:

*Cette Reine qui passe,  
Fait suer le Parnasse.*

† Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes (Vol. I. p. 64.) casts a stain upon her character. The anecdote may be merely scandalous; but it derives some probability from the positive assertion of Sir John Reresby that she was married to the Earl of St. Albans after the King's death, and from the manner in which that unworthy person is known to have behaved towards her.

from them in all others. How easy were it to demonstrate that wherever this principle is firmly believed, it becomes a duty, and of all duties the least equivocal and the most important, to save men from everlasting misery by any means however violent—*per fas et nefas!* And that the Romanists have felt it to be so is shown throughout the whole course of their history. It is seen in the exploits of the Inquisition, in the Marian persecution, and in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Some of those transactions may have been inexpedient, but in their intent, and end and aim, they were lawful, and laudable, and meritorious, if the Romish Church be infallible, and there be no salvation out of it!

Nothing but this belief could so have hardened Henrietta's heart as to make her act, after her husband's death, in direct opposition to his will, and that too in a matter so infinitely important as the religion of his children. 'If you never see my face again, (this was the affecting charge of the imprisoned king to his son Charles, in the last writing which he addressed to him,) 'if you never see my face again, and God will have me buried in such a barbarous imprisonment and obscurity (which the perfecting some men's designs requires) wherein few hearts that love me are permitted to exchange a word or a look with me; I do require and entreat you as your father and your king, that you never suffer your heart to receive the least check against, or disaffection from the true religion established in the church of England. I tell you I have tried it, and after much search and many disputes have concluded it to be the best in the world; not only in the community as Christian, but also in the special notion as reformed; keeping the middle way between the pomp of superstitious tyranny, and the meanness of fanatic anarchy.' And again, 'In this I charge you to persevere, as coming nearest to God's word for doctrine, and to the primitive examples for government.' The least excusable thing in the conduct of his sons (inexcusable in many things as they were) is that they should have had so little reverence for such a father! Light-minded as Henrietta was, nothing but the paramount authority of her religion could have made her sin against her husband's memory by seeking to draw his children from the communion of that church to which he had died a martyr. James is known to have said that his mother's injunction to him upon her last blessing, to remain steadfast in the Roman Catholic faith, was his main reason for adhering to it. She had not the same ascendancy over Charles. He indeed expressed his displeasure to her at the means which were taken for proselyting the Duke of Gloucester; and when he heard that the youth had been placed in the hands of the Jesuits, he could neither eat nor drink that day for vexation, and he exerted himself to prevent the perversion of  
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of his brother with becoming spirit and decision. On that occasion he gave evident proof that his own principles had not, at that time, been perverted; but his after conduct exemplified the unhappy consequences of having been bred up in a family divided against itself. With whatever care Charles I., truly pious as he was, endeavoured to have his children trained up in the way that they should go, it was not possible that they should receive the Protestant religion with that implicit faith, which, as Mr. Miller has convincingly shown, is the most reasonable, because it is among the most indispensable of all things. There is a beautiful passage in the Icon Basilike wherein Charles laments the outrageous proceedings of the puritans, as tending to confirm his queen in her attachment to the Romish church. 'I fear (he says) such motions (so little to the advancing of the Protestant profession!) may occasion a further alienation of mind and divorce of affections in her from that religion, which is the only thing wherein we differ.' And he calls this difference 'his greatest temporal infelicity.' A difference of this kind could not be concealed from the children when they were capable of observation. It was no light misfortune, had the evil ended there, to lose the advantages of maternal instruction in this most momentous concern; that earliest and natural instruction which of all others strikes root the deepest. But they suffered more than the loss of this; the principle of belief was unsettled; that difference between their parents which excited curiosity and wonder first, then uneasiness, led to indifference or doubt; and this consequence would have been inevitable, even if Henrietta, under a sense of obedience and duty to her husband, had refrained from those indirect means of influencing her children, from which no Catholic mother who truly believes the tenets of her own church can, will, or ought to refrain. How many calamities might have been averted from this kingdom, if, after the death of Mary, queen of Scots, an act had been past declaring that no Roman Catholic should succeed to the throne, and restricting the royal family from intermarrying with Catholics! A writer in the first unquiet years of William and Mary's reign says, with some feeling and beauty of expression, 'Tis easy to trace even our present as well as past misfortunes to this original, could we do it without disturbing the ashes of the dead, and, we had almost added,—the reliques of the martyrs.'

It was not in Charles II.'s nature to think or perplex himself much about any thing. Without examining, or caring for the points in controversy between the Protestants and the Papists, he was inclined to think favourably of the Roman Catholic church because he believed its principles were favourable to monarchy, and knew that its practices were convenient for one who having  
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the means of gratifying all his inclinations, did not wish to be withheld by any sense of duty, or scruples of conscience. Both he and his brother were disgusted at the foreign Protestants for their attachment to Cromwell, who (to his honour be it always remembered) had taken upon himself the protection of the Protestant cause with a spirit worthy of the nation over which, had his title been legitimate, assuredly he was worthy to have reigned. During their exile they had received more kindness from the Romish than from the reformed powers; perhaps also their minds were biassed against Protestantism, because zeal against papistry had been the main pretext by which the nation was engaged in rebellion. Their father had apprehended this effect, and cautioned them against it. 'The scandal of the late troubles (said he) which some may object and urge to you against the Protestant religion established in England, is easily answered to them, or your own thoughts, in this; that scarce any one who hath been a beginner, or an active prosecutor of this late war against the church, the laws and me, either was or is a true lover, embracer, or practiser of the Protestant religion established in England, which neither gives such rules, nor ever before set such examples. 'Tis true some heretofore had the boldness to present threatening petitions to their princes and parliaments, which others of the same faction, but of worse spirits, have now put in execution. But let not counterfeit and disorderly zeal abate your value and esteem of true piety; both of them are to be *known by their fruits*. The sweetness of the vine and fig-tree is not to be despised, though the brambles and thorns should pretend to bear figs and grapes, thereby to rule over the trees. Happy times, I hope, attend you, wherein your subjects by their miseries will have learned that religion to their God, and loyalty to their king, cannot be parted without both their ruin and their infelicity. I pray God bless you, and establish your kingdoms in righteousness, your soul in true religion, and your honour in the love of God and of your people.'

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τῇ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεὺς.

Τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔδωκε πατῆρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένυσσε.

The restoration was brought about by the spontaneous and general movement of a repentant nation, even in the manner which the royal martyr himself would most have desired; but his prayer for the righteousness of the kingdom, and for the religion and honour of his sons, was offered up in vain. Both had been corrupted, and that corruption was both a consequence and a punishment of the national crimes. Even the personal vices and the political faults of Charles II. and his successor were, in no small degree, produced by the unhappy circumstances into which the rebellion  
threw

threw them. Had they grown up in peace at their father's court, even though the temptations to which their rank is exposed should have counteracted the influence of his moral example, they would at least have been trained in old English feelings, and in a right old English taste. Their father was the liberal patron\* of Ben Jonson, and appreciated Shakspeare more truly, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries, Milton alone excepted. Had they grown up at his court, it is hardly possible that they should ever have been Frenchified in mind and heart. The true lovers of their country, who in that age lamented the irreparable evils which the civil war had caused, esteemed it not among the least of those evils that the royal family should have had their taste vitiated, their manners debauched, and their religion shaken or corrupted during the long exile into which they had been driven.

But the higher ranks were prepared for the contagion of those manners which Charles and his brother imported. Whether the well known Memoirs of Count Grammont are to be trusted or not in all their scandalous details, the general view there given of the English court is undoubtedly faithful. It is not possible to imagine a greater contrast than that between the women whose characters are there portrayed, and those—we will not say of Elizabeth's, or of her father's, but of the last reign—such, for example, as the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Fanshaw, and Mrs. Hutchinson, who were still living to lament and wonder at the shameless profligacy of their countrywomen. Sir John Reresby tells us Charles 'had this for his excuse, the women seemed to be the aggressors;' and he adds, 'I have since heard the King say they would sometimes offer themselves to his embraces.' This too was an effect of those civil wars which, like a moral earthquake, had unsettled the foundations of society. Cromwell had repressed the levellers with his characteristic decision, but it was beyond his power to check the levelling consequences of revolution. The minds of men too often sink with their fortunes; weak hearts yield to degradation when noble ones break, and this is the worst evil that adversity brings in its train. The number of loyal families, whose estates were such as enabled them to support

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\* Pope should have remembered this when he sneered at the taste of this most accomplished monarch, in a couplet which has often been quoted to his own dishonour.

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,

One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles.

With respect to Sir Richard, his poems are so utterly worthless in conception, structure, and execution, that unless Mr. Locke had written a panegyric upon them, it would be difficult to believe they could ever have found an admirer. But Quarles, with all his oddities and extravagancies, is a poet, in whom much may be found to delight the ear, and not a little that may move the affections and satisfy the judgement. Whenever a new collection of the British poets shall be published, or a supplement to the existing ones (such a work is greatly desired) it is to be hoped that Quarles will not be omitted.

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their station, after all the exactions to which they had been subjected, were few in comparison with those who were ruined, either during the war, or under the rapacious oligarchy which ensued, or during Oliver's usurpation, who, because he was an usurper, was by his insecurity and fears compelled to be a tyrant. A circumstance which Thoresby mentions as an instance of the mutability of fortune may show how widely this ruin extended; he had two servants, the mother of one of whom and the grandmother of the other were knights' daughters. The degradation in some respects was voluntary. 'The young women,' says Lord Clarendon, 'conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers, or of officers of the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves upon the divines of the time, or other low and unequal matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents, but every one did that which was good in his own eyes.' The character of our women was so much altered during the progress of the troubles, that men who had formerly wondered at the bold and forward manners of our mercurial neighbours, found their own countrywomen in need of an excuse which they had not allowed to the French. With this feeling, Peter Heylyn qualifies the strong censure which in his *Travels* he had passed upon them. 'Our English women,' he says, 'at that time were of a more retired behaviour than they have been since, which made the confident carriage of the French damsels seem more strange unto me; whereas of late the garb of our women is so altered, and they have so much in them of the mode of France, as easily might take off those misapprehensions with which I was possessed at my first coming thither.'

Till those calamitous years began it had been customary for English women to receive a learned education; Henry VIII. made it so by setting an example with his own daughters; it is among the redeeming parts of his character, and everlastingly will England be indebted to it, for by that education the mind of Elizabeth was formed. It ceased suddenly and totally; the families who sunk in the world were unable to continue it, while those which rose pretended to undervalue accomplishments that they did not possess. Some of the puritanical ladies indeed affected to study Hebrew, as a knowledge almost necessary to salvation; this absurd and offensive pedantry contributed to cast a ridicule upon the better studies which were now generally disused; and when the men dispensed with learning in themselves, it was not likely that they should tolerate it in the other sex. 'Here in England,' says an  
author

author of the ensuing age, 'the women are kept from all learning, as the profane vulgar were of old from the mysteries of the ancient religions.' Preposterous reasons are never wanting for preposterous practices. It was asserted and believed that 'they were too delicate to bear the fatigues of acquiring knowledge;' and were moreover by nature incapable of it, 'because the moisture of their brain rendered it impossible for them to possess a solid judgment, that faculty of the mind depending upon a dry temperature.' If this physical cause of inferiority were not sufficient, there was the theological one that Eve, by the bare desire of knowledge, had brought sin and death into the world; and, to crown all, an argument was drawn from the practical evils which would be felt if women were puffed up with their acquirements; a good opinion of themselves being inconsistent with the obedience for which they are designed! At the time when these notions began to prevail, and when women were thought sufficiently accomplished if they were versed in those domestic arts which had never been neglected by their predecessors, during the best ages of female education, the progress of fanaticism interfered with religious instruction, and even suspended its public use. Evelyn observes in his Journal that during the tyranny of the Commonwealth he used, on Sunday afternoons, to catechise and instruct his family; 'these exercises,' he says, 'universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity, all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.'

It was one of the fantastic opinions of former times that poison never insinuates itself so quickly, nor operates so strongly, as when it is administered in human milk. Had it been customary in those times to convey moral truths in the garb of physical allegory, this would bear a valid interpretation, for woe be to that country where the manners of the women are generally corrupted! The story of the Fall then becomes typical; there is an end of manly honour; and where the household virtues have no longer a resting place, farewell to domestic peace and to national prosperity! Sir William Temple said he had seen 'no country so generally corrupted as his own by a common pride and affectation of despising and laughing at all face of order and virtue and conformity to laws,—which after all,' he says, 'are qualities that most conduce both to the happiness of a public state, and the ease of a private life.' What the Satanic school of the present age is labouring to effect, their predecessors, the Liberals of that, or the wits, as they then called themselves, had accomplished; they had debauched the public mind. The consequences were less fatal than would now result from a like success, because

because their influence was circumscribed within a narrower sphere, and, as in cases of pestilence, the contagion was not diffused throughout the country. Lord Goring, a man who, with military ability enough to make the loyal cause triumphant, contributed by his misconduct and his vices, more than any other individual, to its total ruin, opened the way for this wickedness. It was said of him that he turned wantonness into riot, and riot into madness; and yet the evil which he did by these excesses was little in comparison to that which he produced by the perversion of his ready and abundant talents. The stamp of the Elizabethan age had not been effaced when he entered into public life; the tone of thought and feeling still prevailed which the dramatists of that glorious age represented, and which tended to an elevation of mind such as was seen in Sidney, himself the perfect exemplar of whatever is truly noble and worthy of imitation. It had verged toward extravagance and was a little tainted with conceit. ‘Wit, love and honour,’ says Sir William Temple, ‘were heightened into romance: Lord Goring took the *contrepied* and turned all into ridicule.’ For a man of any talent this is the surest and easiest of all ways to notoriety, if he be but unprincipled enough to chuse it.

Slight knowledge and less virtue serves his turn

For this design.

The end of this man, whose life was so injurious to his country that after-ages cannot allow him the mercy of oblivion, is worthy of notice, as showing what may be expected from minds so little under the controul of principle and reason: passing from the extreme of profligate impiety to the extreme of superstition, he took the vows as a Dominican friar and died in a Spanish convent. Buckingham followed him in his sins, but not in his repentance, abusing all the advantages of rank, fortune, person and talents; and it was through the ascendancy which he and Shaftesbury, his compeer in wickedness, possessed over the king, that the court was made a school of shameless depravity. Had it been otherwise, had Charles been as good a man as his father, he would have won the esteem and confidence of his people; and the consequences might have been most fatal: the conduct of the wretches who corrupted him was such, when they became his enemies, that the nation could hardly have escaped from despotism, for the liberties of England would have been laid by acclamation at his feet.

Perhaps it might have been happy for Charles if he had married Mazarine's niece. The Cardinal is said to have received his death blow from the Restoration, so deeply was he mortified at having refused his consent when he believed that event impossible, and thus forfeited an opportunity of elevating his family beyond what his utmost ambition could have proposed. She seems to have

have been one of those persons who, under happier circumstances, might have passed irreproachably, and even worthily, through life, but who, wanting a vital principle of religion to support them against adversity or injustice, take up with pleasure as a substitute for happiness, and thus lay up for themselves an inheritance of misery and reproach. Her disposition in many respects resembled the king's; and with her temper and talents she might have acquired a hold upon his affections which Catharine never possessed. Few royal marriages, by which no succession was conveyed, have been so important in their political consequences as that of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal. It preserved that country as an independent kingdom, and it laid the foundation of our Indian empire. The latter consequence was not within the scope of human foresight: the former was plainly seen to depend upon this alliance, and therefore more diplomatic intrigues were employed to prevent or further it, than were ever put in motion, before or since, on any similar occasion. The fullest account of them is to be found in Lord Clarendon's life; but we happen to possess a relation drawn up at the time by the Portuguese ambassador, for his own government, which explains some things that Clarendon himself knew not how to account for, and contains some facts not unimportant to English history. The ambassador, Francisco de Mello e Torres, Conde da Ponte, and Marques de Sande, was not very scrupulous in his orthography of English names; he, or his transcriber, writes Poomar for Palmer, Oar for Howard, and Aonello for O'Neil; and he speaks of the Counts of Serosboy, Piter Darou, and Mortorholon; but he was an able man, as well as a true Portuguese, thoroughly devoted to his country.

Lord Clarendon was at a loss to understand why the Queen Mother, who was so violently incensed at the Duke of York's marriage with his daughter as to declare that 'whenever that woman should be brought into Whitehall by one door, she would go out of it by another, and never come into it again,' should on a sudden have been reconciled to the marriage, and have courted also a reconciliation with him. He was not the dupe of this, being well acquainted with the arts of her court, of which, he says, dissimulation was the rule. Nevertheless he was inclined to believe what the Abbot Montague told him, that Cardinal Mazarine had written to warn her, 'she could not expect a welcome in France if she left her son in her displeasure, and professed an animosity against those ministers who were most trusted by the king.' Clarendon adds that 'he little understood from what fountain this good will of the Cardinal proceeded, who had never been propitious to him.' The Portuguese ambassador states

states what was the real cause. Though France had abandoned Portugal at the treaty of the Pyrennees, it was not her interest that that kingdom should be re-united to Spain. But the Queen Mother of France retained all her Castilian feelings, and the Cardinal, statesman as he was, regarded any state-interest as a secondary concern compared with the aggrandizement of his family. His heart was set upon bringing about that marriage for his niece, to which, in the pride of his heart, and in his contempt for the fallen fortunes of the exiled king, he had refused his consent. They had engaged Mountague and the Earl of St. Albans to promote this object, the influence of the latter being as great with Henrietta, as that of Mazarine with his royal mistress. His services, according to the Portuguese ambassador, were secured by the promise of a sum large enough to excite the cupidity of one who through life cared for nothing but himself. The queen-mother at this time was passionately bent upon making the Duke of York cast off his wife; the disposition which at one time he manifested to do so, is the most dishonourable part of his whole life, for James had some good qualities, and some great ones. It was, however, perceived that the arguments which she urged with her natural vehemence against the marriage, on the ground of the disparagement of such an alliance, and the disgrace it was to the royal family, applied with equal or greater force to that which was proposed for the king with Hortensia Mancini. She was induced therefore to desist from that topic; to acknowledge the duchess for her daughter-in-law, and to court a reconciliation with Clarendon, who, it was expected, would, in return for the signal advantage thus obtained by his family, unite his interests with those of the queen and her party, and join with them to break off the treaty with Portugal. But it proved otherwise, says the ambassador; for it was actually found that the chancellor regarded nothing but the service of his prince. Mazarine then ceased to pursue a design which he perceived to be impracticable; but he felt the disappointment keenly, and was said to observe upon the occasion, 'they say I am a great politician; the Chancellor of England is a great one; he has known how to wed his daughter with the Duke of York, and, what is more, to wed himself with the king.'

While the duke was hesitating whether to ratify or break his marriage, the Portuguese Infanta was proposed to him, at the cardinal's suggestion; he had acquired considerable military reputation, and Mazarine thought a command in Portugal would suit his inclinations, and that, under this cover, France and England might secretly assist the Portuguese, without coming to an open rupture with Spain. James was still disposed to give his consent, and the Portuguese ambassador was not a little embarrassed when he was applied

applied to upon the subject by St. Albans and by the French ambassador Rouvigny. When this embarrassment was over he had to contend with the Catholic party in England, with Bristol at their head, a man whose surpassing talents were rendered useless, and even prejudicial to himself and others, by want of judgement in the earlier part of his life, and by a more lamentable want of principle in the latter. He had grown up with a Spanish feeling, and the favour with which he had been received at Madrid for his father's sake, had completely *hispanized* him. That word was in common use when the English Romanists maintained a treasonable communication with Spain, in the hope of overthrowing the Protestant government by aid of a Spanish force. The predilection continued long after that abominable project had been abandoned; the Spanish monarchy, though it had long been on the wane, was still looked up to as the head of Catholic Christendom, France being at that time, in point of religion, a divided kingdom; and the Conde da Ponte informs us it was believed that the Roman Catholic religion could not subsist in England, unless the King of Spain had a strong party in the country. The Jesuits, who were employed here, were all of that party; the company had not yet turned to worship the rising fortune of the grand monarch, and they looked upon Portugal as incapable of maintaining a long struggle for its independence. The Catholics, therefore, as a body, were opposed to the Portuguese match, and their opposition in those times made it of course popular.

Baron de Batteville, the Spanish ambassador, seems to have imagined that he succeeded to Gondomar's influence in this country; and this presumption, with the warmth of his temper, gave the Portuguese a great advantage over him, and betrayed him into great improprieties, and even gross misconduct, in the course of the affair. Clarendon, who rarely or never erred in estimating those whom he had an opportunity of observing, characterises him in this sentence: 'He seemed a rough man, and to have more of the camp, but, in truth, knew the intrigues of a court better than most Spaniards; and, except when his passion surprised him, was wary and cunning in his negotiations.' Neither money nor intrigues were spared on his part. It is asserted here that Manchester refused from him a bribe of six thousand pounds, acting honourably on this occasion, as he had always done, even when most fatally erroneous. Mrs. Palmer also was applied to; but for once in her life she had the decency to feel that it did not become her to interfere. Batteville and his friend Bristol had no scruple concerning the means which they employed. They traduced the person of the Portuguese princess, and represented her as incapable of bearing children; they accused Clarendon of seeking

ing by this means to secure the succession to the throne for his own grandchildren; they affirmed that Portugal had neither the right nor the ability to perform the conditions which it proposed; and they engaged that Spain would give with the Infanta of Parma, or with any Protestant princess, all that Portugal offered. Such Catholics as valued their religion more than their faction were justly scandalized at this latter proposal, for they well knew how important it was to the interests of the Romish church that the King of England should marry one of its members—a truth of which the English at that time were not sufficiently sensible. That this might appear less inconsistent, Batteville represented the Braganzan family as heretical; happy indeed had it been for Portugal had they been so, for never did so fair an opportunity present itself for effecting a peaceful and efficient reformation of the superstitions prevalent in that country as the court of Rome at that time offered, by the flagrant injustice with which it acted in subservience to Spain. He reported also that in the course of two months the whole of Portugal would be reduced to obedience, and that the queen regent was at that time secretly treating for terms of submission.

On the other hand, the influence of France was now used for promoting the match; and Louis XIV. in explaining to his son the motives upon which he acted, enters into some curious distinctions upon the faith of treaties, not a little important, as showing us, upon the highest authority, with what faith French treaties have too generally been made. The two motives which he assigned were, that he might thus induce England to support the Portugueze, who were otherwise in immediate danger of being subdued; and that he might have better means to assist them himself, if it were necessary, notwithstanding the treaty of the Pyrenees, in which he had solemnly engaged not to do so. ‘I shall touch here, my son,’ he says, ‘upon a point more delicate, perhaps, than any other in the conduct of princes. I am far from wishing to teach you bad faith, and I believe that I have lately manifested to all Europe the importance which I attach to my word, in preferring it to my greatest interests. But there is some distinction to be made in these affairs.’

‘The state of the two crowns of France and Spain is at this time, and long has been such, that the one cannot be raised without depressing the other, which has almost nothing to fear from any other quarter. This creates a jealousy between them which (if I may venture so to express myself) is essential, and a kind of permanent enmity which treaties may cover, but never can extinguish, because the foundation of it always endures; and because the one of these powers in acting against the other, does not think so much of injuring it, as of maintaining and preserving itself, which is so natural a duty that it easily prevails over all others.’

‘And

‘And to speak the truth without disguise, they never enter upon any treaty but in this spirit. Whatever specious clauses may be inserted of union and friendship, and of procuring, respectively, all sorts of advantages, the true sense which each understands perfectly, by the experience of so many ages, is, that they should abstain outwardly from all kinds of hostility, and from all public demonstrations of ill will; but, as for secret infractions, and which make no noise, the one expects them always from the other, from the natural principle which I have spoken of, and promises the contrary only in the same sense in which it is promised to him. Thus, it may be said, that in equally dispensing for themselves with the observance of treaties, in strictness they do not contravene them, because the words of treaties are not understood literally: they are forms of speech which must be used, like forms of compliment in the world, absolutely necessary for those who live in it, and which have a signification far below their sound.’ Applying this convenient doctrine to the case in point, he says, ‘the clauses by which they bound me not to assist the crown of Portugal, the more extraordinary they were, the more reiterated and accompanied with precautions, the more they proved that it was not believed I ought to abstain from assisting it. And all the respect which I thought myself bound to pay, was not to succour it, except in case of necessity, and then, with moderation, and covertly, which could be more commodiously done through the interposition, and under the name of the King of England, if he were once brother-in-law to the King of Portugal.’

Such was the good faith of the French government!

During the whole negotiation, the Portuguese ambassador was in a state of feverish anxiety, believing that the independence of his country depended upon the issue; and when, upon a question concerning the time at which Tangiers should be delivered up, there appeared some danger that it would be broken off, he produced *Sanches de Matrimonio* before the privy council, to convince them that the king could not, in conscience, marry with any other person after the treaty had proceeded so far. To his infinite satisfaction all points in dispute were finally adjusted; and as the definitive settlement was concluded on the 29th of April, the count, with pious disregard to the difference of styles, exulted in the thought that St. Pedro the martyr, who occupies that day in the Catholic Kalendar, had taken an active part in bringing it to this happy conclusion, in requital for the patronage afforded by the royal family of Portugal to the Holy Office,—the said St. Pedro having been an inquisitor in the first days of the Inquisition, and righteously put to death as such by the people.

Lord Clarendon relates that the Spanish ambassador took advantage of the license of the court ‘where no rules or formalities were yet established (and to which the King himself was not enough inclined;)’ presuming upon this, he came to the king at all hours, without any ceremony or desiring an audience, according to the



old custom, but came into the bed-chamber whilst the King was dressing himself. And from this never-heard-of license, he adds, 'introduced by the French and the Spaniards at this time without any dislike in the King, though not permitted in any other court in Christendom, many inconveniences and mischiefs broke in, which could never after be shut out.' The Conde da Ponte did not thus intrude himself; but it is surprising how little reserve Charles observed towards him, allowing him to converse upon the state of affairs in England in a manner which no other British sovereign would have endured, and even disclosing to him schemes and intentions, which certainly were not suspected by Clarendon at that time. Batteville was rash enough in his anger to say, that he had instructions to declare war, if the alliance with Portugal were concluded: he little supposed that nothing could have been more conformable to the king's wishes. The Duke of York told the Portuguese minister that a war was necessary both for his brother's interests and the security of the country; and he repeated what Clarendon had said, with no intention that his words should be thus applied, that of all people in the world the Spaniards were the best to have for enemies, and the worst for friends. Encouraged by this, the ambassador endeavoured to confirm the king in this opinion, and to make him act upon it. He represented to him, accordingly, that God had given him a parliament whose good intentions even outstript his desires, and that he had obtained also the command of the militia, with the power of moving it from one part of the kingdom to another: all that was now wanting to his greatness was treasure sufficient to defend himself from his enemies, without the necessity of calling a new parliament; for a parliament it was which had always tied the hands of the kings of England, and which had been the true cause of his father's ruin; and by triumphing over the parliament Cromwell had obtained his great reputation.

After this notable preamble, he reminded the king of the great variety of sects and parties into which his subjects were divided, the number of republicans in the country, and the disbanded soldiers. What would these persons be aiming at if they were left in idleness? did not reason and policy compel him to employ them abroad that he might maintain quiet at home? And war being thus necessary, was it not advisable to determine upon one while it could be done calmly and with consideration? Spain was the natural and ancient enemy of England. Had not the king of Spain laid claim to the succession of his dominions? Philip II. wanted only the pearl of Great Britain to complete the crown of universal monarchy. The Spaniards had not forgotten the succours which England had given to the Dutch and to the Portuguese; and the loss of Dunkirk and  
Jamaica

Jamaica still rankled in their minds. What Batterville had threatened would have been more than a threat if the means of the Spaniards had been answerable to their will. They had not declared war, because they were not able to maintain war, and the cause of their inability was the resistance which Portugal opposed to them. It was not their time for war; and, therefore, it was his: by war, he might purge his own territories, protect the house of Portugal, which was derived from the best blood of England, (the Plantagenets,) conquer the Indies, and give the oppressed Indians that liberty for which, during two centuries, they had been groaning. The true interest of England was to command the seas, and thereby take the lead in commerce; this required a fleet, and during peace, that fleet would be rotting in port. In peace too the greater part of her sailors would enter the Dutch service, as they were now doing, notwithstanding the prohibition which had been published. At this very time the armament which the Dutch had sent against the Portuguese in the east was manned by Englishmen. England, therefore, while she remained at peace, was sacrificing her own interests and those of her allies, and actually strengthening the enemies of both.

The Count informed his court, that Charles carried on a secret correspondence with the King of France, by means of the Duchess of Orleans; and he communicated also the intelligence that Charles was treating with the Grand Duke of Muscovy, with Denmark and with Brandenburg, in order to strengthen himself with their alliances, and weaken the Dutch, before he should break with them. The conclusion of his paper is dated August 8, 1661, when he was on his voyage back to Portugal, so that he certainly knew more of the king's views than Clarendon suspected. He had instructions to treat for another intermarriage between the courts of Lisbon and London, and to make proposals for the Princess Royal on the part of Alfonso VI. whose minority was nearly at an end. Her death prevented this, and he then asked for the daughter of the Princess of Orange: this alliance would have been desirable on many accounts, but there was the obstacle of religion. The count repeated the profligate speech attributed to Henri IV. that a religion might well be changed for a crown, adding, with a sincerity belonging to himself, especially when the change was to that religion from which the Protestants confessed they had separated. When a similar proposal had been made to Charles I. for his niece on the part of the King of Poland, the British monarch replied with becoming resentment, that he looked on himself to be neither a Turk nor a Jew, but a Christian, who lived in a commendable religion. His son was not religious enough to feel any indignation at the overture; he seems to have agreed with the ambassador, and

to have regretted that his niece was strongly attached to her own faith: Clarendon, on the contrary, observed, that the point ought to be conceded on the part of Portugal; he would have had the same terms conceded there which were allowed in England; this was impossible, and the Princess thus happily escaped a marriage which must have made her miserable. Monk is scarcely mentioned in the memoir; Lauderdale, as the man to whom Portugal and the Infanta owed every thing, and whose services they ought always to acknowledge. The view which he gives of the English government at the conclusion is very remarkable. He says that the king had regulated the election for members of parliament in future, by an act of parliament, so that such persons as would be agreeable to him should always be chosen; and he was now endeavouring to bring the bishops into parliament, that the House of Lords might, in like manner, always be what he wished, for the bishops were his creatures. And though this occasioned some disgust to certain Presbyterians, the state of that house was of more importance to him than the rest of his kingdom. It is curious that a practised statesman, who understood the court so well, should have understood the government so little.

If there be an intermediate state, wherein departed souls are conscious of what passes in the world which they have left, they whose evil deeds survive them must have in that consciousness a deeper suffering than the monks have imagined in their fabled Purgatory; and few men, in whose mixed character the good preponderates, would have so much to endure as Voltaire's hero Henri le Grand. The ill example which the Portuguese ambassador had held up vainly in one case, was proposed to Charles II. with more success in another; and thus, half a century after his death, that example proved fatal to his grandson, determining him openly to pursue a course of infamous debauchery:—at the critical moment of his life, when good and evil were before him, which to chuse. The profligate wretches by whom he was surrounded, represented to him that the great Henri never concealed his amours, nor suffered them to be matter of reproach to the women whom he liked; he brought his mistresses to court, obliged the Queen, his wife, to treat them graciously, and made all other persons pay them respect, gave them the highest titles of honour, and raised the children whom he had by them to the reputation and state of princes of the blood. And they persuaded him, that resembling his glorious grandfather as he did, in temper and constitution, he ought to imitate him in this generous part of his conduct, and make returns proportionable to the obligations he received. By such discourses, together with a little book, newly printed at Paris, according to the license of that nation, of the Amours of Henri IV. which was presented to him,

him, and too concernedly,' says Lord Clarendon, 'read by him,' the scale was turned,—and Charles's good angel abandoned him, for knowing that it was evil, he chose deliberately the evil part. Bad, however, as he became, he was never so bad as his infamous favourites would have made him; they endeavoured to 'divert and corrupt all those impressions and principles which his own conscience and reverent esteem of Providence did suggest to him.' They succeeded in weakening, but not wholly in destroying them; and his excellent good nature, which so often degenerated into weakness, proved in some cases to be his strength. When he had broken the spirit of the Queen, in the vile manner which Clarendon relates, he behaved to her ever after with respect, if not with kindness; and when Buckingham, with the cruelty of a thorough profligate, proposed to kidnap her and ship her for the plantations, he rejected the proposal with horror. To the project of divorcing her, indeed, he listened, because he was desirous of having an heir; the lawfulness of such a divorce was discussed, and the question also was started, as it had been to accommodate Henry VIII, whether in such a case polygamy might not be permitted. Burnet states that his opinion was asked upon both points, by Lauderdale and Sir Robert Murray, and his answer is said to have been, that, though speculative people could advance a great deal for both in the way of argument, 'yet those things were so decried, that they were rejected by all Christian societies; so that all such propositions would throw us into great convulsions, and entail war upon us, if any issue came from a marriage so grounded.' Such an answer, indeed, he ought to have given, but a note by the editor makes it doubtful, whether he really gave it. 'There is extant a brief resolution by Burnet, of two cases of conscience, viz. Is a woman's barrenness a just ground for divorce or polygamy; and is polygamy in any case lawful under the Gospel? The questions are resolved *affirmatively*. The original, in the author's hand writing, was copied at Ham in 1680, with Duke Lauderdale's permission, by Paterson, Archbishop of Glasgow, testified under his episcopal seal, it being then in the Duke's possession. The cases were printed in 1731.'

The king, however, had a sincere esteem for Catherine, and she loved him so tenderly, that when he conjured her, in a dangerous illness, to live for his sake, the joy which that expression of kindness gave her, is said to have saved her life. On his death-bed, he intreated her forgiveness for the wrongs he had done her, but this was at the instance of that good man Bishop Ken, not from the impulse of his own heart. There is a Portuguese heroic poem, in twelve cantos, by Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, upon Charles's conversion to the Romish faith, which is there ascribed to his Queen's persuasions

and prayers—with the aid of St. Ursula. It is not likely that she troubled him with persuasions, but very possible that her unaffected piety and the consolation which she derived from it, may have affected him in a manner of which he himself was hardly conscious. The question of religion was one to which he had never given any serious consideration; it was not his nature, as Sir John Reresby says of him, to think or perplex himself much about any thing. If he had ever examined the subject, his understanding was clear enough to lead him to a right conclusion. He could have had no other reason for regarding the Catholic superstition favourably, than what arose from the remembrance of his mother and the influence of his wife's example. That he had secretly embraced it before the Restoration, as Burnet asserts, is altogether improbable. He came, indeed, to England, with an intention of repealing the penal laws against it, and that intention and the reasons upon which it was founded, are highly honourable to him. A collection of those laws had been published in French and Latin, with the same intent as the *Theatrum Crudelitatis Hæreticorum*, and the lying histories of our reformation by Sanders, Ribadaneyra and Pollini, but with less dishonesty, inasmuch as no falsehoods were contained in it. When Charles was in France, this collection was shown him wherever he went, and he was asked whether it was a true collection? whether it was possible that any Christian kingdom could exercise so much tyranny against the Catholic religion? He who knew nothing of such laws, really believed that none such were in existence, and asked Clarendon whether the papers were not forged. That excellent statesman informed him in reply that these laws had been enacted in consequence of the frequent conspiracies entered into by some Catholics, 'always with the privity and approbation of their priests and confessors,' against Elizabeth, and of the gunpowder treason; 'so that in those times, the Pope having excommunicated the whole kingdom, and absolved the subjects from all their oaths of fidelity, there seemed no expedient to preserve the crown but the using these severities against those who were professed enemies to it.' This rigour had not been used since the Catholics had lived quietly; and the king his father's clemency in dispensing with the utmost rigour of these laws was 'the ground of the scandal of his being popishly affected, which contributed as much to his ruin as any particular malice in the worst of his enemies.' Charles answered with a feeling of rectitude which, if he had always followed it, would have made his reign as glorious as it proved disgraceful. He did not doubt, he said, but that some very extraordinary reason had existed for making such laws, but evidently it did not exist now. He knew well that he had not the power to repeal any law without the consent of parliament; but he knew no reason why

why he might not profess that he did not like those laws which caused men to be put to death for their religion, and if ever God restored him to his kingdom, he would do his best that those bloody laws might be repealed. And if there were no other reason of state than he could yet comprehend against the taking away of the other penalties, he should be glad that all those distinctions between his subjects might be removed, and that whilst they were all equally good subjects they might equally enjoy his protection. 'It had been a very unreasonable presumption,' says Clarendon, 'in any man who would have endeavoured to have dissuaded him from entertaining that candour in his heart.'

In abolishing the penal laws against the Catholics, Charles would have acted justly and wisely, in pursuance of his father's feelings and intentions; but as for removing all distinctions between his subjects upon the score of their religious persuasions, against that measure there were reasons which will always be unanswerable as long as we desire to support that church establishment which is the greatest of all our blessings. He returned to England with the kindest and most generous intentions towards the Catholics; they themselves frustrated those intentions; they could not agree upon what would please them; they would not consent to a solemn declaration against the temporal authority of the Pope, which in their common discourse they made no scruple of disclaiming; and it plainly appeared, even to those who were most desirous of serving them, that they were not in a proper temper to be admitted to indulgence. The indiscretion and insolence with which too many of them acted, awakened a proper spirit of jealousy in the Parliament, and revived in the nation those feelings of aversion which, during the general calamity, had been suspended or allayed. One of their writers was rash enough to publish an infamous parallel between Thomas Cromwell and Oliver, the noble martyr Lord Cobham and Venner the frantic fifth-monarchy man, Tindal and Prynne, Latimer and Hugh Peters! Then and not till then the loyal part of the nation called to mind the scandalous indifference with which the Romanists had regarded the late king's murder, the marked manner in which, during the usurpation, they had kept aloof from the Cavaliers, the overtures which they had made to Cromwell, and the deportment which Charles during his exile had found in his Catholic subjects; wherever he had met with them abroad they had shown him less respect than he received from foreigners of the same religion.

As the aversion for the Romanists which was thus revived prepared the nation to believe the Popish plot, so the popular madness which that most shameless imposture excited, tended more than any other circumstance to produce in the considerate part of the nation

nation a more favourable disposition towards them. One of Oates's victims, perceiving how little the strongest and clearest proofs of innocence could avail before jurymen who were possessed with the popular delusion and judges who dared not oppose it, appealed to the Judgement of God, and intreated that he might be allowed to put himself upon the trial by ordeal. He was answered that he was very fanciful; that there was no longer such a law, and that he asked what he knew he could not have. Another of these most injured men, Richard Langhorn, composed after his trial a poem which is preserved in the State Trials, entitled 'the Affections of my Soul after Judgement given against me in a Court of Justice upon the Evidence of False Witnesses.' It is a most singular and passionate production: a poem it must be called, though it is not in verse, (it appears, indeed, by some other of his pieces that the writer did not understand wherein the difference between prose and metre consists,) but with such an arrangement of the lines as is usual upon monuments. In that arrangement only it resembles the lapidary style, not in antithetic turns, epigrammatic points, or any artifices of composition; his feelings were too much exalted for these, and his soul too full. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart. A specimen is here subjoined, not merely as a literary curiosity unique in its kind, but for its passion and its piety:

'It is told me I must die.

O happy news!

Be glad O my soul,

And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour.

If He intended thy perdition

Would He have laid down his life for thee?

Would He have expected thee with so much patience

And given thee so long a time for penance?

Would He have called thee with so much love

And illuminated thee with the light of his Spirit?

Would He have drawn thee with so great force

And favoured thee with so many graces?

Would He have given thee so many good desires?

Would He have set the seal of the Predestinate upon thee,

And dress'd thee in his own livery?

Would He have given thee his own cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

'It is told me I must die.

O happy news!

Come on, my dearest soul,

Behold thy Jesus calls thee!

He prayed for thee upon his cross;

There he extended his arms to receive thee,

There He bowed down his head to kiss thee;

There

There He cried out with a powerful voice,  
 Father, receive him, he is mine!  
 There He opened his heart to give thee entrance;  
 There He gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

‘ It is told me I must die.  
 O happy news.  
 I shall be freed from misery,  
 I shall no more suffer pain,  
 I shall no more be subject to sin,  
 I shall no more be in danger of being damned.  
 But from henceforth  
 I shall see and I shall live,  
 I shall praise and I shall bless,  
 And this I shall always do,  
 Without ever being weary  
 Of doing what I always am to do.

‘ It is told me I must die.  
 O what happiness!  
 I am going  
 To the place of my rest;  
 To the land of the living;  
 To the haven of security;  
 To the kingdom of peace;  
 To the palace of my God;  
 To the nuptials of the Lamb;  
 To sit at the table of my King;  
 To feed on the bread of Angels;  
 To see what no eye hath seen;  
 To hear what no ear hath heard,  
 To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my father,  
 O thou the best of all fathers,  
 Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!  
 I was lost, but by thy mercy am now found:  
 I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again:  
 I was gone astray after vanity,  
 But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my father,  
 Come now in mercy and receive thy child!  
 Give him the kiss of peace,  
 Remit unto him all his sins,  
 Cloathe him with thy nuptial robe,  
 Receive him into thy house,  
 Permit him to have a place at thy feast,  
 And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.’

In a collection of poems written by persons in extraordinary situations, the piece from which these extracts are taken would  
 . . . . . deserve



deserve the first place. The author was a lawyer, and had been professionally employed by the Jesuits. After his conviction, therefore, Shaftesbury promised him not only his life if he would make a full discovery of the plot, but ‘as good a post both as to honour and estate as his heart could wish.’ Charity itself cannot even suspect that Shaftesbury believed in the ‘devilish imposture’ which he promoted. Upon Langhorn’s solemn protestation that he was not only innocent himself, but totally ignorant of any plot, pardon was promised him on condition of his disclosing what estates the Jesuits had in England, a knowledge which it was ascertained that he possessed. This disclosure he made, resting satisfied that if the promised pardon were not granted him, he should then die with the great comfort of a double martyrdom; ‘first,’ said he, ‘at dying perfectly innocent of the crime for which I should lose my life; and secondly, as choosing rather to die than to sin against my God and my neighbour, by charging others falsely, and becoming guilty of their blood and of the ruin of their families, by accusing them of a crime of which my own conscience must bear me witness that I did never know them or any of them guilty, but on the contrary, believe them to be perfectly innocent. Whereas if I had, on the other side, denied myself to have known any thing of those estates which I was required to discover, I must have sinned against the God of truth, by affirming a lye. And if, confessing that I had knowledge of such estates, I should rather have chosen to die, than to have made a discovery of such my knowledge for the saving of my life, I should have appeared, in some sort at least, guilty of my own blood, through my obstinacy.’

The fervour of Langhorn’s devotional effusions was not more remarkable than the calm and convincing style of his dying speech, which was penned ‘with all the art of his profession, to obviate all possible imputation of subterfuge, ambiguity, or reserve.’ Yet the dying asseverations of this man and of his fellow sufferers were disregarded as totally as the plainest rules of justice had been upon their trials, and they were sacrificed to the evidence of the vilest miscreants who were ever made the instruments of a faction. Nature had never written rogue in more legible characters than upon the countenance of Titus Oates. ‘His mouth,’ says Roger North, ‘was the centre of his face, and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead and chin within the perimeter. *Cave quos ipse Deus notavit!*’ Such was the state of public feeling, that this villain, flagrant with infamy as he was, obtained a pension from the state of £1,200; the abandoned wretches whom he brought forward to support his testimony were pensioned for giving evidence which, to every sane judgment, disproved itself by its absurdity and its contradictions; Judges, under the fear of the  
infatuated

infatuated people, submitted to behold and even assist in the condemnation of victims whom they knew to be falsely accused; and the king himself dared not interfere to save the innocent! When he remitted the more cruel and ignominious parts of Lord Stafford's sentence, it was plainly shown by the conduct of the factious leaders in parliament, what they would have done if he had attempted to use his prerogative of mercy.

'I have heard,' says Roger North, 'of usurpations of crowns, brigues between kings and their nobles and military men, so between nobility and commonalty, and no less of open rebellions of the people against the governors: but who ever heard of a monarch in his throne obnoxious to the treacherous insults of the very scum of human kind, and the outcasts of gaols? and rebels in secret, making use of such tools openly, in mysterious scandalous practices against the sovereign person of a king, surrounding him with perpetual attempts to delude—in order to defame him?' Charles's situation would have been pitiable indeed, if a light heart had not proved as impenetrable as a hard one. He had never from the beginning believed the story of the plot, and in private had shown to demonstration that great part of the evidence was 'not only improbable but quite impossible.' He was extremely concerned at Lord Stafford's condemnation; yet this was but a momentary concern, and Sir John Reresby describes him as appearing altogether free from care and trouble at a time when it might have been thought that he would have been overwhelmed with them. He found the same sort of advantage in his easy temper and loose principles that a badger derives from his loose skin. Yielding to a popular delusion, which it would have been vain to oppose, he waited for the re-action which always occurs when the hot fit of such influenzas has past: the machinery was then turned against those who had first brought it into use—justice had little to do in either case,—and even-handed law made no distinction between Trojan or Tyrian.

Charles understood the character of his opponents. 'Those members,' said he, 'who boast this mighty friendship for the public, are of two sorts; either those who would actually and irretrievably subvert the government and reduce it to a commonwealth once more; or else those who seem only to join with the former, and talk loud against the court, purely in hopes to have their mouths stopped with places or preferments.' There was a third class, which he had not sufficient integrity to understand; men who sincerely loved their country, who dreaded the consequences of his profligate example, of his foreign connections, and of his brother's bigotry, and who were hostile to his government because they believed that its measures tended to the destruction of the constitution

constitution both in church and state. Some of these persons fatally entangled themselves in intrigues and faction; with the intent of saving the constitution they thought it allowable to connect themselves with fanatics and desperados, who would have overthrown it, and being taken in the net with them, they perished, like the stork in the fable, for the guilt of their associates.

Neither Charles, nor the most celebrated of his opponents, suspected how many of their secrets would be brought to light by time, and that both would be found seeking support and receiving money from France. Each might have pleaded in excuse the conduct of the other. The motive for the king's conduct would probably have been found in that part of his character wherein he resembled king William—a man in all other points so dissimilar, his disregard for any thing farther than as it related to himself; for William confessed, he did not care what became of the world when he was out of it. When Charles II. covenanted with Louis XIV. that he would re-establish the Catholic religion in England, it is more consistent with his temper, and his total want of principle, to suppose that his sole motive was to obtain money from France for his own wanton expenditure, than that he had the slightest intention of making so perilous an attempt. He said to Sir John Reresby, 'I know it is said I aim at the subversion of the government and religion; that I intend to lay aside parliaments and to raise money another way; but all men, nay those who insist the most thereon, know the thing in all its circumstances to be false. There is not a subject that lives under me whose safety and welfare I desire less than my own; and I should be as sorry to invade his liberty and property, as that another should invade mine.' None of the open measures of his government belied these protestations. In his secret treaty with France he seems to have acted upon the principle of public faith which Louis explains to his son; but so far was he from acting in observance of that treaty, that at his death (we are told) he advised James not to venture upon the dangerous and impracticable attempt of introducing the Romish religion into England. With regard to his own religion, Wellwood may be believed when he says that it was deism, 'or rather that which is called so;' and that 'if at his death he went into that of Rome,' it is to be imputed 'to a lazy diffidence in all other religions, upon a review of his past life, and the near approach of an uncertain state.'

The agitations of this reign were the natural effect of the convulsions in the preceding one, as the swell continues after the tempest has ceased. The public and private profligacy which had gained head during the rebellion prevailed to such a degree that did we estimate the age only from its history and its literature, it would seem almost miraculous that the nation should not have  
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sunk into that utter degeneracy which necessarily terminates in national ruin.' What must have been the standard of honour in an age when we had Bennet and Lauderdale for ministers, Scroggs and Jefferies for judges, and Buckingham and Shaftesbury for patriots; when the French king had both the king of England and the most illustrious of the English whigs in his pay? Where would then have been the liberties of England if the monarch had been like Henry VII. or the minister like Strafford? Or where the monarchy, if among its enemies there had been men with the subtlety of Vane and St. John, the courage and eloquence of Pym, the strength of character and the self-controll of Hampden? It is an observation of Sir William Temple 'that some ages produce many great men, and few great occasions; other times, on the contrary, raise great occasions, and few or no great men. And that sometimes happens in a country, which was said by the fool of Brederode, who going about the fields with the motions of one sowing corn, was asked what he sowed? he said, 'I sow fools:—' t'other replied, 'why do you not sow wise men?'—'why,' said the fool, '*c'est que la terre ne les porte pas.*' They who tell us that revolutions produce great men, speak hastily and without either reflection or foresight. Produce them they do, but it is in a scourging crop which exhausts the soil that bears it: they call forth the strong and stirring spirits which were nurtured in better times; and they train up no great men to succeed them. Great characters are brought forward in distempered times, but it is in peaceable ones that they must be formed.—

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train  
The Governor who must be wise and good,  
And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.  
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom and the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees  
By which true sway doth mount: this is the stalk  
True power doth grow on.

'We have been so long together bad Englishmen,' says Dryden, in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 'that we had no leisure to be good poets. The fury of a civil war, and power for twenty years together abandoned to a barbarous race of men, enemies of all good learning, had buried the muses under the ruins of monarchy.' He thought that the Restoration had immediately repaired this evil, whereas the fine literature of this country suffered more from the taste and morals which Charles and his followers imported, than it had done during all the preceding storms. It was when the theatres

tres were opened that Dryden fancied 'revived poesy' was to be seen 'lifting up its head and shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy off it.' Yet in the theatre it was that the corruption of intellect and feeling was first and most apparent. A year only after the restoration, Evelyn writes in his Diary, 'I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played, but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his majesty's being so long abroad.' A few years afterwards he observes, that he went 'very seldom to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives; witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families and ruin of both body and soul.' Prynne had paid with his ears for railing against dramatic representations: how must he have pricked up their stumps in the days of his sober repentance, at hearing in every comedy enough to justify the bitterest of his invectives, and make him imagine he had been possessed by a spirit of prophecy as well as a spirit of sedition! Well indeed might such men as Evelyn cease to frequent the theatres when Shakespeare and Jonson were supplanted by Dryden and Shadwell, and when it was openly declared from the stage that the actresses were willing to practise the lessons of brothelery, which it seemed the main object of the drama to inculcate; so that the playhouses were literally, what Burnet calls them, nests of prostitution. When he adds that 'Dryden, the great master of dramatic poesy, was a monster of immodesty and impurity of all sorts,' the bishop betrays his own vitiated taste and his political animosity, for Dryden's plays, bad as they are, are not worse than those of his contemporaries, and his life was at least decorous. This was the case also with Shadwell, his rival; for such is the blindness of faction, that Shadwell was extolled by the Whigs as a rival to Dryden. There is a thorough profligacy in his comedies, not of expressions alone and actions, but of sentiments and opinions, deliberately delivered by his 'gentlemen of wit and sense,' as their principle of conduct: yet he is said to have been irreproachable in his private life, and actually took credit to himself for the morality of his writings! His executors would even have eulogized him in his epitaph as one who had employed his talents for correcting the vices of the age; but the dean and chapter refused to let such an encomium be set up in the church. Westminster Abbey was sufficiently degraded when they allowed the bust of this vile writer, crowned with laurel, a place among the tombs of the poets!

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The opinion which Shadwell entertained of himself as a moral writer was not more preposterous than the complacency with which he advanced his literary pretensions. It seems as if he was incapable of distinguishing between his own brass and the gold of his predecessors, when they were placed side by side. He says, in the preface to his *Psyche*,\* ‘I will be bold to affirm, that this is as much a play as could be made upon this subject;’ whereas nothing more base and worthless than the lines in which he has berhymed it was ever sung at Vauxhall or printed in the *Lady’s Magazines* and pocket books of former times. Borrowing a play from Molière, and of course injuring it by every alteration, he makes the modest assertion, ‘without vanity, that Molière’s part has not suffered in his hands.’ Shakspeare, he says, never made more masterly strokes than in *Timon of Athens*, ‘yet,’ he adds, ‘I can truly say I have made it into a play.’ This he has done by introducing two female characters, the one a mistress, whom Timon is about to cast off, in order to take a wife, the other his intended bride; the latter jilts him in his misfortunes, the former follows him in private at his death, and kills herself for grief. As a specimen of the linsey-woolsey with which this botcher has pieced the mantle of Shakspeare, the concluding speech of Alcibiades is here transcribed.

‘Poor Timon! I once knew thee the most flourishing man  
Of all th’ Athenians; and thou still hadst been so  
Had not these smiling flattering knaves devoured thee  
And murdered thee with base ingratitude.  
His death pull’d on the poor Evandra’s too,  
That miracle of constancy and love.  
Now all repair to their respective homes,  
Their several trades, their business and diversions;  
And whilst I guard you from your active foes  
And fight your battles, be you secure at home.  
May Athens flourish with a lasting peace,  
And may its wealth and power e’er increase.’

The writer who could compose such lines as these, and be satisfied with them, would certainly be capable of thinking he had made ‘*Timon of Athens* into a play!’ And yet that assertion exemplifies the state of public taste, as much as the presumption and obtuseness of the individual. The veriest rhymesters of the age thought themselves as competent to improve Shakspeare, as a French painter does to retouch or even paint over the compositions of the great Italian masters. And this presumption was not confined to such authors as Shadwell and his successor in the

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\* They who cannot read this story (the most beautiful which antiquity has left us) in the prose of Apuleius, and some of those who can also, may thank us for recommending it to them in the verse of Mr. Hudson Gurney.

laurel, Nahum Tate (of whom, for want of any thing better to eulogize, it has been recorded that he was a free, good-natured, fuddling companion)—men of a better mold, and worthy of a better age, were guilty of the same profanation. Davenant and Dryden joined in the unworthy office of adapting Shakspeare's *Tempest* to the taste of Charles the Second's court; and Dryden's rhymed play upon *Paradise Lost* remains a still more flagrant proof how deeply the spirit of the times had tainted him.

Dryden had persuaded himself that English poetry had not reached its vigour and maturity in the age of Shakspeare! that our language had received great improvements since his time, and that even the art of versification had not been understood, till it was introduced by Waller! He affirms that Shakspeare frequently fell into a lethargy of thought, and he ascribed the superiority of the dramatic writers of his own age over that of Elizabeth and James's days, to what was, in reality, the most efficient cause of their utter degeneracy. 'I must freely, and without flattery,' he says, 'ascribe it to the court; and in it particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the nation's afforded him an opportunity, which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion. And as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first wakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus insensibly our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force, by mixing the solidity of our nation with the art and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it.'

The stage forming itself to the taste and manners of such a court contributed, as far as its influence extended, to the general corruption. 'He that frequents plays,' said John Dunton, 'sports on the devil's ground; and if he dies on the spot, the devil, as lord of the manor, has a right to him.' This was said in the spirit of Prynne, and of those old Waldenses who taught that a dance was the devil's church-service, and that all the ten commandments were broken by the act of dancing. Nor was it among the Puritans alone that the extreme

extreme profligacy of the theatre excited fear and abhorrence; those sentiments were partaken by all who retained in their manners and habits of mind, any thing of what was called the old Elizabeth way. By all such persons, by the sober and moral part of the nation, the theatre was shunned like a house where the red-cross upon the door gave warning that the plague was within. The impurity of the drama was therefore, less injurious than if it had been covered with a veil of sentiment; plays at which women who wished to preserve a character for modesty thought it necessary to wear masks, were of course religiously avoided by those who in reality possessed the virtue. The stage did not follow the court in its reformation so faithfully as in its corruption. Jeremy Collier's vehement attack was far from producing the immediate effect which has been ascribed to it; though it was seconded by prosecuting and fining some of the performers for repeating profane and indecent words. Many of Fielding's plays are, little less objectionable than the worst of Wycherley's or Shadwell's. The evil, however, had been checked, though it was not removed; the act which subjected all pieces intended for representation, to a previous censure, unpopular as it was, operated beneficially in this respect, and from the commencement of the last reign the English stage became irreproachable on the score of decency.

A full century elapsed before this evil, which had grown at once to its height, was thoroughly removed. Had the depravity of manners which the stage in its corruption imitated first and then promoted, continued as long, England would not have been at this time the England that it is. It was happily too opposite to the national character, and too strongly resisted by our excellent institutions, to be of long continuance. Even when it was at the worst there were many things which counteracted it. London did not then communicate its fashions and its follies to the remotest parts of the kingdom: its moral and political diseases hardly spread beyond the atmosphere of its own smoke. But it was from London that foreigners took their estimate of the national manners, and at this distance of time we also are in some degree liable to the same error; for it was London life that the dramatists and other popular writers represented, and against which the censure of moralists and divines was directed. When therefore we find it said that the Englishwomen who formerly had been of high esteem among foreign nations for the modesty and gravity of their conversation, addicted themselves so much 'to the light garb of the French that they lost much of their honour and reputation among sober persons abroad who before admired them,' it is to be remembered that what was true as relating to the court and the metropolis, was far from being applicable to the great body of the nation. Beyond that tainted



circle the 'old Elizabeth breeding' (at which Dryden sneers) was still retained. The ornamental part (as has already been observed) had unhappily fallen into disuse: but if no attempt was made to elevate the minds of women by opening for them the stores of ancient wisdom, they were still trained up in those modest and decorous manners, those religious principles, wherein we have our best security, not for domestic happiness alone, but for the public weal.

There were many preserving principles at work. Puritanism itself, which had recently raged like a virulent poison in the body of the state, being then subdued, served as a prophylactic against the prevailing pestilence of licentiousness. Owen, Baxter, and Howe, (a milder and happier spirit than either,) and others of the nonconformist divines, atoned now, in some degree, to the nation by the services which they rendered in the cause of Christian morals, for the offence which they had committed in blowing the trumpet of rebellion, or in assisting at its triumphs. Meanwhile our mother church, whose venerable head had been raised from the dust, exerted what may truly be called a saving influence. To the better part of the nation, (and they were the great majority,) the clergy were deservedly endeared by their constancy and their sufferings. They had indeed, through all their unexampled wrongs, been true to their king, their country, and their order; and the influence which they had gloriously obtained was well supported, for never in any age could they boast of greater ability, sounder learning and more exemplary worth among their members. Few prelates, in times when more abundant means were at their disposal, have surpassed the Caroline bishops in munificence, and fewer of their successors have equalled them. Nor can any age or country boast of greater names than then adorned the English church; it suffices to name Taylor and Barrow and South, the most eloquent, the most cogent, the most powerful of our divines. Among many others who might be specified Burnet himself is not to be omitted. His life of the excellent Bishop Bedel is one of those books which ought to be in every parochial library, if every parish had its library, as it is religiously to be desired that it may before another generation shall have passed away. To his powers as a preacher, Speaker Onslow bears testimony in his notes which are now made public. Burnet mentions the sermon against popery preached by himself at the end of King Charles's reign, from a text which, if not chosen with a political intention, (as he affirms it was not) had at least a strong appearance of being so, and for that reason perhaps was heard with greedier ears. 'Sir John Jekyl,' says the speaker, 'told me that he was present at the sermon, (I think it was this,) and that when the author had preached out the hour-glass, he took it up

up and held it aloft in his hand, and then turned it up for another hour: upon which the audience (a very large one for the place) set up almost a shout for joy. I once heard him preach at the Temple church on the subject of popery; it was on the fast-day for the negotiations of peace at Utrecht. He set forth all the horrors of that religion with such force of speech and action, (for he had much of that in his preaching and action at all times,) that I have never seen an audience any where so much affected as we all were who were present at this discourse. He preached then, as he generally did, without notes. He was, in his exterior too, the finest figure I ever saw in a pulpit.' Onslow speaks also of one of the lectures which Burnet used to deliver in his own house on Sunday evenings. 'It was upon the new heavens and the new earth after the general conflagration. He first read to us the chapter in St. Peter where this is described; then enlarged upon it with that force of imagination and solemnity of speech and manner, (the subject suiting his genius,) as to make this remembrance of it affect me extremely even now, although it is near forty years ago since I heard it. I remember it the more, because I never heard a preacher equal to him. There was an earnestness of heart, and voice, and look, that is scarcely to be conceived, as it is not the fashion of the present times; and by the want of which, as much as any thing, religion is every day failing with us.' Evelyn confirms this character of Burnet as an orator. In his diary he says, 'I first heard that famous and excellent preacher, Dr. Burnet, with such a flow of eloquence and fulness of matter as shewed him to be a person of extraordinary parts.'

In another place, Evelyn, noticing a sermon which he had heard, 'much after Bishop Andrews's method, full of logical divisions, in short and broken periods and Latin sentences,' observes, that that method was now quite of fashion in the pulpit, 'which is grown,' he adds, 'into a far more profitable way of plain and practical discourses, of which neither this nation, or any other, ever had greater plenty, or more profitable (I am confident); so much has it to answer for thriving no better.' The effect was undoubtedly greater than Evelyn then apprehended. It was gradual and silent; but how powerful it was, was seen when the nation was called upon to make a stand against Popery; how permanent it has been, (God be thanked!) we feel at this day; and the best prayer which can be breathed for our country is, that our children's children may continue to feel it through all generations.

Dryden, in an unworthy scoff at those persons who preferred the dramatic taste of the Elizabethan age to that, at once extravagant and corrupted, which he prostituted his talents to introduce, says of them, 'they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolished

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age, and more unlucky to live to a refined one. They have lasted beyond their own and are cast behind ours.' Happily indeed for England, in that disgraceful age there were many from whose hearts and minds the stamp of better times had not been effaced. The age of Shaftesbury and Buckingham was also that of Ormond and Newcastle and Southampton and Sandwich, of Sir William Temple, of Hale and Evelyn and Boyle, the noblest and the most accomplished and the best of men. At the time when Dryden composed comedies to the taste of the court, and Elkanah Settle tragedies to the taste of the city; when Wycherley and Etherege published their impurities, and the press was polluted by the filth and ribaldry of Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown, at that very time Clarendon was completing in exile his noble history, the most precious legacy that ever statesman bequeathed to his country: Milton, in poverty and blindness, was composing the *Paradise Lost*; and Izaak Walton, in the enjoyment of a green and cheerful old age, the reward of an innocent and tranquil life, produced, without art or study, his inimitable pieces of biography, not unconscious how rich a treasure he was preserving for posterity, but not dreaming of the honour in which his own name would lastingly be held for those labours of love. Mr. Wordsworth has properly noticed these delightful lives in his *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, and in a strain worthy of the subject.

There are no colours in the fairest sky  
 So fair as these. The feather whence the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men  
 Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye  
 We read of faith and purest charity  
 In statesman, priest and humble citizen.  
 Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright,  
 Apart, like glow-worms in the woods of spring,  
 Or lonely tapers shooting far a light  
 That guides and cheers,—or seen, like stars on high,  
 Satellites turning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

Political as well as moral causes contributed to the recovery of the nation. The death of Charles produced a salutary effect. The face of the whole court, says Evelyn, was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behaviour, the new king affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery. The suddenness of Charles's fate might well indeed excite awful feelings in all who had witnessed the life which he had continued to lead till the stroke of death arrested him. January 25 Evelyn enters in his *Diary*: 'I saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the king in  
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the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen, luxurious dallying and profaneness.' A week afterward he assisted at the proclamation of James II. and records his feelings thus: 'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'night I was witness to, the king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleaveland and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!'

The circumstances which ensued while they roused the spirit of the nation awakened also its better feelings. It was a struggle wherein the vital interests of civil and religious freedom were at stake; and though it is not, and ought not to be dissembled, that unworthy means were employed for promoting a cause just and noble in itself, we were preserved by the special blessing of Providence from all those dangers which any eruption of political or spiritual fanaticism must have produced. The example of the court under the two sister queens then became as favourable to good morals as it had lately been injurious. Among the minor causes of general amendment something may be ascribed to the societies for the reformation of manners, to the disuse of masks, and to the abolition of those sanctuaries which had continued after all notions of religious protection had ceased, and were become more evidently pernicious than they had ever been in the worst ages of superstition. But the main causes are unquestionably to be found in that purer spirit of literature which, from the days of Addison, has predominated; and most of all in the stability and character of our church establishment. Whether the great and manifest improvement of society has been general among us, or whether, while some classes have been happily progressive, others have not been deteriorated both in their physical and moral condition, affords matter for serious and important inquiry, upon which we have more than once entered. Of this, however, we are sure that never at any time has there prevailed in this country a more general and generous desire of diminishing the evils and miseries by which mankind are afflicted whether at home or abroad. This too is certain, that as it is the visible interest of our rulers to promote by every possible means the improvement and happiness of the people, (for upon their morals and their well-being the security of the state depends,) so it is not less their desire than their duty. We say this not merely in hope, still less in adulation, but with the confidence of knowledge, and upon the evidence of facts.

ART. VIII.—*Thoughts and Details on the High and Low Prices of the last Thirty Years.* By Thomas Tooke, F.R.S. London. 1823.

WE look upon this work of Mr. Tooke as a very valuable contribution to the science of political economy. It is an inquiry into the causes of the fluctuations which have occurred during the last thirty years in the prices of corn and other commodities; and in the pursuit of it he adduces a large and interesting collection of facts. 'This mode of treating his subject we consider as peculiarly judicious.' At all times an extensive collection of facts relative to the interchange of the various commodities of the commercial world, which is more within the reach of intelligent merchants than any other class of men, cannot but be of great importance to the science of political economy; but it is more particularly required at the present moment, when it must be acknowledged that some of our ablest writers in this science have been deficient in that constant reference to facts and experience, on which alone it can be safely founded, or further improved.

Mr. Tooke's work is divided into four *Parts*. The principal causes of the variations in the prices of commodities, he thinks, may be classed under three general heads: 1st. Alterations in the value of the currency. 2d. War, with its attendant taxes, and the return to peace. 3d. Varieties of the seasons. (i. p. 4.) The effects of these causes on prices, he considers in the three first *Parts*, according to the order named; and to these he has added a fourth, consisting of valuable tables of prices from 1782 to 1822.

Before he begins his inquiry into the influence to be ascribed to alterations in our currency, he very properly defines the meaning which he attaches to the terms depreciation of money and currency, excess or over issue of paper.

By depreciation of money, when applied generally, he understands the diminished value of the precious metals in the commercial world.

By depreciation of the currency, he means that state of it in which the coin is of less value in the market than by the Mint regulations it purports to be, or in which the paper that is compulsorily current is of less value than the coin in which it promises to be payable.—*Part i.* p. 8.

We quite agree with Mr. Tooke in the propriety and utility of the definitions which he has adopted with regard to coin and currency; and although a more general meaning has frequently been given to depreciation, and writers consequently appear to be warranted in so using it, yet we are persuaded that it would greatly contribute

contribute to clear ideas on the subject, if we were to confine the term depreciation exclusively to a deviation in defect from the standard which the coin or paper currency professes to represent, and denominate exclusively a *fall* or *rise* in the *value* of money or bullion any change which affects the standard itself, whether in any particular country, or generally. We cannot therefore agree with Mr. Tooke in his application of the term depreciation of money to a diminished value of the precious metals in the commercial world; and we were not a little surprized to find, that among his definitions there was no reference whatever to the alterations in the value of money and bullion in particular countries, alterations which have been acknowledged by all economists, and must be allowed to be especially connected with Mr. Tooke's subject.

Having thus, however, cleared the way by defining his terms, he proceeds with his facts and reasonings; and the conclusions at which he arrives are, in substance, that prices have been no further affected by the alterations in the value of the currency, (or only in the slightest degree further,) than to the extent of the difference between gold and paper; that, with the exception of commodities particularly taxed, or increased by charges on importation, or extra demand for government, there is no observable coincidence between a rise of price during war, and a fall during peace; and that the fluctuations of prices which have taken place during the last thirty years are, with the exception of the difference between paper and bullion, and the few exceptions noticed before, almost exclusively attributable to the variations of the seasons.

We cannot say that we are able to accompany Mr. Tooke to the full extent of these conclusions; but the excellency of his mode of treating the subject is, that he has put his reader in possession of so large a range of facts applicable to the questions treated of, that he is not only enabled to judge whether Mr. Tooke's conclusions are well founded, but furnished with the means of drawing other conclusions interesting to the science of political economy, which seem strictly and legitimately to follow from the facts advanced.

From a careful attention to these facts, we should say that Mr. Tooke's work distinctly proves the four following propositions:—

First, that all exchangeable value, and consequently the prices of all commodities, depend entirely upon the supply compared with the demand, and are no further affected by the labour required to produce them, than as this labour is the main condition of their supply.

2d. That the supply of commodities, as compared with the demand,

demand, is much more affected, and for a longer period, by the variations in the seasons, than has hitherto generally been supposed.

3d. That when the supply of commodities is in some degree deficient compared with the demand, whether this arises from the increase of demand, or the diminution of supply, the state of trade is brisk, profits are high, and mercantile speculations are greatly encouraged; and on the other hand, when the supply is abundant compared with the demand, there is a period of comparative stagnation, with low profits, and very little encouragement to mercantile speculation.

4th. That when these periods of deficient or abundant supply compared with the demand, are of considerable duration, which is found by experience to be frequently the case, they are necessarily accompanied by a fall or rise in the value of the precious metals in the country where they take place, according to any mode of estimating their value, which has ever been considered as approximating to the truth.

Each of these propositions appears to us to be of fundamental importance to the science of political economy; and the inquiry into the proofs of them, contained in Mr. Tooke's work, will show us at the same time to what extent he may be considered as having established his own conclusions.

In reference to the first proposition, or the universal influence of supply and demand on prices, both temporarily and permanently, we should say that the facts of all the four *Parts* of Mr. Tooke's work, and the reasonings of the first three, conspire to place the effects of demand and supply in such a light as to leave the truth of the proposition beyond the reach of any reasonable doubt. In the first *Part*, all that rise of prices beyond the difference between paper and gold, which was coincident in time with the Bank restrictions, Mr. Tooke uniformly and distinctly attributes to the state of the supply compared with the demand. He is indeed disposed to think that this rise was neither so great nor so general as has been usually supposed; but the facts which he adduces do not bear him out in this opinion: he observes,

‘ It has further been asserted, that labour as well as necessaries experienced a progressive advance during the period referred to. I have already suggested grounds of objection to the admission of the wages of carpenters in and near London as affording a sufficient ground of inference with respect to the general rate of wages in the country; and the same objection applies, in point of principle, to the admission of the higher price paid for some other descriptions of labour, which happened to be in great relative demand. It is clear that, during the progress of a war on such a scale as the last, there must have been an unusual

usual demand for full grown able bodied men; and the encouragement held out to a great extension of tillage, during the same period, might be supposed to have added to the demand; and as the supply could barely within the period keep pace with the extra demand, a considerable portion of that description of persons might naturally be expected to command a high rate of wages. Of this description were soldiers, sailors, labourers in husbandry, carpenters, bricklayers, domestic men-servants, and many others.—*Part i. p. 76.*

Now we confess that we should, without hesitation, call this a general rise in the money price of labour; nor do we think that the propriety of the term would be impeached by the instances which Mr. Tooke produces (l. pp. 81. 83.) of a low price of manufacturing labour in some of the years between 1808 and 1812, in which it is well known that anti-commercial decrees, by obstructing the vent for our exportable products, had thrown our manufacturers into a state of great distress. It was not surely that the demand for able bodied men was peculiar and unusual, in reference to a period of considerable length, but that the want of demand for manufacturing labour was peculiar and unusual, in reference to certain portions of that period.

On the same principle we cannot consider the instances which Mr. Tooke produces of an occasional low price of corn and butcher's meat (pp. 72. 75.), after the Bank restriction, and before the termination of the war, as invalidating the proofs of a great and general increase in the prices of provisions. The mass of facts brought forward, after allowing all due weight to the exceptions referred to, show, in our opinion, a decided rise in the average price both of necessaries and labour, beyond the difference between paper and gold.

But though we cannot attach so much importance to these exceptions as Mr. Tooke is disposed to do, we are persuaded that he would fully agree with us in attributing both the general rise and the temporary fall of prices during the war to the state of the demand and the supply. And after the termination of the war, Mr. Tooke's opinion is expressed as strongly as possible, that the fall of prices was owing exclusively to the abundance of the supply compared with the demand. After producing numerous proofs of this in the earlier periods of the peace, he remarks, with regard to a later period, (*Part i. p. 191.*)—

'Of the fact of the abundance of supply of the leading articles of consumption, there cannot, I should think, be any reasonable doubt. Let any cornfactor be asked whether the supplies of wheat and flour in Mark Lane, at the close of 1821, and through the first half of 1822, were not quite sufficient to have produced the fall of prices, and the apparent tendency to a further depression, as long as there was no security against the continuance of so overwhelming a supply, and whether



ther ~~then~~ is any appearance of a want of funds, or of inclination on the part of buyers to speculate, if they could be satisfied of an inadequateness of the stock of the country?

‘ The extremely low price of cattle has of late attracted so much attention that I insert a statement of the numbers sold at Smithfield for the last four years.

|      | Neat Cattle. | Sheep and Lambs. |
|------|--------------|------------------|
| 1819 | 135,226      | 949,700          |
| 1820 | 132,933      | 947,990          |
| 1821 | 142,133      | 1,107,230        |
| 1822 | 143,830      | 1,353,043        |

‘ The comparative increase has been equally great at Liverpool and Hull, and I am told that the supplies at the other markets in England have been no less superabundant. How then can there be any difficulty in accounting for the very low prices of meat during the last twelve months?’

In the second *Part* of Mr. Tooke’s work, which relates to the effects of war on prices, he is disposed altogether to deny its tendency to occasion an increase of demand; although he readily allows that it is capable of raising prices by the diminution of supply. We should be inclined to admit that the latter cause is generally more powerful than the former, particularly at first; but we think that the former is by no means inefficient; and for this we shall give our reasons in a subsequent part of our examination. In the mean time it may be observed, that both when Mr. Tooke denies the effect of war on prices from increased demand, and admits it from diminished supply, his criterion uniformly is the degree in which it may affect the proportion between the two; and it is only because he thinks that the actual proportion of the supply to the demand during the years in question was determined by other causes, that he considers the war as having had little to do with the high prices, thus referring every thing to the state of the supply and demand.

In that part of the work which considers the effects of the variations of the seasons, and refers the high and low prices of the last thirty years almost exclusively to these variations, it is obvious that every thing must be attributed to supply and demand, as the seasons can operate in no other way. And the great fluctuations of prices which appear in the tables of the last *Part*, without the possibility of their being accompanied by *proportionate* alterations in the costs of production, can only be attributed to the same overpowering cause. It may be safely said, therefore, that every *Part* of Mr. Tooke’s work conspires to prove that all prices depend upon the state of the demand and the supply, and that labour and the costs of production only influence prices as they are the necessary conditions of the supply.

For

For the proofs of the second important proposition, which we consider as established in Mr. Tooke's work, namely, that the supply of commodities as compared with the demand is much more affected and for a much longer period by the variations in the seasons than has hitherto generally been supposed, we must refer to his *Third Part*. He there enters into a detailed and interesting account of the character of the seasons from 1788 to 1792, and from 1793 to 1821 inclusive; and having explained very correctly the effect of quantity on price as being always very much greater than in proportion to the deficiency or excess of that quantity, he applies this principle to explain the high prices of corn between 1792 and 1812, and the fall of prices since that period.

Few persons, we conceive, have ever doubted the great effect of scanty crops on the price of grain in the particular years in which they have occurred. In estimating, consequently, the price of corn at distant periods, it has been generally recommended not to include years of scarcity in too short an average; and it has been even sometimes proposed to throw them out entirely. But we have met with no writer who, in considering the causes of a very great rise of prices spreading itself over so large a period as twenty years, has attributed it almost exclusively to the seasons. We cannot, as we have said, go with Mr. Tooke to the full extent of this conclusion: yet we think that the facts which he has produced clearly show not only that, as a general truth, the effects of the seasons extend themselves at times over periods of considerable length, but that in the particular case referred to they had a much greater influence on the rise of prices than had been generally supposed. As a general truth, we think the position would be confirmed by a reference to other parts of our own history besides those examined by Mr. Tooke. In that very valuable table of prices collected by Sir Frederick Morton Eden in his work on the Poor, periods of high and low prices are to be found, of considerable duration, for which it would be very difficult to give any other adequate solution than the comparative abundance or scantiness of the supplies of corn arising from the number of favourable or unfavourable seasons included in such periods.

After the great plague which occurred about the middle of the reign of Edward III. and gave occasion to the first attempt to regulate wages by law, one should naturally have expected that, owing to the great loss of people then sustained, corn would become cheaper rather than dearer; instead of which it appears to have risen from about 5s. 4d. the average of the first twenty-five years of the reign of Edward III. to 11s. 9d., the average of the last twenty-six years, with very little difference in the quantity  
of

of silver contained in the same nominal sum. For this great rise of bullion prices, spreading itself over a period of twenty-six years, it would be scarcely possible to assign an adequate cause without resorting to a succession of unfavourable seasons. During the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. a period of thirty-four years, the bullion price of corn seems to have fallen rather lower than it was in the first half of the reign of Edward III. In the first twenty-three years it was 5s. 7d. and in the last eleven years 6s. 1d.; and as in the latter half of the reign of Edward III. the pound of silver was coined into 25s. and at the end of the reign of Henry IV. into 30s. the bullion price of this period was rather below what it was in the first half of the reign of Edward III.; and it certainly would be very difficult to explain the low prices of these thirty-four years and the high prices of the preceding twenty-six without the powerful operation of seasons.

In 1444, other statutes regulating the price of labour were passed, probably owing to the high price of corn, which had risen on an average of the ten preceding years to 10s. 8d. without any further alterations in the coin; and for this rise there seems to be no adequate cause but a succession of comparatively scanty crops, particularly as after this period there was a continuance of low prices for above sixty years. The average price of wheat from 1444 to the end of the reign of Henry VII. in 1509, returned to about 6s. while the pound of silver being coined into £1 : 17s. 6d. instead of £1 : 2s. 6d. as at the time of passing the first statute of labourers in 1350, showed a very decided fall in the bullion price of wheat. This fall, however, was so considerable and lasted for so very long a period that we cannot attribute it wholly to the seasons. Still less are we disposed to attribute it to the cause assigned by Adam Smith—a gradual rise in the value of silver; because, if we refer to his own criterion of value, *labour*, we shall find that while the bullion price of corn had been falling, the bullion price of labour had been rising, and, consequently, silver had been diminishing instead of increasing in value. These prices of corn and labour could only have arisen from a great and continued abundance of corn which was evinced by the very large quantity of it awarded to the labourer; and this abundance was occasioned probably by the combined operations of favourable seasons with the introduction of a better system of agriculture, before the distribution of property and the habits of the labouring classes had been so far improved as to encourage a proportionate increase of their number.

The rise in the price of corn during the course of the next century may, no doubt, be easily accounted for by the progress of population and the discovery of the American mines, without

any aid from unfavourable seasons, although in fact such seasons did combine with the other causes just mentioned, in raising the price of wheat towards the end of the century, from 1594 to 1598. The same cause unquestionably operated for twenty years, about the middle of the subsequent century, from 1646 to 1665 inclusive, when the price of the quarter of wheat was £2: 10s.—considerably higher than it was either in the earlier or latter part of the century; and it is somewhat singular, that while during a considerable part of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, and subsequently, corn was remarkably cheap; during the civil wars under Charles I. and for some time subsequently, it was as remarkably dear—a pretty strong presumptive proof that the seasons had more to do with the prices in both cases, than the civil wars.

All these cases are noticed by Mr. Malthus, in the fourth section of his chapter on the Wages of Labour, in his work on Political Economy, and he has occasionally referred to the influence of the seasons; but he has not, as we should have expected, from his usual and laudable habits of attending to facts and experience, called the particular attention of his reader to the general conclusion which unavoidably follows from them.

It will be seen, from the slight sketch we have given of the high and low prices of a long period anterior to the period examined by Mr. Tooke, that, as a general truth, we are fully prepared to attach very great importance to the effects of the seasons on prices, for periods of twenty or thirty years together. We further think, that in the particular case in question, the coincidence of the highest prices with the scarcest years shows, incontestably, that a considerable part of these high prices belong to the same cause. The reason why we cannot attribute nearly the whole of them to the seasons is, our firm conviction that the circumstances of the late war, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Tooke to the contrary, were such that they must necessarily have occasioned a general rise in the money price of corn, if the seasons had continued to be of the same description, exactly as those which prevailed for ten or twenty years before 1793.

Mr. Tooke has produced documents which show, that during the last century, up to the commencement of the war with France, the prices of corn, meat, and even labour, were as low in the periods of war as in the periods of peace. These documents we consider as containing most useful and important instruction, calculated to remove the impression too common among the producing classes, that war must be favourable to them. They certainly prove, as Mr. Tooke states, that a rise of agricultural produce, wages, and other articles not taxed, or not the immediate objects

objects of war consumption, is not a *necessary* consequence of a state of war. But though in the three subsequent sections he seems to intend to examine all the causes of high price, which especially belonged to the character and circumstances of the late war, yet the most striking peculiarities of it in this respect, he has either omitted to notice, or allowed them a weight in no degree commensurate with their real importance. These peculiarities were the unusually rapid increase of the population, the extraordinary increase in the quantity and value of the exports, and the very important circumstance, that whereas in all the former wars noticed, we grew more corn than our own consumption, in the last, we were obliged to import corn from abroad, in order to make up our habitual supply. We have always considered the very great rise of general prices, which took place in the interval between 1793 and 1814, as mainly occasioned by the rise in the price of corn; and if, independently of the seasons, there are any causes more influential than others on the price of corn, they must be those which we have just named. The obstructions which the war, and high freights, would throw in the way of importing the usual quantity of foreign corn, would, upon every principle stated by Mr. Tooke, necessarily raise the price; and this rise would continue to be proportioned to such freights and obstructions, till the corn of home growth was sufficient for the support of the population; but the great demand for labour and the great increase of the population, would be exactly calculated to throw this event to a distance, while the general rise of prices so occasioned, would be supported by the abundance and value of the exports.

We are disposed to agree with Mr. Tooke, when he says, (*Part II. p. 57.*) ‘If it had so happened, that in the last war we had habitually grown as much corn beyond the proportion of our own consumption, as we did between 1740 and 1750, and that the seasons had been equally favourable to the growth, we should have witnessed a totally different set of phenomena connected with prices. The transition from war to peace might, as was the case on many former occasions, have been attended with a rise of the prices of agricultural produce, and nothing would have been heard of the distress of the landed interest as resulting from the peace, nor would war be considered as the source of their prosperity.’ But as the actual state of things was quite different; as, instead of growing a considerable average surplus of grain, which we did in all the former wars of the century, our home growth had become insufficient for our consumption, and the population seemed to be outrunning our cultivation, there was evidently a very great and decided

decided cause of a high price, from high freights and insurance, unconnected with the variations of the seasons.

We would intreat our readers to refer to the comparatively stationary population, the comparatively stationary exports, and the comparatively abundant supply of corn of home growth, during the four wars preceding that which commenced in 1793, and then ask themselves, whether the character and circumstances of the late war were not calculated to have a totally different effect on prices from those of the preceding wars? But if when a great rise of prices has been observed to take place, attributable to the seasons and other causes, and the other causes, according to the acknowledged principles of supply and demand, must have had a very powerful influence on these prices, it would be obviously most incorrect to attribute the whole, or nearly the whole effect to the seasons.

We cannot therefore go with Mr. Tooke to the extent of his opinions on the influence of the seasons upon the high and low prices of the last thirty years; but we decidedly think, that the facts which he has referred to, and the reasonings with which they are accompanied, clearly prove, both as a general truth, and in the particular instance considered, the second proposition stated by us, namely, that the supply of commodities as compared with the demand, is much more affected, and for a much longer period, by the variations in the seasons, than has hitherto generally been supposed.

In proceeding to consider the proofs which Mr. Tooke's work affords of the third fundamental proposition, we must previously notice an extraordinary passage with which he commences the 5th section of his *Second Part*. He observes—

‘ Enough has been said to prove that war cannot operate in raising general prices through the medium of increased demand, *the quantity of money, and its rate of circulation continuing the same.*’

This, we own, appears to us a most strange limitation, and if adhered to, would convert a very interesting practical inquiry into a barren discussion of a suppositious case which, perhaps, it would not be too much to say could never be realized.

It is of the very nature of war, and of the obstructions which it occasions to supply, to influence the quantity of money in a country, and the rate of its circulation. And surely the proper inquiry for us, on the present occasion, is, *the fact*, whether the circumstances of the late war did really create an increase of demand as well as an obstruction to the supply, without precluding the natural means by which such a result would be effected. At any rate, we give our readers notice that our own inquiry is meant to be conducted without any such limitation, thinking, as we certainly

tainly do; that it is the only way of making it of the least practical use.

Of the alterations in the proportion between the supply of commodities and the demand for them, during the last war, occasioned partly by obstructions to supply arising from the war, and partly from the unfavourableness of the seasons, there cannot, we believe, be two opinions. Our only question with Mr. Tooke, on this part of the subject, is, whether this state of the proportion between supply and demand does or does not occasion an increase of demand, which may properly be considered as positive as well as relative. This question, it appears to us, that the facts and general reasonings which he has brought forward clearly answer in the affirmative.

In Part I. Section VII. which contains a very able and useful explanation of the causes of the extension and contraction of private paper and credit, Mr. Tooke commences by saying, that—

‘The circumstances most conducive to an enlargement and contraction of the circulation of private paper and credit are identical with those which give rise to a spirit of speculation and overtrading on the one hand, and to stagnation and despondency on the other. The circumstances which give rise to a spirit of speculation and overtrading are scarcity, or, in other words, a deficiency in the supply of some important article or articles compared with the average consumption, and the opening of new and extensive markets, or, in general, of any new sources of demand. Agricultural produce, which forms by far the largest portion, as well as the most valuable class of commodities, and which, as it includes the subsistence of the labourer, and supplies the raw materials of some manufactures, affects the value of many other commodities, is that, of which any casual scarcity most powerfully contributes to a temporary increase of the circulation of private paper.’

Further on, he says—

‘Independent of the paper created on such occasions by the prevalence of a spirit of speculation, whether arising from deficiency of supply, or from increased demand, there is a further effect produced on prices in both cases by an extended substitution of mere credit in transactions of purchase and sale, in some branches of trade in which it is not usual to deal through the medium of acceptances; and it is clear that an increased use of credit for the purposes of purchase may operate on prices as effectually without, as with the intervention of paper.’

He concludes the section as follows—

‘It is evident from this view, that a currency consisting as our’s does of a considerable portion issued through the medium of credit, is subject to great variations in that proportion; that those variations  
originating,

originating, in most cases, in a spirit of speculation and the re-action from it, tend to extend the range and accelerate the rate of the consequent fluctuations in price, *supposing that the rest of the currency, as dispensed by the Bank of England, were stationary in amount.* If the Bank of England, under the circumstances described as tending to enlarge the circulation of country and private paper, should simultaneously increase its issues, whether through the medium of discounts or of advances to government, it is clear that the rise of prices would be greater and more rapid, as on the other hand a contraction of its issues, if it should coincide with a return of abundance, and with a re-action from speculation, would aggravate the fall of prices and consequent distress.

For further information we refer the reader to the whole section, which is well worthy of his attention: but we think that even the very short extracts which we have here given, not only clearly state that a deficiency of supply of some important article, compared with the average consumption, creates an increase of general demand, accompanied by a rise of prices; but they point out distinctly how this rise of prices may take place, even without an increase either of Bank of England paper or money.

In a subsequent section, which treats of the *Effect of Quantity on Price*, the increase of demand from deficiency of supply is placed in a still stronger light. After noticing the well-known fact that a small deficiency in the produce of corn, compared with the average rate of consumption, causes a rise in price very much beyond the ratio of the defect, he refers to some calculations of Gregory King, and confirms the principle on which they are founded, by a review of the state of the seasons and the state of prices from the year 1620.

In the next section (V. Part III.) he applies the principle of the *'effect of quantity on price'* to the state of agriculture from 1793 to 1812. 'The first great burst of prosperity (he says) clearly followed the deficient harvests of 1794 and 1795;' and he then calculates, with much appearance of probability, that the rise in the price of grain occasioned by the deficiency of these two years, which was supposed to be about one-eighth, must have thrown into the hands of the agricultural interest in 1795 and 1796, when the prices were the highest, a clear profit of from 12 to 14 millions each year, or from 24 to 28 millions for the two years.

Now unless it can be distinctly shown, that this enormous increase in the price and value of the grain of the country, was counterbalanced by a proportionate diminution in the price and value of other commodities, it follows incontestably, that there must have been a great positive increase of demand in reference to the actual mass of products, that is, such a demand as would



have been effectual to the purchase of a larger mass of commodities than were consumed in 1793, on the supposition that they were sold at the same price. But Mr. Tooke does not attempt to show that there was any such counterbalancing fall of prices in the goods of the other producing classes. Indeed, such a fall would have been quite inconsistent with the language which he makes use of, when he refers to these two years as the period of a great burst of prosperity; and if we look to the tables at the end of his work which contain a list of the prices of goods, chiefly foreign, exclusive of duties, since 1782; and the quantities of some of the principal articles imported since the same period, we shall find no proofs whatever that the greater amount of currency expended on the corn diminished the amount of expenditure on foreign commodities. If we pursue the inquiry to the end of the war, it will appear that, partly from the frequent recurrence of unfavourable seasons, partly from the obstructions to the supply occasioned by the war, and partly from a rapidly increasing consumption, the market for corn was on an average rather understocked for nearly twenty years together. We in consequence imported largely for a considerable part of the time in spite of the obstructions of foreign decrees, and high freights and insurances. Comparing an average of the three years ending with 1792, and an average of three years ending with 1813, the currency price of corn, (according to the Elton table, and reckoning the paper price of gold for the latter three years at £5) appears to have risen from £2 : 12s. 9d. to £5 : 18s. 8d., and the bullion price from £2 : 12s. 9d. to £4 : 12s. Yet this very great increase in the bullion price of corn, so far from diminishing proportionably the prices of other commodities, was not only accompanied by increased prices but by a greatly increased amount of the quantity consumed.

It is extremely fallacious to estimate the increase of demand by the increase of consumption, if we refer only to short periods; because a considerable increase of consumption may take place for some years together, not from what can with propriety be called an increase of demand, but from an overabundant supply occasioned either by the seasons, or by unfounded hopes and expectations relating to the employment of capital. It is unquestionably true that nothing is produced, which some persons or other have not a fair right and title to consume. It may also safely be affirmed that all which is produced will be consumed in some way or other, sooner or later. But it is cold comfort to the manufacturer to tell him that, if he cannot sell his goods for a fair price, he is entitled to consume them himself. Nor can the farmer be much relieved by the assurance that, all the superabundant quantity of wheat which he has produced will certainly be con-

consumed in the course of the next two years, if in the meantime he is obliged to sell it at such a price, that, without other resources, he will not be able to employ above three-fourths of the labourers which he employed before. According to Mr. Tooke a succession of two or three very abundant seasons at home, accompanied by similar seasons abroad, would necessarily produce a state of general stagnation and despondency. Yet during this period there would certainly be a greater consumption of corn than usual. But surely he would not designate as a time of brisk and increased demand the very same period which he would call a period of stagnation and despondency, that is, a period when the greater part of the commodities of the country were selling below what Adam Smith calls their natural price.

We cannot then, it is obvious, measure the increase of demand by the increase of consumption for a few years. But if we take a period of considerable length, and attend particularly to the rate at which the annual consumption increases, some judgment may no doubt be formed of the annual increase of effectual demand. Tried by this criterion, we believe it will be found, by a reference to Mr. Tooke's and other documents, that the products of the land, the labour, and the capital of this country, never in any period of our history increased for twenty-two years together with the same rapidity as in the twenty-two years from 1793 to 1814 inclusive. If we look to the corn and provisions, and recollect the very great increase of population which took place in the interval in question, between one-third and one-fourth, and amounting in England and Wales alone to above two millions and a half of people, we shall be compelled to acknowledge, that if we had the means of comparing with accuracy the agricultural products of the three years ending with 1792, with the agricultural products of the three years ending with 1814, it would be seen that the increase of them was absolutely unexampled in reference to any other period of the same extent in our history.

If we look to the quantity of imported commodities noticed in the second of Mr. Tooke's tables at the end of his work, we shall find that, although the natural tendency of war is to diminish the returns for our exported commodities, in order to furnish the means of foreign expenditure, yet the returns so diminished, indicate a great increase of home consumption. Comparing the imports of the nine articles which he has selected, sugar, coffee, cotton-wool, sheep's-wool, silk raw and thrown, tallow, hemp undressed, and flax, during the three years ending with 1792 and the three years ending with 1812,\* it appears that the quantity of sugar imported

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\* The average ending with 1812 is taken on account of the failure in the returns of 1813, owing to the fire at the Custom House.

has much more than doubled, the quantity of coffee increased more than ten times, the quantity of cotton-wool more than three times, and the quantity of sheep's wool more than twice, while the other articles have increased in various proportions short of doubling.

If we look to the British produce and manufactures exported during the war we shall find that they rose to above double their former amount, although, in previous wars, the general effect was a decided diminution of them, and although in the thirty years preceding, they had not increased so much as one half.

If, from the imports and exports, we turn our view to the quantity of domestic industry set in motion, we believe that in no former period of the same extent has there ever been any approach to the same increase of draining and inclosures, roads and bridges, canals and harbours, paving and other local improvements, machinery, shipping, and exciseable commodities. We are quite at a loss, therefore, to understand on what grounds the great increase of consumption during the war is denied by Mr. Tooke. The conversion of capital into revenue which was taking place during the whole of the period must have powerfully co-operated with the seasons and the obstructions to importation, in occasioning a brisk consumption of all the produce brought to market, so as, with few and slight exceptions, to leave little on hand; and as it appears from all the documents which can be referred to that the yearly additions to this produce were unusually large, it follows necessarily that the consumption during the war was unusually great.

It is true, however, that the consumption has been still greater since the peace. This was certainly to be expected: first, on account of the continuance of that rapid increase of population which was occasioned by the war demand for labour and the great and increasing power to pay for it; secondly, by the sudden abundance of capital and labour thrown out of employment by the peace which would change the former proportion between productive and unproductive consumption; and thirdly, by the natural consequence of the last cause combined with favourable seasons, namely, an excessive supply of all sorts of produce, and such a fall of prices and of profits as occasioned a greater degree of distress, and for a longer period, among the main body of producers than had ever before been experienced. These causes, while in full operation, could not fail to be accompanied by a very great consumption. But if, instead of looking merely at the quantity produced and consumed during the first eight years of the peace, we consider the rate at which the quantity and value of the produce seems to have been increasing, the result will be of a very different character. Taking an average of the total exports from Great Britain during the years 1814, 15 and 16,  
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valued officially, and therefore representing quantity, and comparing them with the exports during the years 1819, 20 and 21, it appears that the quantity of exports had decidedly diminished, the former three years amounting to £56,275,000 and the latter only to £52,696,000; and even taking the specific articles contained in Mr. Tooke's table of quantities exported, it appears that, with the exception of cotton and sheep's wool, for which new and increasing markets have been opened, there is not, we believe, one of which the quantity exported has not decreased, and some of them considerably. His table of quantities of imported articles presents no doubt a more favourable aspect. The war expenditure abroad being over, our imports ought greatly to increase; yet, notwithstanding this, the imports of four out of the nine articles noticed seem to have diminished rather than increased, terminating the average of the latter three years with the year 1822, which Mr. Tooke has given.

If from the *quantities* of goods exported and imported we turn to their *prices* and *value*, the falling off will appear to be greater and more general. Such has been the depression of prices since the war, that whereas formerly it was the custom to add fifty per cent. to the official value in order to get the real value, it is now said that the real or declared value is actually lower on an average than the official; and, according to a statement before us, the declared value of the exports of Great Britain of home produce and manufacture was, in 1818, £48,904,000, and, in 1821, had fallen to £35,826,000.

But, whatever may have been the favourable or unfavourable changes which have taken place since the peace, the period, though very long for a crisis of distress and unnaturally low profits, is much too short to be compared with the period of the war; and it may still most safely be said that in no twenty-two years of our history of which we have authentic accounts has there ever been so rapid an increase of production and consumption, both in respect of quantity and value, as in the twenty-two years ending with 1814.

The specific and immediate cause of this great stimulus to continued production has, it appears to us, been very clearly explained by Mr. Tooke in the principle which he has laid down on the *Effect of Quantity on Price*, and the numerous instances which he brings to show that this principle is well founded. The principle is, that whenever there is a relative diminution of supply, from whatever cause it may arise, it is immediately followed by a briskness of demand for the remaining produce, accompanied by a rise of prices and of profits which never fails to occasion a great stimulus to subsequent production. This process we have

always been in the habit of considering as the great remedial law of nature in regard to production and consumption; and it will be observed that it is a remedy of very great power. Whenever, within certain limits, a portion of the produce of a country has been diminished, by the seasons, by obstructions to importation, or by an increase in the proportion of unproductive consumption, not only does the power of setting fresh industry in motion remain unimpaired, but by the universal law of the effect of quantity upon price it is greatly increased. The farmer who, in consequence of a deficiency of his crops of one eighth, sells them for nearly a third more than the usual price before the money wages of labour have risen, is obviously able to set in motion a much greater quantity of industry than before. The specific funds destined for the maintenance of labour, though diminished in quantity, are by this happy provision of nature increased in their efficiency to recover the loss that has been sustained, and to increase the produce of the next year; while the labourers, although they unquestionably sustain some privation, are, in a considerable degree, recompensed by the great and general increase of employment. There is, in the language of Mr. Tooke, a burst of prosperity to the producing classes; and we should certainly add, without a *proportionate* diminution in the prosperity of the labouring classes.

This doctrine of Mr. Tooke on the effect of quantity on price, is, it must be allowed, directly opposed to the doctrine of M. Say, in his chapter *Des Debouchés*, which teaches that all increase of demand depends upon increase of supply, and diminution of demand on diminution of supply. If this were so; if it were true, that when the produce of a country had been in part destroyed, the will and power to increase what was left was immediately diminished, we do not see how the recovery of the loss would be practicable within any moderate compass of time; and such an increased difficulty thrown in the way of restoration to plenty would be so directly contrary to all the usual healing processes of nature, and is so directly opposite to all experience, which shows with what rapidity losses are recovered, that we can only feel astonishment that such opinions should be held by men of distinguished ability.

The specific source of M. Say's error and of those who have followed him is, the not being aware of, or the not allowing sufficient weight to the principle of the *Effect of quantity on price and value*. As long as the increase of quantity increases the value of the funds specifically destined for the maintenance of labour, so long of course it increases effective demand, and gives a stimulus to production; and in reference to any length of time,  
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and the absolute necessity of a great and continued increase of produce to a great and continued increase of population, it is obvious that the increase in the power of setting industry in motion at the end of fifteen or twenty years must depend mainly upon the increase of production. But whenever this production so exceeds the actual state of the demand, whatever that may be, as to disable the producers from putting in motion the same quantity of industry as before, to that extent exactly is the effective demand for a further increase of produce diminished and the stimulus to the increase of wealth abated.

This limitation to the principle of the effect of quantity on price and value is so simple and intelligible; it so clearly shows that in all ordinary cases the increase in the wealth of other countries, or new employments at home, must give a great stimulus to our industry, (a result which M. Say erroneously thinks is peculiar to his own views relating to production,) while at the same time it explains so distinctly and specifically the causes of the few exceptions which are observed to occur, that the principle thus restricted, and its particular application to the power of setting industry in motion, may be safely laid down, as one of the most universal and constantly operating principles in political economy. We decidedly think indeed that, without allowing due weight to this principle, the phenomena of the last hundred years, but more especially the phenomena of the last thirty, are absolutely inexplicable. Certainly nothing but the union of a greatly increased activity of general demand, a greatly increased power of commanding labour, a great increase of encouragement to the use of machinery, and a great increase of profits, particularly in agriculture, all owing mainly to the peculiar state of the supply compared with the demand in a country of great resources and great ingenuity, could possibly have occasioned so rapid a recovery of the immense mass of capital consumed by the government during the war, and have given at the same time such a prodigious extension to almost every department of industry and improvement.

As we have always been of opinion, therefore, that the sole use of political economy is its application to practice, and that no theories are entitled to confidence in reference to the future, which will not give a satisfactory solution of past phenomena, we were disposed to hail Mr. Tooke's work as specifically calculated to set aside a theory which is directly contradicted by the most general experience, and as far as it has prevailed has wrested the science of political economy from its only just and safe foundation. What then was our disappointment to find that, although Mr. Tooke has written in such a way as, we trust, will convince

others, he does not seem to be convinced himself! In a note to the last *Part* of his work (Part IV. p. 5.) he still declares his adherence to the doctrine of M. Say on supply and demand as explained by Mr. Mill in his *Elements of Political Economy*.<sup>\*</sup> This, we own, puts us in mind of the declaration of the learned editors of the Jesuits' edition of Newton's works, (see the note p. 163 of this Number,) who after having co-operated with the illustrious author on whom they were commenting, in proving, beyond the possibility of doubt, that, from the universal law of gravity, the earth must necessarily revolve round the sun, still professed it to be their creed that the sun revolved round the earth.

To us it appears that Mr. Tooke has distinctly and luminously proved both by a correct train of reasoning, and what is of much more importance a constant appeal to a crowd of well-attested facts, that a small diminution in the proportion of the usual supplies of such a country as this, invariably calls forth a larger amount of currency and credit, and increases very decidedly the general demand for produce, or the power of devoting such a value to the purchase of the whole mass, as without the rise of prices occasioned by the deficiency, would command a much greater quantity; yet in the note above referred to he professes to believe that the aggregate of demand must always be equal to the aggregate supply, which if it means any thing beyond the very futile proposition, that all which is produced will sooner or later be consumed, must mean something directly opposed to the whole spirit and bent of his work. We must however take leave to consider Mr. Tooke's work as better authority than this inadvertent declaration; and to this work we can confidently refer the reader as containing the most satisfactory proofs of the third proposition stated, namely, That when the supply of commodities is in some degree deficient compared with the demand, whether this arises from increase of demand, or diminution of supply, the state of trade is brisk, profits are high, and mercantile speculations are greatly encouraged; and on the other hand, when the supply is abundant compared with the demand, there is

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\* The fallacy of Mr. Mill's argument depends entirely upon the effect of quantity on price and value. Mr. Mill says that the supply and demand of every individual are of necessity equal. But as supply is always estimated by quantity, and demand only by price and value; and as increase of quantity often diminishes price and value, it follows, according to all just theory, that so far from being always equal, they must of necessity be often very unequal, as we find by experience. If it be said that reckoning both the demand and supply of commodities by value, they will then be equal; this may be allowed; but it is obvious that they may then both greatly fall in value compared with money and labour; and the will and power of capitalists to set industry in motion, which is the most general and important of all kinds of demand, may be decidedly diminished at the very time that the quantity of produce, however well proportioned each part may be to the other, is decidedly increased.

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a period of comparative stagnation, with low profits, and very little encouragement to mercantile speculation.

We now proceed to consider the proofs which Mr. Tooke's work affords of the fourth proposition, namely, that when periods of abundant or deficient supply are of considerable duration, which is found by experience to be frequently the case, they are necessarily accompanied by a fall or rise of the value of the precious metals in the country where they take place, according to any mode of estimating their value which has ever been considered as approximating to the truth.

Mr. Tooke has clearly shown that the effects of the seasons in raising prices may last for twenty years together, so as very greatly to increase the average price of corn; and it has already been stated as a matter of fact, that taking an average of the three years ending with 1792, and the three years ending with 1813, the bullion price of wheat rose from £2: 12s. 9d. to £4: 12s. Now, though it is well known that a year of scarcity or even two years, may pass over without a rise in the price of labour, yet when the rise of provisions is very considerable in itself, and extends over a considerable period, a rise in the money price of labour must follow, or the population will be quite unable to support itself, and the prices of corn must fall again from the destruction of the consumers. In the case immediately under our consideration, we well know that this alternative did not take place. On the contrary, the population increased with extraordinary rapidity, which necessarily implies such a rise in the money price of labour as, combined with more general employment, and other advantages in the purchase of clothing and foreign commodities, would enable the labouring classes to bring up larger families than before.

We had then, it is allowed, a great and general rise in the bullion price of corn and all sorts of provisions; a great and general rise in the bullion price of labour; and, with few exceptions, a general, though more variable rise in the bullion price of other commodities. Now the question is, whether this state of things does not necessarily involve *a fall in the value of bullion*, according to any intelligible meaning which has ever been attached to the terms; or any mode of estimating the value of the precious metals which has ever been considered as an approximation to the truth.

Adam Smith in the fifth chapter of his first book, after explaining the distinction between the real and nominal price of commodities, has the following passage: 'Labour, therefore, it appears evidently, is the only universal as well as the only accurate measure of value, or the only standard by which we can compare



compare the values of different commodities at all times and all places. We cannot estimate, it is allowed, the real value of different commodities from century to century by the quantities of silver given for them. We cannot estimate it from year to year by the quantities of corn. By the quantities of labour we can with the greatest accuracy estimate it, both from century to century and from year to year.' This is no doubt laying down labour as the measure of value in the most positive terms. But owing to some obscurity in the enunciation of this doctrine in other passages, and still more to his not adhering to it steadily and consistently in other parts of his work, it was not generally adopted. Mr. Malthus has lately revived it, with new proofs of its correctness, in a pamphlet entitled, '*The Measure of Value stated and illustrated*;' and as he does not seem likely to fall into the error of Adam Smith, in its application, it may be expected that it will receive a fair trial; and should it finally be established, it will, without doubt, give that distinctness and precision to all questions relating to value, of which it must be acknowledged they stand at present very greatly in need.

If, on these authorities, we should in the case before us take the labour which a commodity will command as the measure of its value, it will appear at once from the acknowledged rise in the bullion price of labour, that bullion had fallen just so much in value.

If we were to take corn,—the measure unfortunately adopted in practice by Adam Smith, instead of his professed standard, it would appear that the value of bullion had fallen still more; and if we were to take a mean between the two, as was formerly suggested by Mr. Malthus, the fall would appear to be greater than if measured by labour, and smaller than if measured by corn.

If we were to take Mr. Ricardo's measure—the labour worked up in a commodity, the same conclusion of a fall in the value of bullion would unquestionably follow. Indeed, on Mr. Ricardo's principles, this fall must have been very considerable. According to him, while gold retains its value, a rise in the price of labour is invariably accompanied by a fall of profits. We witnessed, however, a very great rise in the bullion price of labour, not only without a fall of profits, but with a decided rise of them. And this, it is evident, could only have happened in consequence of the rise in the bullion price of labour being occasioned exclusively by a fall in the value of bullion.

If, rejecting any single criterion, or the combination of one or two, we proceed to compare an ounce of gold with all the commodities of the country in succession, though the measure would be a most clumsy one, and by no means well calculated to determine

mine the degree of variation; yet we cannot for a moment doubt that the result would indicate a great fall in the value of bullion. As the great rise in the bullion price of labour is acknowledged, and as it must be allowed that profits had also risen compared with what they were in 1792, it is quite obvious that what Adam Smith calls the natural prices of all the domestic commodities of the country, in the production of which improvements had ~~not~~ been introduced, must have increased fully in the proportion of the increase in the price of labour. The only exceptions, therefore, to a general rise of this extent in the bullion prices of commodities would be imported commodities, and the commodities on which, on account of the improvements in machinery, a smaller quantity of labour had been employed. With regard to the first of these classes of commodities, though they would not probably rise so high as domestic commodities, yet they would necessarily rise considerably on account of freight, insurance, and taxes; and with regard to the second, as the extent to which improvements in the saving of labour may go is quite uncertain, and as such improvements might equally prevail under any value of the precious metals, it must be allowed that they are the last class of commodities which should be referred to, with a view to any estimate of value. Reckoning, however, the value of money as synonymous with the power of commanding the mass of commodities, including the effects of improved machinery, (which we do not think a just view of the subject,) still the value of bullion will appear to have fallen greatly.

Further, if we measure metallic money and other commodities by the relative conditions of their supply, the value of such money will appear still more strikingly to have diminished. The main conditions of the supply of commodities are allowed by political economists to be, the labour which it is necessary to employ both on the article, and on the portion of the capital used in producing it, together with the ordinary profits upon the advances. If either the necessary labour, or the ordinary profits of the time cannot be obtained, the supply will naturally fail.

Now let us try the variations and the relative values of commodities and of bullion by this general criterion. Taking the corn produced by the poorest land, in cultivation on which, the rent compared with the value of the produce, would be quite trifling, we shall find that the natural conditions of the supply of a quarter of corn from such land, during the three years ending with 1813, were not essentially different from what they were in the three years ending with 1792. Probably the quantity of labour employed was very nearly the same, but the profits of stock being higher, the quarter of corn, though it had cost in its production

no more labour than in 1792, would necessarily command rather more, when brought to market. This was confirmed by the acknowledged fact, that the corn wages of labour, notwithstanding the great demand for men, and the great advance of money price, were rather lower than before the war.

If we proceed to the examination of cloth, leather, houses, ships, tin, &c.; or any commodities in the production of which no decided saving of labour had been introduced, it is obvious, that the natural conditions of their supply, must have been nearly the same as in 1792, with the exception of the rise of profits, which would cause all these commodities to exchange for rather more labour than before. But when we come to examine the conditions of the supply of bullion, the case is quite different. They will appear to have experienced such a change, as must necessarily lower its value, just as if a great saving of labour had been introduced into its mode of production. When countries which have no mines possess the precious metals, they must have been purchased by some exportable commodities; and we conceive that no man in his senses would knowingly send goods abroad, which he could sell for an ounce of gold at home, unless he could obtain for them, after exportation, the same value estimated in the same medium, with the addition of the necessary expenses of carriage. But at home the ounce of gold bullion, owing to the rise in the bullion price of labour, will command a much smaller quantity of labour than before, and it follows that the cotton goods which will exchange for an ounce of gold at home, and are destined to purchase more than an ounce of gold abroad, will also command a much smaller quantity of labour than before. But the quantity of labour which a commodity will command, is obviously the same as the quantity of labour worked up in it with the addition of profits, and therefore represents the natural and necessary conditions of the supply. Consequently the natural conditions of the supply of the muslins which were to purchase the ounce of gold were lowered. To use the language of M. Say, the productive services required to obtain gold in England were diminished, and the value of gold naturally fell.

It appears then, that, according to any mode which has ever been adopted for estimating the value of commodities, whether we take one object, a few objects, all objects, the labour worked up in commodities, or the quantity of labour and profits, which is the necessary condition of their supply, the value of bullion must, on an average,\* have fallen considerably from 1792 to 1813, and

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\* We say on an average, because there were unquestionably certain periods between 1809 and 1815, when the great demands of the government for its foreign expenditure, did

and by the same criterions it will appear that the value of bullion must have risen considerably since 1813.

We are quite at a loss, therefore, to understand the grounds on which Mr. Tooke confines this fall and rise in the value of the whole currency, during the last thirty years, to the difference between paper and gold. He distinctly acknowledges the rise in the bullion price of corn in the great mass of labour, and in numerous other articles, both domestic and foreign, during the war. He acknowledges also a state of prices directly opposite, since the termination of it. But he strangely supposes that the natural inference from these prices, in respect to the value of bullion, will be destroyed by his showing the specific causes of scarcity, freights, insurance, taxes, or, generally speaking, the obstructions to supply which occasioned these high prices, upon the principles of supply and demand. Now we are quite willing to agree with Mr. Tooke in all the causes of the high and low prices of the last thirty years, which he has summed up at the conclusion of his *Third Part* (pp. 83, 84). But we must strongly protest against his conclusion, that the statement of these causes 'leaves no ground for imputing to the alterations in our currency any effect beyond the difference between paper and gold.' Because the causes which he states are specifically those which, according to the principle of the *effect of quantity on price*, are calculated to raise bullion prices generally, or, in other words, to alter the value of bullion. Mr. Tooke, we repeat, has very happily explained how this is effected, by showing that a deficiency of supply calls forth at once an increased quantity of private paper and credit, without any necessary separation of the paper from the gold, thus making the gold conform itself in value to an increased quantity of currency divided among a diminished quantity of commodities. To this cause of the high prices of commodities occasioned by the sudden extension of private paper and credit, we should be strongly disposed to add a more rapid circulation of the currency, which, we believe, is the almost constant concomitant of what is called a brisk demand. And we cannot help considering these two causes combined as of very great power, and as affording the true explanation of events which would be otherwise unintelligible.

To what extent bullion prices might rise from the causes just stated, called into action by a diminished proportion of the supply to

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did really raise the price of gold in reference to its low preceding value. This is clearly shown by Mr. Blake in his late publication, and it is much to be regretted, that he should have mixed up with so many interesting and important observations, a proposition so entirely untenable, as that the average value of gold should rise amidst the acknowledged average rise of the gold price of labour, and of all other commodities.

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the demand, it is not easy to say. The specific limit to them seems to be the turn of the exchange, and the impossibility of a country's maintaining its exports under an advance in the bullion price of labour, beyond what was balanced by peculiar skill and machinery, or the peculiar raw products which might be sold abroad at advanced bullion prices with little diminution of quantity. It is justly observed by Mr. Mill, in his *Elements of Political Economy*, (p. 129) that 'The increase of the quantity of the precious metals which diminishes the value of them, gradually diminishes and tends to destroy the power of exporting other commodities: the diminution of the quantity of the precious metals which increases their value, increases, by a similar process, the motive to the exportation of other commodities.' But an increase or decrease in the quantity of currency and credit, while paper exchanges at par with gold, or an increase or decrease in the rapidity with which the currency circulates, must, while it lasts, have precisely the same effects on the value of bullion and the state of the exports, as an increase or decrease of bullion. Mr. Mill, however, goes much too far, and probably much farther than he really intended, when he says, that 'a country will export commodities other than the precious metals only when the value of the precious metals is high,' 'and import only when the value of the precious metals is low.' Experience informs us that the two greatest exporting nations of the world, England and America, are the two nations where the value of the precious metals is the lowest. But still the tendency, though counterbalanced in the way above stated, is exactly such as is described by Mr. Mill; and, accordingly, it was the turn of the exchange in 1800 which first separated the paper from the bullion.

Whether it is desirable that a deficiency in the supply compared with the demand, occasioned either by the seasons, or an increased proportion of unproductive consumption, should take place in order to call into action the stimulus of an increased currency and an increased power among capitalists of commanding labour, is quite another question. To wish for such a state of things seems to be something like wishing for a wound in order to see the energy and skill of nature in healing it. But however this may be, we cannot doubt that when such a state of things does occur, it is attended with the effects which have been stated; and we can safely refer to what we have said, and to the facts and general reasonings of Mr. Tooke's work, for the proofs of the fourth proposition, which we consider him as having established, namely, 'That when periods of deficient or abundant supply compared with the demand are of considerable duration, which is found by experience to be frequently the case, they are necessarily

necessarily accompanied by a fall or rise in the value of the precious metals in the country where they take place, according to any mode of estimating their value which has ever been considered as approximating to the truth.

The four propositions, which we have separately examined, appear to us to be of vital importance to the science of political economy, as affording the only just explanation of the events of the last thirty years; and we consider Mr. Tooke as justly entitled to the thanks of the public for the indisputable proofs which his work affords of their truth.

For the reasons which have compelled us to think that some of the conclusions which Mr. Tooke intended to establish are not borne out by the facts brought forwards, we refer the reader to the different parts of our examination in which these points are treated of; but it is important to add, with a view to one of the main questions which he has proposed to discuss, that though we are most decidedly of opinion that the facts and general reasonings of his work distinctly prove that the alterations in the value of the whole currency were considerably greater than the difference between paper and gold, yet we are equally convinced they do not prove that these alterations, beyond such difference, were occasioned by the Bank restriction and Mr. Peel's bill. The direct effects of these measures were obviously confined to the difference between paper and gold; and it would be exceedingly difficult to form any sort of estimate of their indirect effects. The Bank restriction must no doubt have afforded some facilities to the economising of the currency; but the great rise of paper prices which it occasioned, by throwing a larger proportion of the produce of the country into the hands of the productive classes would be likely so to increase the supply, as to prevent the rise of bullion prices from going so far as it otherwise would have done; and, altogether, these indirect effects must have been very trifling: there is every reason to believe, from the well ascertained power of the currency to increase in quantity and efficiency without separating from the standard, that if our paper had always been exchangeable for gold, we should still have seen a great rise of bullion prices during the war, and a great fall of them since; and that if another war should occur some time hence, accompanied by an under supply of corn, high freights and insurance, a great increase of population, and greatly increasing exports, but without a Bank restriction act, and its necessary consequence, a bill like that of Mr. Peel, we must expect the same fluctuations in the value of bullion, and in bullion prices, as have distinguished the last thirty years.

**ART. IX.**—*A Visit to Spain; detailing the Transactions which occurred during a Residence in that Country in the latter Part of 1822, and the first Four Months of 1823: with an Account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and general Notices of the Manners, Customs, Costume and Music of the Country.* By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. London. 1823.

**FROM** the first appearance of Mr. Quin's work, in a series of Letters addressed to the *Morning Herald*, we marked the author as a man possessing the powers of accurate observation, joined to an uncommon degree of candour. To any one well acquainted with Spain, those letters bore an internal evidence of authenticity, which the most positive assertion that they were compiled in London out of promiscuous intelligence from Spain, could not for a moment weaken. In every line of the Madrid correspondent we recognized those national features which are deeply impressed on our memory. Every period called up a train of Spanish ideas; and we often found ourselves transported, by the spell of mental association, to places which we have frequently visited, saw the attitudes, and heard the tones of the orators of the Cortes, and lounged among the idle crowds of prating politicians at the Puerta del Sol.

Without disparagement, however, of Mr. Quin's abilities as a writer, we would not lead our readers to expect the same pleasing delusion in the perusal of his work. For us, indeed, his sketches have the peculiar charm which is found in a spirited outline portrait of an old friend: for others, they must fail to assume that tone of life and colouring which are reflected from previous impressions.

But there is a view in which Mr. Quin's book is sure to excite the interest of such as love truth for its intrinsic value, and without any reference to preconceived partialities or wishes. The chief merit of the work before us arises from its being a true statement of the public transactions, in Spain, at the critical moment, when the progress of her new government was disturbed by the approach of a French army—describing with impartiality the feelings and temper of the party who had provoked the invasion; and showing, with the most perfect candour, the sense of the great mass of the nation, in regard to the Constitution. The value of this information, as an antidote to such travels as were, but lately, published with the object of gaining partizans, in this country, to the most violent of the Spanish political factions—works written almost from the dictation of the Spanish *liberals*—is great as it is unquestionable; but that value must rise in the estimation of the public

public when it is observed that the author is no friend of the Holy Alliance, no advocate for the armed interference of France.

‘If any reader,’ he says, ‘after perusing these sheets, conclude from them that I am unfriendly to the liberties of Spain, I should regret it extremely. I went to that country perfectly unbiassed; I soon saw that the Constitution was impracticable, and I perfectly agreed with those who wished that it was as much as possible assimilated to the Constitution of England. But I did then abhor, as I do still, and ever shall abhor, the entry of a foreign power armed for the purpose of carrying those improvements into effect. Under such auspices no alterations can be effectual, and I am sure they cannot be for the benefit of freedom.’

Having, thus far, described the general character of the work before us, our readers will, we hope, excuse us, if we venture to offer them a key to the work itself, in a succinct view of the history of the human mind in Spain, from the formation of the Hispano-Gothic monarchy, to the beginning of the present disturbances. Much as we fear that the vastness of the subject will oblige us to trespass upon their patience, we are still more apprehensive that the pressure of our limits will confine us to a very superficial sketch.

It is not at the option of a faithful historian to give novelty to his pages by attributing events to fanciful causes; else we would not alarm a fastidious part of the public by so early a mention of the INQUISITION. That mysterious tribunal, the real source of mental perversion among the Spaniards, is unfortunately such a tempting storehouse of horrors and nocturnal scenes for novel-writers, that we are really surprised, people have not altogether set it down for a fable. Yet such is the natural consequence of mixing truth and falsehood, the exaggerated, and nearly caricatured descriptions of that dreadful establishment,\* have weakened considerably the feelings of detestation against it; or, what is more to be regretted, have shifted that detestation from the unalterable essence of the thing, to what are only accidental appendages. We should by no means be surprised if that policy which, in 1816, dictated a Papal bull abolishing the use of torture in the restored Inquisitions of Spain, should, upon a third restoration, make a fuller display of liberality by granting an open trial to the accused. Thus, by divesting religious tyranny of its external horrors, the patrons of the Inquisition would avert the burst of indignation which the unqualified re-establishment of that infernal engine might produce.—On the other hand, a plain historical view of the effects of the Inquisitorial system on the moral and intellectual character of Spain, and the fatal division which it has gradually and secretly produced in the nation, was never so much wanted, as when

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\* Such is Mrs. Radcliffe's, in the *Italian*.



the greater part of that noble but unfortunate people seem ready to rush from anarchical liberty into absolute despotism. The true friends of the Spaniards should, also, be thoroughly acquainted with the first link of that chain of evils, which the prevalent feeling of the country threatens to rivet into an interminable circle.

The circumstances which attended the growth of the Spanish nation from the time of Pelayo to the conquest of Granada, under Ferdinand and Isabella, were necessarily productive of the spirit of bigotry and religious intolerance which still forms the most prominent feature of that people. Such spirit is the inevitable consequence of conquest achieved in the name of heaven, and under the immediate influence of religious feeling. How, then, could it fail to manifest itself in the Spaniards who, by a war of seven centuries, recovered their own country from the hands of the Moors—the bitterest foes of the Christian religion—usurpers who justified their violence by retorting the opprobrious epithet of *Infidels* upon the natives? A contest so fierce and durable must have inseparably connected, in the minds of the Spaniards, every idea of honour with orthodoxy, and all that is disgraceful and odious, with dissent from their creed.

As long as the Moors were powerful, their military prowess saved them from the contempt of their adversaries: indeed, alliances between the Christian and Moorish kings, though always disreputable to the former, are frequent in the early part of Spanish history. The Mahometan inhabitants of conquered towns enjoyed, at that period, a certain degree of toleration, though inferior to what they had originally granted to the Christians. But the decline of the Moorish power after their signal defeat at the Navas de Tolosa, in 1212, allowed full scope to the proud zeal of the Castilians. Whatever traces of more enlightened views, and liberal sentiments exist in the annals of the Pyrenean Peninsula belong exclusively to Aragon, whose powerful and well organised aristocracy, commercial influence, and maritime connections, gave it a national character, bearing no slight resemblance to that which, under more fortunate circumstances, became the source of our liberties.

When the last of the Moorish states was conquered and such of the Mahometans as would not leave the land of their birth were left at the mercy of the victors, the ancient spirit of martial rivalry was completely transformed into that strange mixture of hatred, fear and contempt which turns a difference of creed into a source of imaginary pollution, making orthodoxy the principle of a pretended superiority of nature, which distinguishes the nobler from the inferior and degenerate castes. Hitherto the Jews alone had  
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been in a condition sufficiently abject to create this kind of abhorrence. But as the Moorish slaves became numerous, and neither Jews nor Mahometans were hallowed by the Christian ceremony of baptism, the Spaniards soon made no distinction between them. The notion of *purity of blood*, which had taken but a slight hold on the public mind in the early ages of the monarchy, grew into the most rooted of the national prejudices. The appellation of *honourable* (*honrado*) to which the purity of descent entitles a Spaniard, even in the humblest condition of life, and which, though usually coupled with the qualification of *honest* (*hombre de bien*), is reckoned far above this praise, created a species of gentry among the lower classes. The poorest peasant grew prouder of his genuine and unpolluted Christian blood than the grandees of their pompous titles. Both the peasantry and the middle ranks were, in fact, the more attached to this imaginary distinction, because the highest nobles and even their monarchs, allured by the rich portions of some beautiful miscreants, had not unfrequently entailed on their posterity the Spanish reproach of having some among their ancestors who *stood on their legs for baptism*.\*

Let it not be supposed that we allude to notions and opinions now become obsolete. A manuscript pamphlet has been, we cannot tell how long, circulated in Spain, tracing up many of the grandees to some infidel ancestor, which, from the disgrace this is supposed to cast upon the first class of the nation, bears the title of the *Brand of Spain* (*El Tizón de España*). The attempt, by these means, to degrade the Spanish nobility was so far from being considered as absurd and inefficient, that both the government and the Inquisition exerted their utmost power to suppress the work. During a long intercourse with Spaniards, and notwithstanding their frequent reference to the manuscript in question, we never met with more than one copy; so cautiously was it kept, and such were the exertions employed to prevent its circulation. Honour and disgrace are, indeed, the creatures of opinion, and no power on earth can distribute the one or the other against the will of a national majority. The most outrageous *liberal* of the present day would fain escape the discovery of any mixed blood in his veins. The cortes of Cadiz denied the rights of citizenship to such of the native Spaniards as are known to descend from Africans or Indians.†

\* *Bautizado en pie*, means a person who has received adult baptism. It is applied, not without a certain notion of degradation, even to Protestants, who, upon embracing Catholicism, are generally obliged to submit to a conditional baptism, lest that which is administered by a heretic should be invalidated by some irregularity in the performance.

† This class of Spaniards have always been comprehended in the common description of *Mala Sangre* (bad blood) upon the same principle as the Jews and the Moors; namely, their descent from ancestors who were not Christian, or were converted at a later period than the first preaching of Christianity.

The original Inquisition, whose powers were confided to the Dominicans for the destruction of the Albigenses in France, and in the kingdom of Aragon, and which from those countries penetrated into Castile about the middle of the thirteenth century, found the enemies of Christianity and those of the country perfectly identified in the public opinion of that kingdom. By a reciprocity of ideas, extremely natural in a rude military people, the religious abhorrence, which national animosity had directed against the Moors, involved all who, like them, were branded as enemies of Christianity. The distinction between a heretic and a Mahometan is still too nice for most Spaniards, especially of the interior provinces. The church condemned them both; and it was every faithful Christian's part to hold them in equal detestation. The inquisitors themselves made no distinction between the relapsed Mahometan convert, the Jew who secretly practised the ceremonies of the law, and the Christian reformer, who, with the Gospel in his hand, protested against the innovations of the church of Rome. All were bound to the same stake, and perished by the same fire. Their names were crowded together in the public inscription, which carried the memory of the sufferers with shame to posterity. Their children and their children's children were as indiscriminately thrown into a degraded cast, which could never recover from infamy.\* Religious zeal had never possessed weapons like these. The importance which persecution gives its victims had often defeated its efforts; and the honour which firm endurance extorts for all martyrs blunted the keenness of the tortures and baffled the cruelty of the zealot. Not so with the Inquisition of Spain. Her censures had, at once, the power to class the learned and sincere Christian, who loved the Gospel in its original purity, under the same predicament as the Moor and the Jew who rejected it; and to devote him to the execration and contempt of his country. Where is then the bold spirit of inquiry, the ardent love of truth, that could induce a Castilian, possessed of a bright inheritance of honour purchased by the blood of his ancestors in unceasing warfare against the Saracens, to swerve from the religion for which those ancestors had bled, and sink thereby with his whole posterity among the remnants of those execrated miscreants? Where shall we find that detestation of error, that intellectual chastity, which, soaring above the Roman heroine, shall not be induced to prostitute itself to the ravisher, rather than be found murdered on the same couch with a slave?

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\* To strengthen the coupling of disgrace with dissent from the church, or, more probably, as a consequence of its existence, unnatural crimes were made cognizable by the Inquisition, and such as were convicted appeared in the *autos-da-fé* with Jews, Mahometans and heretics.

So strong, however, was the impulse which the human mind received throughout Europe, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, that the increased terrors of the inquisition, then reorganized into the most ingenious and efficient system of persecution ever devised by man, could not prevent its being felt in Spain. An account of the bold but ill-fated attempt of some learned and pious Spaniards to rescue the Peninsula from the religious thralldom to which she owes her subsequent degradation and present misfortunes, will, we trust, be found not uninteresting in this place.

The dawn of real knowledge, which, upon the revival of literature, penetrated into Spain, though feeble when compared with the glorious day which broke out in Italy, gave still an early and fair promise of increase. The light, however, was no sooner perceived, than the powerful body of men, whose exclusive possession of the honours and influence of learning was founded on the superstitious ignorance of the people, directed the peculiar prejudices of the nation against the threatening progress of the human mind in their country. The multiplication of books, by means of the press, increased their vigilance against these mortal enemies of priestly repose. The destruction of literary works had begun some time before the invention of printing. The illiterate Spaniards looked with peculiar pleasure on the repeated burnings of Hebrew and Arabic manuscripts, the languages of two detested nations, while the clergy rejoiced in the extirpation of such works, Greek, Latin, or Castilian, as implied the existence of any real science besides school divinity. The library of Henry of Aragon, Marquis of Villena, a nobleman connected with the reigning family, was burnt in 1434, as containing the sources of that kind of knowledge which exposed its owner to the imputation of magic. In 1490, many thousands of Hebrew bibles, and no less a number of books of the same sort as perished in the flames on the death of Villena, were destroyed under a similar charge of necromancy. Thus the dangers and difficulties of the aspiring minds who, impelled by the improving spirit of the times, wished to devote themselves to the discovery of truth, free from the fetters of the established systems, increased daily with the fears of the church. The activity of the native genius could not, however, be completely restrained. The study of the learned languages became the favourite pursuit of some eminent men among the clergy. Cardinal Ximenez, little suspecting the consequences, declared himself the patron of biblical criticism, and had the honour of publishing the first Polyglot Bible. But the search of the scriptures in the original tongues did not fail to raise the same doubts among the Spaniards which it had produced among the learned of other countries; and the seeds of the Reformation were actually, though sparingly, lodged in the bosom

of Spain, by means analogous to those which prepared the abundant harvest reaped soon after in the north of Europe.

There is something so singular in the events, which brought these seeds into activity, that, had the attempt been successful, the Spanish Protestants might have boasted of an almost miraculous interference in the establishment of their church.

Although, from a Papal bull of the year 1526, authorizing the superiors of the Franciscan friars to absolve privately such members of their order as should accuse themselves of heresy, Llorente conjectures that Protestant principles had been embraced among the Mendicants, the historical facts which that industrious writer has collected in his most valuable, but ill digested history of the Inquisition, fully convince us, that the German reformation made its first active and sincere proselytes at Seville. The original, and chief promoter of this mental emancipation, was neither a man of learning, nor a member of the clergy.

Rodrigo de Valér,\* a native of Lebrixa, an ancient town about thirty miles from Seville, had spent his youth in the idle and dissipated manner which has long prevailed among the Spanish gentry. A slight knowledge of Latin was the only benefit he derived from his early instructors; the love of horses, dress and women engrossed his whole mind, as soon as he was free from their authority. Seville, then at the height of its splendour, was his favourite residence, and he shone there among the young men of family and wealth for his gallantry, and decided prominence in the ranks of fashion. Valér was, however, suddenly missed in the gay scenes which he used formerly to enliven; yet his fortune had received no check, and his health was not known to be impaired. A strange change had been effected in his mind; the gay and volatile Valér was now confined the whole day to his room with a Latin Bible, the only version allowed in Spain. Had he unexpectedly taken a religious turn, and abandoned the alluring walks of pleasure for the church and the confessional, such revulsions of feeling are too common among the Spaniards to have raised a general surprise. But this absolute retirement, this neglect of devotional works, and pious practices, for a book which even professional divines seldom took the trouble to examine, had something peculiar, and not easily accounted for. After continuing for several months in his scriptural studies, Valér was observed to court the friendship of the clergy. One of the most eminent of those

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\* So he is called by Cypriano de Valera, a Sevillian priest, who fled from the persecution which we shall presently describe. The Spanish work on *the Pope and the Mass*, which, without a name, he published in London, in 1588, now lies before us. Llorente calls the Spanish apostle of the Reformation, Valero; we prefer the authority of his contemporary.

for learning and exemplary conduct, was Doctor John Gil or Egidius, canon *magistral* (preacher) of the cathedral of Seville, a dignity which, though usually obtained by a public trial, Egidius had received, without this previous step, by the unanimous nomination of the archbishop and chapter, as a testimony of superiority above his contemporaries. The learned canon had, hitherto, been more admired as a profound theologian, than as a powerful orator; but, since his intimacy with Valér, his preaching had assumed a different character. Instead of vapid dissertations, his sermons were the earnest and powerful addresses of his feelings and conviction to the hearts and understandings of his audience. Egidius became the most popular preacher at Seville.

No obnoxious doctrines had hitherto been broached by the pious canon. That the change, which had gained him such extraordinary popularity, was the work of Valér, could not even be suspected by those who were well aware of the immense distance, at which the layman was placed from his friend's learning and talents. Such was, nevertheless, the fact. Valér had, during his retirement, learnt by heart a great part of the scriptures, and drawn from that source, a system of divinity, which seems to have agreed, in the main, with that of the northern reformers. Whether a simple report of Luther's opinions, and of his appealing to the scriptures as the only source of religious truth, had given the same direction to the inquiries of the Spaniard; or whether, in the state of men's minds at that period, and, from the prominence of the abuses which fixed the attention of the inquisitive, similar inferences offered themselves to all who impartially consulted the scriptures, we shall not take upon ourselves to decide. But it is a fact, that Valér required no other guide to lay the foundations of a church at Seville, which was found to be Lutheran in its principal tenets.

No slighter impulse than that of an ardent love of religious truth would have been sufficient to engage any man in the desperate undertaking of propagating Protestant doctrines, under the watchful eye of the Inquisition; now doubly alert from the animosity which their sovereign Charles V was showing against the Lutherans in Germany. But no danger could appal the enthusiastic Valér. Regardless of his personal safety, or, what is still dearer to a man who has enjoyed the respect of his fellows, his character for judgment and sanity of intellect, he appeared at the most frequented places, addressing all that would stop to hear him, upon the necessity of studying the scriptures, and making them the only rule of faith and conduct. The suspicions of derangement, which had been afloat since the period of his retirement, were now fully confirmed, and saved Valér, for a time, from the

hands of the Inquisition. This humane construction of the Holy Tribunal was not likely to be of long continuance; and the lay preacher was soon confined to a solitary prison. His friend Egidius, whose orthodoxy remained unsuspected, appeared before the judges as Valér's counsel; a dangerous act of friendship, considering the vehement zeal which actuated the prisoner. But that zeal found full employment against the Inquisitors, whom he charged with ignorance and blindness, without the least attempt at concealing or disguising his principles. Twice was Valér imprisoned, and made to stand a trial. The first time he forfeited his fortune, the second his liberty, for life. Agreeably to the rules of the tribunal, which make public disgrace one of its most powerful weapons, Valér was conducted every Sunday, dressed in a *san benito*, or coat of infamy, to the collegiate church of San Salvador to attend high mass, and hear a sermon, which he often interrupted by contradicting the preacher. Under a strong doubt whether he was really a madman, or courted this suspicion as a means to escape the punishment of fire, the inquisitors came to the final determination, of confining him in a convent near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where, deprived of all communication with the rest of the world, he died about the age of fifty.

The final sentence against Valér, which was passed in 1540, did not damp the zeal of his friends, however cautious it might make them in the propagation of their doctrines. Egidius lived in habits of great intimacy with Constantine Perez de la Fuente and Doctor Vargas, two very learned and exemplary priests, his early friends at the university of Alcalá de Henares. Many accessions had been made to this knot of friends by the intervention of Valér, whose proselytes in different parts of the town soon became known to each other. By the conversion to protestantism of Doctor Arias, a Hieronymite, the rising church began to feel strong in the number of her leaped members. Arias, in spite of his natural fears, which, during the subsequent persecution, betrayed him into the most odious duplicity, disclosed his new views in religion to one of the members of his convent.\* This man, who, in ardency and openness of character, was the very reverse of Arias, addressed himself successfully to his companions, till the whole community, including the prior, had embraced the doctrines of the reformation. The concealed protestants, being mostly divines of great eminence, and highly respected by the people, both for the dignified situations which some held in the church, and the character of superior virtue, to which many among them were entitled, enjoyed a powerful and extensive influence in the town, especially through the

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\* The convent is within two miles from Seville. It is called San Isidro del Campo.  
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confessional. That this influence must have been greatly restrained by apprehensions of danger will be readily conceived; yet the space of about ten years was sufficient for the foundation of two protestant churches, one at Seville, another at Valladolid, whose members, under the direction of appointed ministers, implored the blessing of heaven on the religious work, in which they had engaged at the imminent peril of their lives.

At the head of the protestant church of Seville was Doctor Egidius, its founder. It embraced more than eight hundred members at the time of its extirpation. The house of Isabel de Vaena, a lady of illustrious birth, was used as a place of worship.

The church of Valladolid had sprung, it appears, from the same root as that of Seville. Doctor Augustin Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, one of the king's chaplains and preachers, had been educated at Alcalá, when Egidius, Perez de la Fuente, and Vargas, the Sevillian leaders, were at that university. The simultaneous rise of the two churches would justify the supposition that Egidius acted in concert with Cazalla, who, having attended the Emperor to Germany, probably imbibed the first favourable notions of the reformation in that country. But the religious connection of the protestants in the two capitals of old Castile and Andalusia is proved by the fact that the first use which Egidius made of liberty, after a long imprisonment on suspicion of heresy, was to visit his friend Cazalla. Numerous females, many of whom were ladies of quality, had embraced the Lutheran faith at Valladolid. The meetings were held in the house of Leonor de Vibero, Cazalla's mother.\*

The history of religious zeal can hardly present an instance of more heroic devotion, or greater disregard of danger than appears in the Spanish protestants. The fierce spirit of persecution which the nation had imbibed during the struggle with the Moors, was now directed against the German Lutherans; those new enemies of the *faith*, who, in the conception of the Spaniards, had been marshalled by the power of darkness to take up the interests of his kingdom, just where the final defeat of the Spanish Mahometans had left them. The Emperor Charles V. had employed, for some years, the whole strength of his extensive dominions to oppose the reformation in Germany. The Spaniards, by shedding their blood in that cause, had taken a double interest against it. Honour was thus engaged, on the one hand, to deliver up into the hands of justice all such as might be found contriving to spread heresy in the most orthodox of Christian countries; while the mer-

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\* The Spanish women do not take the name of their husbands. Even the children of the same parents used, not long since, to bear different surnames, taken from other branches of the family.



cenary feelings of the lower class, on the other, urged them to the performance of a lucrative duty, which entitled the informer to a share in the spoil of God's enemies. Detection was unavoidable and could not but be foreseen.

Egidius was the first to fall under a strong suspicion of heresy, which, a few years afterwards, would have cost him his life at the stake. He was confined in the solitary prisons of the Inquisition. His trial was conducted with the slow and perverse adroitness which belongs to the Holy Tribunal. It was embittered by the animosity of Peter Diaz, one of the inquisitors, who, to obviate the imputation of partiality to an old friend, whose opinions he had, at one time, embraced, was now eager to evince uncommon ardour in the defence of orthodoxy. Arias, the Hieronymite protestant, whom Egidius appointed his advocate, basely betrayed his client, for fear of raising suspicions against himself. Yet the prisoner could not be convicted of clear and positive heresy. He was sentenced to three years confinement, and compelled to make a public profession of the Romish faith. It was at the end of this long imprisonment that he hastened to visit the Lutherans of Valladolid. On his return to Seville, in 1556, death snatched him from the general persecution which was then impending. Had he lived longer, he would have expired in the flames, to which his bones were committed in 1560.

Egidius's trial had led to discoveries, which, being afterwards followed up, put the government in possession of the extensive plan of the Spanish protestants for the overthrow of Papal despotism. Subsequent events confirmed the reports of the informers. Cassiodorus de Reyna, John Perez de Pineda, and Cyprian de Valera, all priests, natives or inhabitants of Seville, had fled out of the kingdom, where they published Spanish translations of the scriptures, and other works of avowed protestant tendency. Julian Hernandez left Seville, pretending commercial speculations, but, in reality, to promote the diffusion of the reformed doctrines by the introduction of books. On his return he was seized, tortured and convicted of having smuggled a great number of works, concealed in double casks, holding a small portion of French wine between an outer and an inner range of staves.

But what appears to have, at once, disclosed the extent of the rising sect, was the declaration of an unfortunate female, who, though a most zealous partizan of the reformation, was doomed to be the involuntary cause of its utter destruction in Spain. Maria Gomez was a widow who lived, as housekeeper, with Doctor Zafra, vicar of the parish of St. Vincent, at Seville. After the death of Egidius, Zafra was among the chief leaders of the protestants, and Maria, the most constant attendant at the secret meetings

ings where her master officiated. Whether the effort which the abjuration of early religious principles had cost her, was such as to impair her health, or the fear of detection had dwelt too long and painfully on her mind, the poor woman became deranged, and it was necessary to confine her. In this state she eluded the vigilance of her keepers, ran straight to the Inquisition, and made a complete disclosure of what she knew. The derangement of the witness was so evident, that Zafra would not confirm her account by a flight, which must have proved destructive to his friends. But the inquisitors, who strictly keep the rule of considering every accusation as true, though the most absurd in appearance, allowed the alarm of the protestants to subside, and prepared themselves, with the assistance of government, to strike a final and decisive blow on a party whose strength they began to fear.

We possess no direct information as to the circumstances which led to the discovery of the protestants at Valladolid. But, as the leaders of both churches were united in sentiments and designs, it is natural to suppose, that the accusations which betrayed the Andalusian Lutherans would implicate those of Castile. So thoroughly did the inquisitors trace the religious conspiracy to its last ramifications, that fifteen years were employed in the minor prosecutions which originated in the two capital towns.

When the Inquisition had, with the usual secrecy, prepared for the blow which was to root out at once the growing seeds of the reformation, the Catholics of Spain heard, with an awful joy, that not only the prisons of the tribunal were crowded with Lutherans, but convents and private houses had been converted into gaols, for the safe keeping of their heretical countrymen. Few of the accused had been able to escape from the approaching storm. Zafra himself, who had most reason to dread the consequences of the disclosure made by his servant, delayed his flight until he was taken; yet he was so fortunate as to break out of prison and escape his pursuers. Six monks of the Hieronymite convent near Seville, and the prior of a similar religious house at Ecija, had quitted the kingdom in time: but one or two being discovered in Flanders, on the point of embarking for England, the Spanish authorities seized them and had them sent back to Spain, where they neither expected nor found mercy.

The Lutherans of Valladolid being secured by a similar and simultaneous proceeding of the local tribunal, Philip II., who had lately ascended the throne, with a resolution to deter his subjects from any attempt to reform the church, applied for a papal bull authorizing the inquisitors to deliver up for execution all persons convicted of heretical opinions, without the benefit of recantation, which all might take, before that period.

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The bull being obtained, and the secret trials brought to a speedier close than usual by the unsparing use of the rack, the grand inquisitor, Valdés, delegated his powers to Gasca, bishop of Palencia, who was to preside in the approaching autos-da-fé at Seville, and gave a similar commission to Gonzalez, bishop of Tarazona, that he might proceed to Valladolid for the same purpose. These were, in fact, the two towns where the main display of inquisitorial horrors was intended; but Llorente informs us that all the inquisitions of the kingdom celebrated smaller *Autos* for the extermination of protestants.

An *Auto da Fe* has always been considered in Spain as a triumph of true Christianity, where, if the view of the sufferers may now and then start a tear, the heart, rejoicing in the complete victory of the church, forgets the ties which bind it to the victims. Hence the custom of performing these exhibitions on the greatest festivals, and welcoming the sovereign, or any members of his family, with a solemn burning of God's enemies. On the present occasion, the inquisition of Valladolid had the advantage of their brethren of Seville, in the opportunity of feasting the eyes of royalty with a triumphal show of their Catholic zeal. The prince of Asturias, Don Carlos, then fourteen years of age, and his aunt Jane of Austria, added splendour to the first *Auto*. It would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate president than the man who held the first seat at the other:—it was our Mary's husband, Philip II.\*

On the 21st May, 1559, which was Trinity Sunday, the principal square of Valladolid presented one of the most splendid assemblies which Spain, then at the height of its glory, was able to display. The prince of Asturias, the king's own sister, the grandees and ladies of their suite, and all the nobility and gentry of that ancient capital and its district, filled up the seats which surrounded the square in the form of an amphitheatre. In the area of the square an extensive platform was raised, on which the inquisitors were seen seated under a canopy, facing an altar surmounted by a crucifix, and bearing the candlesticks and sacred vessels which are required at the celebration of mass. Next to the altar stood a pulpit on which the appointed preacher was to address the convicts, and from whence, at the conclusion of the act, their respective sentences were to be made public by the secretary of the tribunal.

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\* It is commonly believed that the executions took place before the great assembly collected upon these occasions. This is a mistake. The prisoners were delivered into the hands of the civil magistrates at the close of the solemn service and reading of the sentences, which is properly the *Auto da Fe*; and thence conducted to the pile erected out of the town.

Fourteen persons, men and women, all doomed to die by fire, formed a group in the centre of the scaffold. Sixteen others, condemned to infamy, confiscation and perpetual imprisonment, stood by their—we would say, more fortunate—companions. The costume of these two groups differed but little in appearance. All wore the coat of infamy, called *san benito*—a long slip of cloth, with an opening for the head, hanging loose before and behind. A high pointed cap of coarse paper was the only covering on the head of the prisoners. The impenitent were distinguished by the figures of flames and devils on these two parts of their dress.

Near relatives—the sons and daughters of a wealthy citizen—composed the greatest part of the condemned group. They stood near the figure of a female placed upon a deal box. It was the effigy of Leonor de Vibero, their mother, whose bones were contained in the box, to be consumed in the same fire with her children. Augustin Cazalla, whom we have formerly mentioned, was the eldest. His dislocated limbs bore strong marks of the rack. Pain and the love of life had made him recant his opinions. He had been deluded with the hopes of mercy till the day before execution. Yet the barbarity of his tyrants was not sufficient to reanimate his courage. The unfortunate man was repentant.

Not so his brother Francis de Vibero, a country vicar. The torture had once made him yield; but finding that he was to die, he loudly proclaimed his protestant principles, and expired calmly in the flames.

Their sister, Beatrice de Vibero, was involved in the same fate. Out of regard to her humble submission, she was strangled before being thrown into the fire.

John and Constance de Vibero, a brother and a sister of the preceding, appeared in the other group, under the sentence of imprisonment for life, confiscation and infamy. The latter was a widow with thirteen children. Cazalla the elder, when passing before the princess, on his way to execution, implored her protection for the orphans. The request must have been fruitless; for what could be expected from hearts that could behold and hear these things without breaking?

Our limits forbid us entering upon an enumeration of the victims which were, at this period, committed to the flames, or doomed to the worse pangs of a wretched existence in infamy, poverty and durance. We do not mean to harrow the feelings of our readers, nor keep our own on the rack longer than is absolutely necessary to do justice to the memory of the most worthy among these unknown martyrs of reformation.

Thirteen

Thirteen perished in the flames at the second *Auto* of Valladolid, on the 8th of October, 1559. Sixteen were confined for life under the usual aggravations of infamy and loss of their property. Don Carlos Seso, a noble Venetian, who had been the most active promoter of the Protestant cause, was among the first. He perished nobly at the stake. His wife, a descendant of the ancient kings of Castile, by a natural daughter of Peter the Cruel, wanted courage to follow her husband's example, and submitted to endure a life of infamy in a prison.

There was still another Cazalla, the brother of those who perished in the preceding execution, to be exhibited at these cannibal shows. He twice lost and recovered his courage. A friar, who, with the usual obstinacy and perseverance, had harassed him to the last, extorted an act of submission when he was already bound to the stake. But we strongly suspect that many of these final triumphs were pretended by the assistant priests, to prevent the impression which the constancy of the victims might make upon the people.

Among the females who suffered, at this time, were four nuns—one, in her twenty-first year. Though steady in their profession of the protestant faith, they were strangled before the wood was lighted; probably to obviate the shock which the sight of so many females burnt alive would give even to hearts armed with the triple mail of Roman orthodoxy. The priests gave out that they had asked absolution. It is, however, a fact, that all were bound to the stake before the supposed act of submission.

The protestants of Seville afforded their persecutors much fewer opportunities of real or invented triumph. The instances of heroic firmness among them were so frequent and unquestionable that they hardly left room for fabricated reports of final conversions. This pious fraud seems, however, to have been resorted to in the case of Don Juan Ponce de Leon, the son of a grandee, whose connection with all the peerage of Spain probably induced the inquisitors to diminish the imaginary infamy of his execution by the story of his late recantation. Montes, the Spanish protestant priest who, having saved himself by flight, published an account, in Latin, of the persecution at Seville, affirms that Leon died in the profession of the reformed doctrines. The Catholic records consulted by Llorente did not venture to deny his firmness till the last moment. Even allowing to the assistant priests that candour which, we well know, it is not the nature of their zeal to cherish, few victims would be found of such a powerful frame as to preserve their faculties unimpaired to the last. A long solitary imprisonment—the torture endured more than once—the often repeated and alike distracting examinations before the secret court  
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of the tribunal—the agony of the whole period terminated by a day wholly employed in a barbarous exhibition, where every circumstance within the ingenuity of cruelty, indulged in the name of heaven, is employed to break the hearts of the prisoners by the agency of shame and terror—such overwhelming torrents of bitterness must, in the end, oppress and confound the faculties of any mind not endowed with something above human strength. Yet, of the thirty-five men and women who died at the two *Autos* of Seville, no less than twenty-seven submitted to be burnt alive rather than belie their conscience.\* Thirteen of these heroic sufferers were females; and most of them the wives, daughters, or sisters of distinguished individuals. Two Englishmen, the one named Burton, the other Brook, perished in the same flames, and with equal firmness.

If the manly courage and Christian fortitude of the victims support the mind in the contemplation of these scenes, there is something approaching to satisfaction in the view of fallen virtue recovering, as it were, from the swoon which exposed her to pollution, and wrenching the palm of victory from her enemies at the very moment when death is about to exalt her for ever, far, far above their reach. Our readers probably recollect the fears which made Arias, the Hieronymite, betray his religious associates. No Spanish theologian had equalled him in the vehemence of his censures upon the doctrines which he secretly held in common with them. But this dastardly subterfuge could not clear him from the strong suspicions which existed against his orthodoxy. His trial and confinement lasted till the second *Auto da Fe*, when he was joined to his departed friends—those friends whom he had cruelly injured, but whom he might meet unblushing in the regions of bliss; for now the same fire which freed them from the dross of mortality, dispersed also the last stain of his shame.

A priest, named Gonzalez, had, among other proselytes, gained over two young females, his sisters, to the protestant faith. All three were confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the two sisters, since the constancy and learning of Gonzalez precluded all hopes of a theological victory. Their answer, if not exactly logical, is wonderfully simple and affecting. ‘We will die in the faith of our brother: he is too clever to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.’ The three stakes on which they died were near each other. The priest

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\* The first of these *Autos da Fe* took place on the 24th September, 1559; the second on the 22d December, 1560.

had been gagged till the moment of lighting up the wood. The few minutes that he was allowed to speak he employed in comforting his sisters, with whom he sang the 109th Psalm, till the flames smothered their voices.

The fatal end of Maria Gomez, the widow, who, in a state of mental derangement, betrayed the protestant congregation of Seville, is too affecting to be passed over. No sooner had she recovered her reason than the protestant doctrines resumed their former ascendancy in her mind. She was doubly united by the ties of blood and religious feeling with Leonor Gomez, her widowed sister, and three unmarried daughters of the latter, Elvira Nuñez, and Theresa and Lucy Gomez, whom, notwithstanding the difference in their surnames, she had by the same husband, a physician of Seville. One of these young women being arrested, every effort of cruelty and deceit was employed to extort a confession implicating her mother, aunt and sisters. But she endured the rack in perfect silence. An inquisitor, piqued at this extraordinary firmness, took the determination of entrapping the prisoner by affecting a decided interest in her favour. He gave her private audiences, where his tone of paternal affection soon melted a heart which had so long been fed with tears and bitterness. She was made to believe that all danger would be removed from her dear relatives if the judge, who seemed so bent upon saving her, was put at once in possession of the whole truth. A declaration of this kind was all that the evidence wanted to be complete; and the five female relatives were condemned to the flames. Without the least sign of weakness, subterfuge, or wavering, the helpless creatures prepared themselves to die. They comforted each other on the scaffold—the young thanking the old for their cares, and religious instruction—and these pointing to heaven where, within a few moments, they all firmly hoped to embrace in never-ending happiness.

We confess ourselves unable to dwell any longer upon this subject. There may be some who can look on these facts with stoic indifference, or over-refined fastidiousness. As for ourselves, the painful agitation under which we have executed this part of our task will, we trust, plead our excuse with such as might wish for a fuller account of this comparatively late period of religious persecution. To those, whom the monotony of these, alas! too often repeated scenes of martyrdom may move to charge us with some partiality to this sort of description, we pledge our word that, far from the attraction which either invented, or real but distant horrors have for some minds, it affects us with all the intolerable keenness of present reality. The scenes we have laid before them are deeply and indelibly stamped on our imagination.

nation. In one case, indeed, we have seen the scaffold, supported on combustibles, where, a few hours after, a female perished at Seville.\* Of more ancient executions we have that vivid conception which might haunt an eye-witness; for we have scanned, in early life, every figure of the large historical pictures of these scenes, which held a conspicuous place in the church of the Dominicans of Seville. We have read the lists of names devoted to perpetual infamy; and, almost daily, for many years, walked by the side of the large brick pediment, on which, near that town, thousands of human beings have been reduced to ashes.† It is not with the views of a romance writer that we refresh these painful recollections. We would not, indeed, have submitted to this mental torture but from the strong persuasion that the records of religious intolerance should not be allowed to moulder in oblivion; nor should they, who still cherish the *principles* which produced these horrors, be allowed to disguise themselves in the 'sheep's clothing' which they are sure to assume whenever they want power. We felt, besides, another motive, which all, but the most thoughtless, will pardon—a wish to do some justice to the memory of the Spanish protestants, whose very existence is nearly unknown to their prosperous brethren of the north.

Scenes so revolting to humanity as the Inquisition presented, with all the pomp and circumstance of national exhibitions, could not have been tolerated by a noble, generous people, but for the existence of those prejudices against all *enemies of the faith* which we have traced to their hatred of the Moors. But whilst the coupled ideas of religious dissent and degradation supported both church and state in the destruction of mental independence, the prejudice itself, by being acted upon to such a monstrous extent, became a gigantic evil, which stood in the way of improvement, and scouted every accession of knowledge, as threatening the honour of the nation by endangering its orthodoxy.‡ The professional classes of the community saw the necessity of limiting their studies to the stock of ideas which were settled by a kind of prescription.

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\* In the year 1788.

† The Quemadero (burning place) was demolished in 1810, to erect a battery against the approaching French army.

‡ The difference between the power of the Inquisition supported by Spanish prejudice, or left to work upon that degree of intolerance which exists among the multitude in all Catholic countries, may be observed in the contemporary events in Spain and Italy, at the period we speak of. On the 18th August, 1559, the day of Pope Paul IV.'s death, a Roman mob liberated the prisoners detained in the dungeons of the Inquisition, wounded the grand inquisitor, burnt the house to the ground, and were with great difficulty prevented from destroying the principal convent of the Dominicans. This happened only six weeks before the first *Auto da Fe* of Seville, and in the short interval between the two of Valladolid.—*Fleury, Hist. Ecclésiastique*, l. 154, anno 1559, § 14, quoted by Llorente.



The study of the ancient languages was subject to strong and dangerous suspicions as being the fountain-head from which the German heretics were supposed to have drawn their tenets. Such Spanish divines of that period as understood Greek and Hebrew were, without exception, imprisoned in the Inquisition, or obliged to undergo a long and anxious examination. The public schools, originally founded for teaching the learned languages, and encouraging polite literature, were soon deserted. Even Latin, which, under the tuition of the Jesuits, flourished in all other parts of Europe, was, with very few exceptions, converted in Spain into a barbarous jargon, the language of her host of school divines of the seventeenth century. The prohibition of books was carried to such an extravagant pitch that it embraced editions of the classics with notes from the hand of a protestant. As for their works on controversial subjects, the law visited the owners or readers with the penalty of death. A few years were sufficient to develop the consequences of such a barbarous system. The literary Spaniards, whom the influence of the awakening genius of Europe directed into the real path of knowledge, had died away about the end of Philip II.'s long and withering reign. Spanish talent blazed forth in Cervantes; and flared from the tinsel of Lope de Vega, betraying in the works of both, the neglect of classical knowledge which was becoming general in the nation. The votaries of science, who, since the time of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his truly great minister, Ximenez, had yielded to none in the ardour of their pursuits, found themselves discouraged by the ignorance of their country, and the mortifying indifference with which the government looked on their labours.\* 'Ever since that time,' exclaims the enlightened and virtuous Jovellanos, 'these important studies have disappeared among us, without any benefit to other departments of knowledge. Science with us ceased to be the means of investigating truth, and became a mere shift to get a livelihood. The number of students increased, and with their numbers increased also the decay of every sort of knowledge. Like insects, which, being bred of corruption, are sure to carry it wherever they go, the school divines, the casuists, the pettifoggers, the absurd metaphysicians destroyed all useful learning, and by holding it up to contempt, have almost effaced the memory of its existence.'—

*Ley Agraria*, § 342.

Such being the intellectual condition of the professional classes,

\* Jovellanos, on the authority of a work addressed by Guevara to Philip II. mentions a trigonometrical survey of Spain, performed by Pedro Esquivel, by order of that monarch. The maps, which were the result of this laborious undertaking, are not in existence. Guevara proposed their being drawn on the walls of the royal palace; but Philip cared little about geography, being then fully employed with the massacre of his Flemish subjects; and the maps perished.

immediately after the effectual destruction of the energetic principles which urged the most eminent among the Spaniards to attempt an emancipation from the intellectual thralldom to which their church had reduced them, we may easily conceive the state of the other classes of society in the extensive dominions of the Castilian monarchs. From that peculiar mixture of thoughtfulness and animation, that imaginative vivacity which so generally marks the natives of Spain, we might deduce, as a natural inference, that the intellectual pleasures of reading must be agreeable to their native taste. The general eagerness after books of chivalry, which suggested the inimitable work of Cervantes, though partly resulting from the romantic turn of the nation, yet evinces a strong and general disposition for mental pursuits and amusements. The Spaniard is a compound of indolence and fancy. He has a universe of his own, where he finds himself at the head of all other limited beings. It is there that he revels in the consciousness of his natural powers, and takes refuge from the untoward accidents to which his dislike of exertion exposes him. Had books been allowed to circulate in such a country—had the intellectual repast been freely and abundantly spread before the thoughtful Castilian, the penetrating Arragonese, the vehement Andalusian, the Germans themselves would have proved dainty guests by their side. The pleasures of reading were just what the retired habits of their women required, when they could not be seen except in their way to church, and then under a veil. The Spanish *Hidalgo* who, under the great stir and bustle of the new constitution, would give up one half of his scanty fortune to be allowed again his daily walks in the great square of a country town; his four or five hours smoking at the Noble Club, which no plebeian breath was allowed to contaminate; his lolling the rest of the day by the side of the lady of his own choice, would, of all men in the world, have delighted in the active repose of a library, had his country afforded the means of collecting one. But his ancestors, whom political circumstances had led, for a time, into the field of glory, where they displayed those martial qualities with which, though not near the surface, nature has abundantly endowed the natives of Spain, were afterwards compelled to live in idleness and ignorance. Thus, a degrading sloth was entailed upon the best families, and sensual pleasure engrossed the higher and the second class of the nobility. The jealousy of the Inquisition against all books but those of devotion left the general reader without resources. A passage in the life of Saint Theresa, written by herself about the time of the great persecution against the protestants, gives a striking idea of the scarcity of books occasioned by the inquisitorial edicts. Like all Spanish ladies of the same period, that amiable enthusiast, whose works present the

wildest waste of talent enlivened by the softest tints which style can shed through the noblest of modern languages, had in her youth delighted in books of chivalry. Though her feelings had taken a religious bent, which ended in that peculiar sort of insanity which peoples the imagination with incorporeal beings, and turns the slumbering dreams of a morbid mind into scenes of the most striking reality, she still preserved her early taste for reading, and allayed the suffering of a growing hypochondriasis by the perusal of some instructive works, in Spanish. The sweeping prohibitions of the Holy Tribunal snatched from her hands the soothing companions of her solitude. Her regret upon this occasion is thus recorded by herself. 'When such a number of Spanish books were prohibited, my grief was exceeding great; for many among them were to me a constant source of consolation. What could I do for reading, being ignorant of Latin? In this distress, the Lord said unto me: Theresa, be of good cheer; I will give thee the book of life.\*'

An opposition so decided and powerful against the circulation of thought, at those critical seasons when the general mind is ready to expand itself into full life and vigour, is the greatest calamity that can befall a nation. It is missing the moment when the waters are moved by the descending angel, and being left helpless and motionless, a prey to the fatal workings of thwarted internal activity. But, in estimating the blessings which were lost to the nations who did not join in the religious change of the sixteenth century, we must not take for our standard the value of that kind of knowledge which is chiefly to be acquired from books. Knowledge, among a certain number of individuals, whose circumstances allow them leisure to obtain it, can of itself contribute but little to the mental improvement of a whole nation. Great knowledge has existed among the studious, in Italy, since the restoration of letters, and in France, since the reign of Louis XIV. But what has that knowledge done to ameliorate the intellectual condition of the people? The glorious display of talent, the rich stores of learning which the Reformation has produced, would be comparatively of little value, did they not spring from a principle, which pervaded all classes of society, and raised, at once, the poor and illiterate far above the degree of mental energy which is still their lot in Roman Catholic countries.

It is a trite observation that, where Catholic and Protestant states are contiguous, the superior condition of the latter appears with irresistible evidence. We believe that the true cause of this

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\* Our pious readers must not misunderstand the language of *Spanish revelation*. The *Book of Life* could not be the Bible, of which all translations into the vernacular languages were prohibited.

moral phenomenon is not generally understood. The difference of the religious creeds is too inconsiderable, and the nature of the doctrines they contain too far removed from political and economical concerns to account for the superior activity and intelligence which place the protestants above their neighbours. Had the Reformers stripped the Roman church of her powers, and claimed them for any particular set of individuals, the mere weeding of their church from superstition, though a most useful and meritorious work, would not have essentially altered the intellectual condition of the people. But the supreme authority which, in matters of belief, had till that time been tyrannically exercised by the church of Rome, was suddenly devolved upon the great body of Christians, wherever they were bold enough to divide the rich spoil. Religion, the only subject on which all classes of men possess some information, invited even the humblest individual to exert his intellectual faculties. The bible, the only foundation of revealed knowledge, was equally in the hands of all; no man or set of men dared to claim the exclusive right of interpretation: every one was his own expositor; all thought, all discussed, all decided. True, the flood-gates of absurdity were opened, and a spirit of division seemed to threaten the very existence of reformed Christianity. But there is no unmixed good under heaven. Nay, what, at first sight, appears an evil is constantly and visibly turned into a most powerful instrument of good in the hands of an all-wise Providence. In the improvement of the intellectual faculties much may be done independently of the direct advancement of truth. Heaven has treated the world, in its intellectual infancy, as we treat children whose bodily powers we wish to develope: we make them use their limbs without any view to immediate utility. The regular application of strength, which alone can produce a useful piece of workmanship is, indeed, but ill calculated to make a child grow into a strong and healthy man. We will not rashly pursue the analogy, or assert that the uncontrolled range in which the human mind exercised its powers before it submitted to the strict and manly discipline of the Baconian philosophy, was the only method by which it could obtain a vigorous maturity. But this we will be bold to say, the wisest system of instruction, carried on for a century under the most liberal government, would have failed of imparting to the bulk of the people even a small portion of the intellectual energy which, in a few years, they owed to the liberty of religious speculation. No man loves to be taught: you must either force him to learn, or persuade him that it is his interest. He must, next, accumulate materials to work upon—those elements of knowledge which appear so little worth the trouble of storing up, till in full possession of the art itself. A long methodical system of ele-

mentary instruction, under a combination of favourable circumstances; may, in the course of ages, raise the standard of intellect in the great bulk of a nation : but the discipline of learning, however useful in the formation of regular and subordinate habits, cannot, by any direct operation, produce that sudden and general change in the intellectual energies, which the liberty of discussing religious questions gave, in a short time, to whole nations, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. If, as we may judge from events, the object of Providence was suddenly to rouse a certain portion of mankind into mental activity, nothing could so effectually produce a general impulse as placing before them a subject of the highest interest, seemingly within the reach of every individual, where every man might flatter himself to become a proficient without submitting to the authority of a worldly master. It is impossible to conceive a higher degree of self-complacency than that which appears to have been enjoyed by the puritans, especially of the lower classes. They boasted an internal change; and surely none could be greater than that of their consciousness with regard to their own dignity and importance. Were it possible for a man of moderate accomplishments to find himself, suddenly and miraculously, possessed of Newton's whole science and powers, he could not feel more elated by such an influx of knowledge, than the peasant or mechanic, who, in the space of a few days, found himself transformed into a judge of religious truth, and felt confident of his personal right to assert and maintain his decisions. The power which upset the throne of these kingdoms was only the result of this mental stimulus, which, in that instance, showed the formidable extent of its activity. But it is the nature of all moral as well as physical energies to be liable to exceed the limits beyond which they are destructive to man; yet it is to them that man is indebted for happiness, for life itself.

The salutary change once effected, its consequences were visible in the whole frame of society; a new spirit, a new energy pervaded the mass of the people. The instrument which Providence had allowed to act with the fearful violence which appears at times, in some of its physical agents, lost, in the course of two generations, the stormy activity which was scarcely more than adequate to the enormous resistance opposed to its operation; while the inheritance of those blessings which are inseparable from the unfettered exertion of the mental powers, and the absence of intellectual servility, will be transmitted to the descendants of the first protestants so long as they shall exist collected into independent nations.

The blind policy of a despotic government might triumph in the idea that, by smothering the seeds of religious controversy, Spain had been made quietly to surrender her civil and religious rights

rights at the discretion of her monarchs. But the heirs of the Spanish crown would have cursed the narrow views of their ancestors had they been sufficiently enlightened to trace up to that measure the rapid decay of their once noble inheritance. The aspiring and bold genius which had directed Spain during her political growth was deprived of its wings in the act of springing up after mental improvement. From that time it pined and sickened. Even the laurels it had gained in the field, the crown of valour which none had ever plucked from its brows, began to fade away. When Spain had become the champion of bigotry and ignorance, heaven, in mercy, palsied her sword-hand: her courage, strained to the last, and desperately exerted in a bad cause, degenerated into fierceness; and she retired from the contest covered alike with her enemies' blood and with shame. Thus degraded and exhausted, she became the inheritance of Charles II., the last of her Austrian monarchs, a feeble prince, who, having lost all hope of an heir of his body, allowed the agents of the families which claimed the succession to divide the Spaniards by their intrigues, and debauch the remnants of national honour by corruption and bribery.

The accession of Philip D'Anjou, it must be confessed, raised Spain somewhat above the state into which she had sunk under the Austrian kings. The taste and splendour of the court of Lewis XIV. was not without its influence on Spanish literature. Something was done to dispel the thick mist which had settled upon the minds of the natives; and the Inquisition itself, though preserved in the fulness of its appalling powers, as a reward for services done during the War of Succession, was alarmed to find that the king declined an invitation to an *Auto da Fé*, which had been prepared at Madrid to welcome his arrival.

It was on the accession of the House of Bourbon to the throne of Spain that the elements of such opinions and views as characterize the *liberals* of the present day were first introduced into that country. Few, if any, traces either of the classical learning or of the Italian taste which existed among the Spaniards in the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. could be found among the degraded subjects of the last Austrian monarch. Even the beautiful language which had luxuriated in the national drama under Philip IV. was now defaced by the absurd and perverted taste of the few who employed it in writing, and the many who gained the applause of an ignorant public by the ludicrous extravagance of their sermons.

Under the patronage of a truly enlightened sovereign, Spain, awakening from her torpor, might have created a literature of her own, and stamped it with the character of her vigorous genius. But Philip was a bigot of the French school; he loved literature

as an ornament which became a court, and wished, if possible, to make Madrid a miniature of Paris. The few men of talent who still preserved a taste for real knowledge, and deplored the obstacles which stood in the way of national improvement, were embodied in two academies, one for the cultivation of the Spanish language; the other for the advancement of national history. Facilities were offered for a literary intercourse between the eminent men of letters in France, and these eager votaries of learning. But still that national enemy of mental improvement, the Inquisition, was supported by the king, who mindful, to the last, of the advice which Lewis XIV. had given him, resisted the repeated endeavours of his ministers to suppress, or reform it. The Inquisition, in fact, raged with uncommon fury during the forty-six years that Philip held the crown. The descendants of the baptized Jews were found to have been secretly attached to the religion of their fathers, which, by the gradual spread of the families, had multiplied to a surprising degree the secret followers of Moses. The number of general *Autos da Fé* during the reign of Philip V. amounted to seven hundred and eighty-two. The reports of fifty-four of these *Autos*, consulted by Llorente, give the following number of sufferers. Seventy-nine persons committed to the flames; sixty-three, burnt in effigy; eight hundred and twenty-nine punished by fine, imprisonment and infamy. The same historian makes the average of persons burnt alive, every year, during that period, about twenty-four. This horrid persecution fell almost exclusively upon Jews and enthusiasts. The race of protestants was utterly extinct.

While the blood-hounds of Rome were in pursuit of this smaller game, the sceptical notions which had sprung up together with the philosophical taste of the court of Lewis XV. penetrated into Spain with French literature, and became as inseparable from the knowledge acquired out of the Spanish universities, as it was from that which was called philosophy at Paris. This event was inevitable. The almost lifeless trunk of Spanish literature had been engrafted with a shoot from beyond the Pyrenees, which was now fast draining whatever sap remained in the withered roots. The works which appeared in the reign of Ferdinand VI. were written in a style that could not conceal their source. It was quite different from the Italianized prose of the sixteenth century, and partook greatly of the abrupt and pointed phraseology of the neighbouring nation. The establishment of the Spanish academy could only preserve the words of the language in a dictionary; but could not prevent an absolute change in the style. The works of Feyjoo, the man who had the greatest influence in the amelioration, as far as it went, of the popular mind, might be translated almost word for word into pure French, the language through which he had acquired

acquired the information, he so ably adapted to the state of his country. He ventured to recommend the study of French in preference to the slight knowledge of Latin, which is still common in Spain; and though this was, at first, considered as one of his most startling paradoxes, the advice was not without effect.

The reign of Ferdinand VI. and the early part of that of his brother and successor Charles III. comprise the golden age of the Spanish *liberal* school. Philip V., their father, had looked upon the Inquisition as one of the main supports of his disputed right to the crown. Ferdinand and Charles began to regard it with jealousy, by reason of the frequent encroachments on the civil authority, which that tribunal was continually attempting. Charles, especially, who, during his reign at Naples, had been too near the Holy See not to fear its ambition, was a decided reformer in points unconnected with faith, and merely dependent on canon law. In order to settle a concordat with the Pope, and limit his authority in the temporal affairs of the church of Spain, Charles surrounded himself with the enlightened men who had improved their talents at the court of his predecessors. The Marquis of Roda, the Counts of Aranda, Floridablanca, and Campomanes, the Archbishops of Burgos and Zaragoza, the Bishops of Taragona, Albaracin, and Orihuela, the first four well known pupils of the Parisian school; the last five, either Jansenists, or (as we strongly suspect of all Spaniards who are described by that name) disguised followers of the same principles, were the king's assistants in the work of expelling the Jesuits from Spain, and establishing a system of ecclesiastical government upon the basis of the Gallican church.

It has been wittily observed, that whoever wishes to form a good library should choose his books exclusively out of the Prohibitory Catalogue; and it seems as if Charles III. had, by the same analogy, picked all his ministers from the Black Book of the Inquisition. The danger, however, of this secret enrolment was now greatly diminished, both from the characters of the reigning monarch and his predecessor, and the peculiar nature of the philosophical or sceptical tenets. Had philosophy obliged her followers to a conscientious avowal of their opinions, neither Ferdinand nor Charles was enlightened enough to save them; indeed, four persons were burnt during these two reigns, and fifty-six condemned to the usual correctional punishments. But the inquisitors, though eager in the pursuit of philosophical infidels, were extremely surprised and provoked when, in the new heresy, they found a kind of optical delusion—a huge monster in view when unpursued, and a mere shadow when approached. The hands of the holy judges seemed now to have obtained the fatal gift of Midas:—let them but touch a pupil of Voltaire or Rousseau, and the offensive mass of heterodoxy



heterodoxy was suddenly converted into the standard gold of the purest Roman Catholic faith. Such unreal, vanishing enemies were not made to strengthen the orthodoxy of the Spaniards, by affording exhibitions at the stake. Their cautiousness and circumspection was extreme; and, though a taste for studies which were neglected at the universities, a certain generalizing and analytical tone of reasoning was soon construed by the inquisitors and their friends into a strong indication of *philosophism*, we know but one instance, in which the new sect presented an opportunity to inflict punishment by the mark of infamy; and none where the life of the accused was in danger.\*

The accession of Charles IV. seemed most favourable to the propagation of the French taste and principles. His unconquerable aversion to the cares of government, his passionate fondness for the chase, which employed his whole existence, and the unprincipled dissipation of his wife, into whose hands the whole power of the crown had devolved, promised but little encouragement to the bigots. But they were still too strong in the prejudices and inherited feelings of the nation. The *liberal* ministers of Charles III. had continued in place under his son; and Floridablanca, now raised to the rank of premier, was not unwilling to support some cautious attempts at a change in the public opinion, which, without shaking the foundations, should diminish the exorbitant influence of the church. The first periodical work in Spanish had been published in the reign of Philip V.; it seems, with little success. It was entitled *Diario de los Literatos*, and confined, accordingly, to literary subjects. One of a more popular nature, *El Censor*, was now established with a view to attack popular prejudices with the weapons of

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\* Don Pablo de Olavide, a knight of the Order of Saint James, one of the most enlightened Spaniards of our days, was made civil governor of Andalusia in 1767. During his administration, he conceived and executed the plan of establishing colonies of Germans in the portion of Sierra Morena which separates Andalusia from La Mancha, on the road to Madrid. By his activity the bands of robbers which infested the mountains were destroyed, several towns built, and the colonists settled under the most liberal arrangements of temporal exemption from taxes, grants of land, and a gratuitous supply of agricultural stock. Olavide was imprudent enough to have some theological disputes with a German friar, who had the spiritual charge of the colonies, and to disclose his opinions to a favourite niece, who betrayed him on her death bed. The evidence against him was too clear to be evaded by the usual professions of Catholic faith. In 1778, after two years imprisonment, he was exhibited in a private *auto da fé* wearing the coat of infamy. The principal inhabitants of the town were invited, to see their former governor in that degraded condition. The power and inveteracy of the prejudices, which associate every thing base and odious with the idea of heresy, were strongly exhibited in Olavide. The *unprejudiced philosopher* had endured the whole act of degradation with perfect composure. But, when the abstract of the trial and sentence was read and the secretary came to the charge of heresy, of which the judges had declared him strongly suspected, he exclaimed in a loud voice, 'God forbid!' and burst into a flood of tears.

railery and wit. The odds of such an attack were fearful. The assailants were soon obliged to desist; not, however, without a long confinement in the Inquisition. In spite of this obstinate resistance, the bats and owls of the Spanish church saw with alarm some feeble rays of light which, through the crevices of that massive, but old structure, began to make its darkness visible. The universities had undergone a reform, which, without substituting a good and efficient system of instruction, had, nevertheless, abolished that scholastic course of education, which, by utterly perverting the intellect, made it incapable of all future improvement. Indeed, the bias of the minister's mind had been stronger than his fears; and professorships for explaining the work of Heineccius, *De Jure Naturali et Gentium*, curtailed of a few passages in a Spanish edition, were established at all the seats of learning. Young men of natural abilities, either from accidental hints, or by reading French books handed about among sets of trusty friends, who, for the love of knowledge, submitted to the daily fears of a call from the Inquisition, became their own instructors, and looked with contempt on the dull teachers appointed by authority.

By these means, and almost with the connivance of the government, were the elements of a party brought into existence, which, though averse, from principle, to many parts of the civil, and the whole of the ecclesiastical system of the country, yet appeared, in the original thinness of its ranks, and the cautious timidity of its movements, a manageable and useful auxiliary of the crown against the church. But events were at hand which showed to the Spanish government what sort of spirit they had raised, and what an arduous work it would be to lay it. The French revolution broke out; the declaration of the rights of man re-echoed through the Peninsula, and numbers were instantaneously initiated in the deepest mysteries of revolutionary philosophy. The Spanish *liberals* had hitherto been exceedingly moderate in their views and wishes. Though sceptics upon religious subjects, they would have been contented with the just liberty of thinking for themselves, and being allowed the free use of their books. Far from being the enemies, they had been, till that period, the staunch supporters of the throne. The Spanish *liberals* of the original school had all the characteristics of an aristocracy—an intellectual peerage, who, by the assertion of their own mental rights, seemed likely to diffuse the benefits of a gradual, but general, emancipation. But when a philosophical mob began to gather about them; when the republican catechisms of France had found their way to the hands of those whose only chance of figuring in the world was a complete overturn of the social system; when

when the ignorant conceived themselves in possession of political knowledge, the moment their shallow minds had seized upon the notion of the natural equality of mankind, and the sovereignty of the nation;—then it was that the men in power, who had hitherto encouraged the growth of a *liberal* party, saw the magnitude of the danger to which they had exposed the country.

Their measures to counteract the evil evinced, as it might be expected, the character of the government to which they were accustomed. The inquisitors were let loose upon all suspected of republican principles; and the doctrines of the Constituent Assembly were declared *heretical*, in the hope of sinking them under the national detestation which that word used to call forth. A persecution of the most atrocious kind was raised against every Frenchman, high or low, literate or unlettered, whom a long residence had rooted to their adopted soil. Informations were encouraged against them by the civil judges, and hardly one escaped imprisonment for alleged republicanism. The tradesmen were spoiled of the savings of many years industry; the men of learning were made to linger in dungeons without friends, without books, without any thing that could minister consolation. We knew one of these victims at Seville—a M. Pierre Henry, a man of the most amiable and primitive simplicity, whose enthusiastic zeal for the propagation of the mathematical sciences had led him to that town, where he engaged to teach them publicly for a salary of less than twenty pounds a year. Two years confinement in a damp and scarcely lighted dungeon doomed him to die, a fortnight after his release, of a dropsy. The unhappy man had but one consolation in his misfortune: he had, though with difficulty, obtained pen, ink and paper, which enabled him to write a treatise on mechanics. Thus perished the man who first revived mathematical knowledge in the south of Spain; the founder of a school which, we believe, still exists, directed and supported by his pupils.

A sudden change in the unsettled policy of the court converted the bigoted, superstitious, persecuting Spain into the faithful ally of the French republic, the supporter of ‘atheism by establishment.’ The principles which the Spanish government had tried to quell by most barbarous measures, were now officially recognized as upheld by a neighbouring nation. Yet, the Inquisition was to oppose their propagation among the Spaniards! Prohibitory edicts were annually issued against French books, which, being every day more greedily read, were too profitable an article of commercial speculation to be shut out of the kingdom. In this state of things, and during the interval between the peace of Basle, and the aggression of Napoleon, Spanish *liberalism*

*ism* gained the strength which enabled it to turn the consequences of that invasion to its own advantage, organize its leading principles into a fundamental law of the kingdom, and raise itself above a king in fetters, which they artfully concealed under the trappings of the constitutional throne.

From the preceding sketch, our readers will, we hope, be able to form a pretty accurate notion of the character and dispositions of the two parties into which Spain is divided. The bulk of the people are still the same Spaniards who howled ‘ Long live the Faith!’ around the flaming scaffolds of Philip II. Those who began to rally them against the constitution under the name of *soldiers of the faith* well know their own country. Nor is it from ignorance of the real state of opinion that the opposite party ventured to establish a system in perfect contradiction with whatever is truly *national* in Spain. The legislators of Cadiz were fully aware that even the tempting offer of *sovereignty* would be rejected with horror by the people, were it not closely followed by a law which binds *the faith*, in perpetuity, on the neck of the sovereign nation. It is not, let it be observed, Christianity, not the Bible, but the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman faith, ‘ which the nation protects by wise and just laws, *forbidding the exercise of any other whatever*.’\* The simple fact of attempting to foist an almost republican constitution upon a nation that will not go one step with reformers, whom, in perfect ignorance of their views, chance and distress placed at her head, unless they engage to leave her undisturbed in the exercise and enjoyment of its proud religious bigotry, stamps the liberal party with rashness, and shows their utter want of sound practical knowledge on moral and political subjects. An answer has been suggested by the leading Spanish *liberals*, which betrays the thorough want of judgment which prevailed among them, when they undertook to erect the Spanish monarchy upon a new foundation. ‘ The constitution,’ they say, ‘ would not have been received without the declaration that there is *no true religion but that of Spain*, and that, therefore, the exercise of any other worship must be forbidden by law; but have we not contrived the rest of the code so as to destroy the source of intolerance?’ In what manner? By making that very intolerance a *fundamental* law of the state; yet so as to be brought in contact with principles which, from their opposite tendency, must cause an internal struggle, where, by your own admission, the party who awed you then, must naturally obtain the victory! Wise master-builders indeed! who being determined to raise a palace in the vicinity of a gun-powder maga-

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\* Spanish Constitution, ch. ii. art. 12.

when the ignorant conceived themselves in possession of political knowledge, the moment their shallow minds had seized upon the notion of the natural equality of mankind, and the sovereignty of the nation;—they it was that the men in power, who had hitherto encouraged the growth of a *liberal* party, saw the magnitude of the danger to which they had exposed the country.

Their measures to counteract the evil evinced, as it might be expected, the character of the government to which they were accustomed. The inquisitors were let loose upon all suspected of republican principles; and the doctrines of the Constituent Assembly were declared *heretical*, in the hope of sinking them under the national detestation which that word used to call forth. A persecution of the most atrocious kind was raised against every Frenchman, high or low, literate or unlettered, whom a long residence had rooted to their adopted soil. Informations were encouraged against them by the civil judges, and hardly one escaped imprisonment for alleged republicanism. The tradesmen were spoiled of the savings of many years industry; the men of learning were made to linger in dungeons without friends, without books, without any thing that could minister consolation. We knew one of these victims at Seville—a M. Pierre Henry, a man of the most amiable and primitive simplicity, whose enthusiastic zeal for the propagation of the mathematical sciences had led him to that town, where he engaged to teach them publicly for a salary of less than twenty pounds a year. Two years confinement in a damp and scarcely lighted dungeon doomed him to die, a fortnight after his release, of a dropsy. The unhappy man had but one consolation in his misfortune: he had, though with difficulty, obtained pen, ink and paper, which enabled him to write a treatise on mechanics. Thus perished the man who first revived mathematical knowledge in the south of Spain; the founder of a school which, we believe, still exists, directed and supported by his pupils.

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\* Spanish Constitution, ch. ii. art. 12.

zine, contrive a train from the nearest fire-place, trusting that it will soon remove the nuisance.

We would not, however, offend a whole description of men, comprising some for whose talents we feel respect, and some whose mistaken efforts in a cause which bears that most engaging of names—liberty—we sincerely both admire, and regret. Our sympathy for all who, in a country so long oppressed by an unlimited despotism, lose sight of every object but that of opposing its restoration, provided their zeal be pure, is as real as an intimate and painfully acquired acquaintance with its evils can make it. Yet truth must not be disguised; nor shall we, from a mistaken tenderness suppress our perfect conviction that, as there are not two sorts of beings so differing in their ideas and sentiments as those who, in Spain, bear the names of *liberals* and *serviles*, no men are worse fitted to produce a moral and political improvement in the mass of the country than the former. Their knowledge is narrow, superficial, exotic. It has been acquired by stealth, in nooks and corners, under the constant apprehension of danger; a poor crop almost choked with the weeds of spite and anger. The *liberals* themselves hardly know what they are agreed upon, except the destruction of whatever opposes certain general views of the party, whose tendency is to upset the whole structure of the monarchy. The *Spanish nation* is decidedly against them.

The only measure which for a time swelled their ranks, the only lure which could gain them proselytes, is one so utterly inimical to the peace and existence of all government, that it has shaken the very foundations of the Cortes themselves. We mean the political maxim which, in letters of gold, has been graven to face the throne in the Hall of the National Congress: the pretended axiom from which, as from a geometrical definition, the *liberals* have, with childish pedantry, deduced the details of the constitution; in a word, the *sovereignty of the people*; one of those contemptible sophisms, which by the apparent simplicity of their enunciation, and the delusive *vista* into an unlimited field of knowledge which they present to the mind, are apt to dazzle and delude the ignorant, while, by the prospect of shaking off subordination, they entice and spirit up the vain and the proud.

‘The sovereignty resides essentially in the nation:’ such are the words of the third article of the Spanish constitution. But what is the meaning of sovereignty in this proposition? The idea of sovereignty is inseparable from that of government: the person or persons, who have the supreme command in a political body, are called the sovereign. The proposition asserts, therefore, that *supreme command* resides essentially in the nation. Supreme command, over whom? Is the nation its own subject, like

Selkirk

Selkirk in his little island? It might be so if this ideal sovereign had but one will: such as he really is, he must reduce some part of himself to obedience. When, by some means or other, subordination is established, a government exists, in whose hands the sovereignty must reside. Hence it is, that a people considered numerically and without a definite political system, cannot possess that *essentially* which is the very essence of that government which it wants.

Were we not able to detect the verbal fallacy which the proposition involves, the habits and notions of the Spanish reformers would have put us in the way of discovering it. The uncontrolled despotism of the crown, wherever it exists, leads to the habitual association of *force* with supreme authority. As the autocrat is *sovereign* because he commands the whole force of the state, sovereignty and that force which resides distributively in every individual and collectively in the nation, have, naturally enough, been confounded. It might certainly be said that the *want* of a sovereign power, and the *force* that supports it, are essentially in the nation. But thus to give the peculiar denomination of a definite object to the occasion and the means of its existence is a strange perversion of language. By the logic of the Spanish legislators we might be authorized to assert that medicine, or the art of healing, resides essentially in the collective body of patients; for physicians exist because the patients want them, and the whole faculty would disappear if their bed-ridden subjects agreed to suspend their fees.

The verbal error once detected, we need only substitute the true expression of the thing designated in the Spanish article by the word sovereignty, and the absurdity of such a declaration, at the head of a political constitution, will stand confessed. It would run thus: *Force* 'resides essentially in the nation; and the right of enacting its fundamental laws belongs exclusively to it from the same principle.' The Spanish legislators fell, indeed, infinitely short of the true inference. Force, however, cannot originate rights; it gives *power* only. They should, therefore, have declared, what is unfortunately too true, that as *force* resides essentially in the multitude, they have consequently the *power* of enforcing or destroying laws, supporting or suverting governments, without any conceivable limitation, unless it should arise from an external force more powerful than their own. But we strongly suspect that the qualification of the broad principle contained in the article was not so much a logical inference as a precautionary measure against any inclination of the *sovereign* to interfere with the Cortes in future; and it is really to be wondered why the exercise of the essential sovereignty did not suffer another

wise



wise curtailment by being declared to exhaust itself in the production of the *first* code of fundamental laws. Such a declaration would give a certain degree of consistency to the opprobrious epithets of factions and traitors which have been lavished on that part of the *Spanish sovereign*, who are striving to have a fundamental code in conformity with their wishes.

We should, indeed, be trifling with our readers' patience, if, considering the proposition in question as an unmeaning flourish of political pedantry, we stopped to weigh its terms with dialectical precision, in order to expose the strange confusion of ideas which it betrays in its authors. But we have long watched the operation of this assumed principle of government, especially since it was picked up from the bloody dunghill of the French Revolution, as a pearl which could not be allowed to be swept away from the eyes of mankind with the hideous mass into which it was cast at that fearful period. We have observed its workings in Spain and Portugal; we have seen it break out in Italy, marring and blasting, as is its nature, every tender bud of social improvement which might in time have raised the condition of those interesting portions of the European family; and we cannot close our eyes against the proofs which daily crowd before us, of the baneful activity which it exerts over the civilized world, cankering the peace and contentment of millions, perverting their best feelings, and giving a fatal direction to their courage; while, by a natural reaction, it renders imperfect governments suspicious and intractable, urges even the best to harsh and unpopular measures of security, and makes bleeding and deluded nations turn back their eyes in despondency to the deadly repose of despotism.

A mere spark of practical wisdom would have been sufficient to warn the authors of the constitution from the use of these intoxicating, these maddening doctrines. The proper topics for rousing Spain out of the indolent slumbers of a prolonged degradation were the inherent right of every free people to be governed according to fixed laws; the necessity of re-establishing such institutions as had been devised by their forefathers to balance the powers of the state. Nor were the authors of the Spanish code so blinded by the love of the French theories as to have any excuse in the fulness and vehemence of an erroneous conviction. The report which they made to the Cortes, when the new code was presented to their sanction, is exclusively intended to recommend it as a transcript of the old constitution of Spain! The authors, it appears from that document, were anxious to obviate the charge of innovation. They had, if we believe them, only restored the constitutional laws to their primitive purity.

The

The Alphonsos of Leon might recognize in it the spirit of the charters which had reared the Spanish monarchy from its cradle. The charters, themselves, it is true—those documents which gave to Europe the example of her free corporate towns, were converted, at Cadiz, into a declaration of sovereignty, of which every individual Spaniard might claim a share: Toledo and the meanest village were, by some strange oversight, placed in the same predicament under the revived laws of the Visi-Goths; the old nobles and the bishops, by a similar accident, lost their weight in the country; and the *three* chambers of the Castilian, and the *four orders* of the Aragonese Cortes, were found to mean a mixed assembly to which every seventy thousand fraction of the *sovereign* may send a representative of any rank, fortune, or condition, to share the address of *Majesty* with a monarch, whose political relation with the Spaniards the language of the country wants a word to designate, since *Vasallos* and *Subditos*, which are equivalent to *subjects*, have been found unconstitutional.\*

The poisonous French drugs thus falsely labelled and passed upon the Spaniards as the wholesome, unadulterated produce of their own country, were instantly detected and spurned by a great part of the nation. Yet, besides the professed *liberals*, there were not a few who, fearing the misrule of the old system, gave their support to the new, in the hope that practice and experience would improve it. The trial, however, though not sufficiently long to be a fair one, gave strong indications of its unsoundness. The first general election which took place out of the walls of Cadiz produced a Cortes where the constitution itself was in danger of being outvoted. It was preserved, in fact, till the king's arrival from France, by a small majority, supported by the cries and threats of the people who were hired to occupy the galleries. Had Ferdinand's advisers been less eager to revenge themselves on the party who had seized the government in his absence, he might have convened a Cortes which, though returned by the method prescribed by the constitution, would have repealed all the laws of their predecessors, and received the thanks of their constituents. But the impolitic severity of that period, the absurd determination to re-establish the Inquisition, with every abuse of the old system, alarmed the moderate men, who would have rallied round the throne had it not been beset by monks and bigots. The cruel treatment which the leaders of the liberal party were made to endure gained more proselytes to the constitution than all their speeches from the tribune. A rich treasury,

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\* A formal objection was made by the Cortes to these words; we do not know by what name they have at last agreed to express the subordination of the people to the king.

however, might have propped up the throne in spite of its injustice; a well paid army would not have trucked the decided superiority which they enjoy under a despotic government, for the vulgar honour of being a portion of the rabble-sovereign. But the want of regular pay, and the dreary prospect of a campaign beyond the Atlantic, infected the troops with the *liberal* notions which caused the revolutions of the *Isla*; while the inefficiency of the king's government, and his personal fears, when assailed by a Madrid mob in his palace, gave the constitutional system that renovated power which it has exerted for three years.

The result of this second trial is still more unfavourable than before. The constitution has worked for a considerable time without any let or impediment but those which its authors ought to have reckoned upon when they framed it. During the period of its influence the number of its enemies has wonderfully increased among the Spaniards. The moderate men of the *liberal* party soon found themselves, not *sovereigns*, but slaves of the more active and unprincipled among them. The elections were conducted under the most shameful system of intrigue and intimidation. Popular commotions, now honoured with the ancient name of *Asonadas* (calls to arms), became the regular means of forcing the municipal authorities into whatever measures the secret associations of Freemasons had decreed. The schism which, in the natural progress of such a system, broke out among the *Liberals*, divided them into Freemasons and *Comuneros*, who, plotting secretly against each other, employed the mob alternately in their service. Ministers were forced upon the king, or dismissed from the cabinet as different lodges found means to hire a strong party of the ruffians who inhabit the *Barrios* of Madrid. The Cortes, under the cloak of a dignified gravity, tried to conceal their inability to direct the concerns of the kingdom; while by frequent appeals to a powerless, dependent, and fettered executive—the creature of intrigue and conspiracy, they sheltered themselves from public blame: the provinces, in the mean time, groaned under all the evils of a disorganized administration, the dark plots of the secret societies, and the outrages of the armed parties, both *Faithful* and *Constitutionalists*.

The state to which the constitutional system of Spain has reduced that unhappy country is apparent in the reception which the French armies have met with. The well-known national antipathy, so lately roused to madness by Buonaparte's invasion, has given way to a sense of distress which anarchy had made general. The same majority of the nation which, a few years since, rushed blind with fury upon the French ranks, has now hailed them as their liberators. The leaders of the constitutional armies are not  
proof

proof against the decided turn of public opinion; and not a trace of the *liberal* system would be left, by this time, but for the strong places whose walls shelter its friends from their enemies without, and enable them to awe those within.

We should not perform our duty to justice and humanity if we did not conclude this melancholy, but, to the utmost of our power, faithful picture of Spain, with an earnest entreaty to those whose influence is adequate to the object, not to allow full scope to the revulsion of feeling which, at this moment, is urging the bulk of the Spaniards towards the very reverse of every thing which, in their view, has been disgraced with the name of *Liberal*. Our heart bleeds when we contemplate a noble, generous, and spirited nation, so long a prey to the grossest ignorance and superstition; so weakened and lowered by the weight of chains worn for ages, now smarting from the unskilful hands of those who pretended to heal her, and ready to fly for relief to the very source of her sufferings—eager to drench herself with a slow poison because she has been convulsed by a quack medicine. Is common sense, are the feelings of the civilized world to be shocked again by the restoration of the Inquisition? Is fresh fuel thus to be cast on the still blazing embers of the civil war which has threatened that country with devastation? There was a time when the mental tyranny exerted by that odious tribunal might be defended on the expediency of preventing the feuds and divisions which often arise from a difference in religious sentiments: but even that poor plea has vanished since the diversity of opinion which it hoped to preclude, has taken place to such a degree as no force is now able to quell. The only rational policy, at this moment, is that of dividing the interests of the quiet speculative sceptic from those of the political adventurer. If both classes have rallied under the same colours, the Inquisition has to answer for the alliance. Many an honest and moderate Spaniard is still ready to meet poverty, exile, and death itself among the remnants of the Constitutionals, not because he has adopted all the views of that party, but for fear of the extremities to which he sees the other inclined. He would submit to live under a government who allowed no other worship but the Catholic; but cannot endure a system which places him under the *espionage* of the Inquisition. He will not, day by day, and year by year, through life, be under the necessity of concealing his books, his thoughts, his feelings. He will work for his bread in a foreign land rather than purchase ease at the expense of the most abject hypocrisy. Let such as love Christianity, not from party or political motives, consider, on the other hand, that far from stopping the progress of irreligion, the Inquisition has the

power to change that, which in another country might be partial and modest doubt, into the most absolute and positive rejection. Such is the nature of that inflexible and bloody curb which keeps the mind in a narrow path without allowing it to look to the right or left.

With regard to the political measures which might contribute to the re-establishment of peace in the Peninsula, without shutting the door to national improvement, we shall only suggest the necessity of limiting the power of the crown within clear and definite laws, and securing to the Spaniards their unquestionable right of being taxed by their representatives. The superior nobility and the clergy should be allowed a portion, at least, of that share in the legislature to which they have claims as ancient and as legal as the king to his prerogative. If a legislative body composed of these elements should fail to please some friends of Spain, in other countries, they would do well to consider that that body is to frame laws for the Spaniards not as their wishes would make them, not as that people is often described from specimens nicely selected, but such as they appear at this moment out of the fortified places, which have been found ample enough to embrace all that is *Liberal* in Spain.

#### ERRATUM.

Page 25, line 8. For 'of the globe,' read 'of this quarter of the globe.'

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2. *For the Oracles of God, Four Orations; For Judgment to Come, an Argument, in Nine Parts.* By the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A. 8vo. pp. 560. London. 1823.

THE subject of pulpit eloquence has been frequently discussed; the preachers of different countries, of France and England, have been arrayed against each other; and a comparison instituted, not without invidiousness, between the effect produced by men, like Wesley and Whitfield, and the more stationary and temperate ministers of the established church. We cannot however consider the subject as exhausted, nor can its importance be lightly estimated, when we take into the account its extensive influence in governing the minds, and forming the characters of so many among our vast population; and the peculiar interest which, at this period, it appears to command. The fame of a popular preacher, independently of the peculiar doctrines which he may happen to advocate, draws an assemblage of many, who are evidently attracted by the oratory, not by any predilection either for the truths of Christianity, or for the system of exposition. Whether this is a healthful system of the religion of the country may perhaps be questioned; the fact is beyond all doubt. Some evils will doubtless result from this, which we hope that we may call without offence a prevailing fashion; a spirit of wandering abroad in search of what may be better learnt at home; an appetite, too frequently morbid, for excitation of the feelings rather than the improvement of the morals and the heart, and an impatient discontent at the less effective exertions of those moderate talents and respectable acquirements, which must fall to the lot of the majority in so extensive an establishment as the church. Still, on the other hand, much good may unquestionably ensue; not only 'may many who came to scoff, remain to pray,' but the devotion of great talents of any description to the service of religion must add to its weight and hold upon society; and the vulgar but prevailing prejudice, that great genius and originality invariably take the other side, and cannot condescend to the control of religious duty, may be counteracted. The man of unquestionable abilities contributes

not only the influence of his words and writings to the cause, but that of his character also; and he can have little knowledge how far the magic of great names operates upon the ardent and imitative minds of the young and enthusiastic, who would undervalue or depreciate such assistance to the advancement of religion.

It appears to us then that the difference between the nature of that eloquence, which belongs to the pulpit, and that which is appropriate to the hustings, the bar, or the senate, is too often lost sight of. Neither is the distinction of the systems adopted in Roman Catholic countries on one hand, and by the dissenters on the other, carefully attended to, when the result of their labours is balanced against that of our church ministers.

The orator in Palace Yard, or Westminster Hall, or in St. Stephen's, addresses in a great degree passions which are forbidden ground to the Christian preacher; and if at any time the latter makes an incursion into those regions, he is in danger of assuming a tone inconsistent with the dignity and the charity of his calling. What are the passages in ancient and modern eloquence to which the audience must have listened with awful and appalling interest, and which we even now read with a sensation approaching to terror; those which secure and retain our admiration, adhere to the memory, and recur whenever we hear the names of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and of Burke?—are not many among them, the fierce invective, the terrible crimination, the bold and unexpected retort, the cutting sarcasm, the cool and dignified irony on one hand; or, on the other, the skilful flattery, the exquisite artifice with which the baser as well as the nobler passions of the audience are wrought into a subservience to the orator's purpose, the fine and scarcely perceptible adulation by which 'he wields at will the fierce democracy?' It is the torrent of fiery indignation with which the Athenian overwhelmed the encroaching Philip, the full cup of bitterness which is discharged on the head of his rival Æschines; it is the virulent declamation which appalled Catiline, or Antony, the felicitous art by which Cæsar is flattered out of a pardon for Marcellus; it is the sarcasm against the effeminate Clodius, where the orator applies to him the word *sororem, fratrem, volui dicere, semper in hujus viri nomine erro*;—lastly, it is the solemn and terrible denunciation of Hastings before the bar of the House of Lords, in the name of all that is sacred, moving, dignified in the nature of mankind. All these modes of exciting emotion are clearly beyond the limits of pulpit eloquence, which, if genuine, is too mild and charitable to depend for its success on such violent and inflammatory means. Indeed, in ordinary situations, it would want the power as well as the desire of employing such instruments; but where it overstepped its own peculiar limits, and made an inroad into the province of political

political oratory, it immediately ensured the same visible and extensive influence. When was it that pulpit eloquence governed with unquestioned dominion the public mind? When it addressed itself indiscriminately to every passion; when it nourished the bitter feelings of discontent and faction, personal or party antipathies; when, in an equally unchristian spirit, though with language on both sides deeply imbued with scriptural fervour, the Puritan inveighed against the loyalist, the loyalist recriminated on the Puritan; when one, in his fierce invective, denounced, even by name, God's vengeance on the oppressor, the other on the rebel; when each presumptuously and unwarrantably assumed the tone and language of the inspired prophets, on one hand pouring forth fearful and accumulated malediction on its enemies, on the other exciting its own party to wild, fervid, extravagant exultation;—then it was that it hurried men to battle; enured them to the most heroic suffering; consoled them in the hour of the deepest calamity; in some producing that honest zeal, which, whether misguided or not, pursues the end which the conscience approves, in singleness and uprightness of heart; in others, that frenzy of fanaticism, which, full of the leaven of every evil passion, considers them sanctified by the cause to which it is wedded, from worldly rather than religious motives: this has been the case in every period of religious strife, and that party has in general triumphed which has appealed to the most dominant and universal passions. It is far from our present purpose to decide, or even to inquire, whether circumstances may or may not justify this extension of authority on the part of the preacher; still less whether, at any peculiar periods of our history, persecution, for conscience sake, was lawfully or wisely resisted by the collective energies of the preacher and his congregation. All, however, must allow, that the circumstances are not common, which will warrant this union of the minister of Christ and the demagogue in the same character; and that, even in the extreme cases which may vindicate this line of conduct, he appears in a forced, unusual, and unnatural situation. When he reverts to the reason and the affections, the preacher appears to return to his home; he exercises there his quiet domestic office, and secures that universal respect, admiration and approval which he could scarcely claim or preserve in the turbulence and distraction of his former occupation.

But with regard to those passions which are clearly within the sphere of the preacher, the fears and the compassion of his audience, much more is required of him than of other orators; his task is more delicate and must be administered with greater discretion, in proportion as its effects aim at being more lasting. He must not

be content with mere temporary emotion. Provided in other cases the orator retain his magic mastery over the minds of his hearers, till he has obtained their vote or their verdict, his end is answered. But the assertions and the proofs of the preacher must bear the severe test of subsequent examination: he will have obtained a poor triumph, if, after having created a most powerful immediate sensation, his audience, when they have departed, find they have been imposed upon by illogical arguments, by mere theatric energy, and by hardy assumptions. Even when we read the compositions of ancient or modern eloquence, we are satisfied if they appear admirably adapted to gain their object; we admire the skill which has made so much of a bad or an unpromising cause, and submit willingly to the delusion which has before been so successful, with those to whom the speech was originally addressed. But in religious eloquence nothing is beautiful but what is true; and the slightest dishonesty in the conduct of the argument invalidates the whole impression, and we are impatient even of the most remote suspicion of artifice or concealment of weakness.

But besides all this, the form of debate and discussion which the other forms of oratory usually assume, is greatly calculated to fascinate the attention, and create a deeper impression. The preacher frequently refers to the supposed reasonings of his adversary, the infidel or the heretic, but he states their arguments in his own words; and though he may, in fact, give them even more weight and strength than they deserve, still we like to see the intellectual gladiators on the arena before us: this struggle and conflict of the noblest energies of man has something irresistibly exciting. What can compensate for the subtle detection of the latent sophism, the unravelling of the false argument, the retorted sarcasm, the recriminated invective, the seizing of the arms of the apparently triumphant antagonist and plunging them into his own bosom? Read the *de Corona* of Demosthenes alone, and it is doubtless splendid oratory; read it, after having gone through the previous oration of Æschines, and it appears in all its marvellous power and felicity of reply, and of retort. Pitt, in his lucid statements of some points which admitted of no discussion, was doubtless an admirable orator; but who listened to him or to his great rival with such absorbed attention, as when they were either anticipating the argument of each other, or thundering forth the ardent and indignant refutation? Nor is it of slight importance that in common cases the subject is of immediate, pressing and imperious interest. It is before our eyes, it has probably already enlisted our passions on one side or the other. Philip is at the gates of Athens: Catiline in the centre of Rome, almost having begun the work of slaughter; Milo awaiting his sentence,

reeking

recking as it were with the blood of Clodius, and uncertain whether his doom will be exile, death, or the gratitude and admiration of his country; or Strafford himself pleading in his own defence, and in the defence of the strained and violated laws of his country. We shall not be suspected of depreciating the eternal importance of the appalling and awful topics of Christian preaching; but there is this difference, that they are precisely the same, which either the individual preacher or others before him have been for ages reiterating: they were among the rudiments of our early education; they are of all times and seasons, and consequently peculiar to none. With regard to them novelty is, in general, dangerous; and even if great genius should triumph, as it occasionally does, over this difficulty, this strongest incitement is often counteracted by its collision with other prejudices. We are weary and unmoved by the style in which we are usually addressed, and yet are inveterately attached to some of its peculiarities. Thus originality creates as it were a strong reaction, and that very dissimilarity to the prevalent system, on which it prides itself, impedes its influence; and lastly even he, who shall, in spite of all these obstacles, have obtained the greatest success, must at last be controlled by the nature of his subjects. The striking truths of religion are few and simple, and though they admit of great copiousness of illustration, even that is circumscribed, and he who disdains to imitate others, must at last imitate himself; repetition is unavoidable; nor can he take advantage of that interminable variation of circumstances, which gives its particular character and interest to every trial at the bar, and every debate in the senate. Enough however on this part of our subject.

It was most fortunate for the character of French pulpit eloquence that the great orators of that country, Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon, lived at the precise period when their language had obtained its utmost purity and perfection. We apprehend that at no time, either previous or subsequent, the masculine strength of the Bishop of Meaux, or the fluent and harmonious elegance of Massillon, has been surpassed or even rivalled. The faults of their age adhere to our most celebrated preachers. We cannot with justice deny the pedantic ostentation of learning, the more than poetic exuberance, the occasional whimsicality of illustration in Taylor; the interminable sentences and the countless subdivisions of Barrow; the languid diffuseness of Tillotson, and the meagre conciseness of Clark; the want of warmth in Sherlock, and of strength in Atterbury; the absence of every beauty, as well as of most faults, in Blair. With regard to the respective merits of the different orators of the French school, we can have no higher authority than



the treatise of Cardinal Maury 'Sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire.' To his judgment on our own writers we shall not so easily subscribe, as the names of the authors to which he refers appear to have been selected by mere chance, if not by caprice; and, at all events, he was entirely unacquainted with our older divines, and not very extensively informed as to the respective estimation in which the modern are held. In spite of these and other imperfections, the work in question is decidedly the best which has yet appeared upon the subject, and is, as it were, an excellent emblem of the oratory on which it chiefly dwells,—admirable in its arrangement, full of good sense in much of its detail, with a felicitous and judicious application of the principles of Cicero and Quintilian to his subject, but, at times, flashy and full of false taste, of which we could scarcely select a more complete specimen than the following—'Insulaires fameux! je cherche un orateur, un véritable orateur parmi vos ministres du culte, vos écrivains, vos membres du parlement les plus célèbres dans la carrière de l'éloquence politique. Or soit dit sans offenser votre génie et sur tout sans oublier votre gloire, je n'en trouve aucun digne de ce nom.' It is far, however, from our wish to prejudice our readers against a work which we consider of high authority as far as the information of the author extended; and as we have suggested an excuse or a palliation for his rashness of decision with regard to our divines, (with the greatest and elder of whom, the English nation itself is too little acquainted, we can scarcely wonder at the ignorance of a foreigner,) since also we can scarcely reproach him with the omission of more than one great name, that of Horsley, among our modern preachers; we are bound to extend the same extenuation to his other errors. In fact this assertion of his Eminence was probably made before the great day of our parliamentary eloquence, or indeed that of our most splendid advocates. Anterior to the regular publication of the debates, we have no authentic or well-reported speeches; we seek in vain for more than sallies and occasional happy thoughts of our older parliamentary leaders, of Bolingbroke, of Pulteney, of Murray, even of Lord Chatham, though of the latter indeed we have some noble remains. The dawn of Burke, however, must have been long previous to the publication even of the first edition of Maury's work; and perhaps we must have recourse to a plea not quite so honourable for his silence with regard to the setting of that greatest of writers, and the dawn of all our brilliant galaxy—of Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Windham, and Grenville, and Erskine, and Grattan, and Canning. But the more recent editions of the treatise, in which tardy justice might have been done, were published under the reign of Buonaparte—*φωῶς συνεισισιν*.

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But in discussing the comparative merits of the French orators the Cardinal is more in his element, and on such topics we differ from him with hesitation and diffidence. It appears, indeed, to us that he scarcely makes out his case with regard to the decided pre-eminence of Bossuet; we are inclined to consider him as a more perfect polemic than a preacher. We are aware, however, on the other hand, that a large portion of his sermons was published from his papers after his death, and is, therefore, confessedly unfinished; and, on the other, that the Oraisons Funèbres, on which his fame chiefly rests, are a species of composition which, abstractedly speaking, is repugnant to all our religious feelings. The great topic of praise, again, which is usually insisted upon in the estimate of Bourdaloue, his familiarity with the Fathers, is, in our opinion, rather among his defects. His manly simplicity of style and strong good sense are rarely led astray, except when he adopts and comments upon some quaint antithesis or epigrammatic conceit from those writers who, whatever their other merits may be, are certainly not the best models of style. In another point, however, we fully coincide, in his attributing the decline of French pulpit eloquence to the influence of the admired Petite Carême of Massillon. Inferior, in every respect, in comprehensiveness of subject, in force, in dignity, in the bold assertion of Christian truth, these exquisitely polished, but meagre and unsatisfactory discourses won the palm from the same writer's Avent and Carême. To these latter sermons we confess that we should be inclined to refer the reader, as the most admirable example of that style of preaching, which we must not too hastily condemn because it is opposite to our own. In fact the French and English sermon are entirely distinct; and it may not be uninteresting to trace some of the causes which probably tended to establish and increase this difference. To this, no doubt the national character and the religion contributed much; but there are other points well worthy of consideration. In the first place, the greater frequency with which the duty devolves upon the English preacher must be taken into account. In France, and in most Roman Catholic countries, there are stated periods for preaching, against which the orator may lay up all the treasures of his eloquence. In Advent and in Lent, when the ceremonies of the church are peculiarly solemn and awful, when the more impressive parts of religion are forced upon the attention by every possible means; when a sort of access of devotion seems to seize the whole population, the preacher takes the happy opportunity of exercising his office. At these seasons, in the court of Louis XIV., to which Pope's admirable description, *mutatis mutandis*, may so well apply,

' A fool to virtue, yet a slave to fame—

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,

Now drinking citrons with his Grace and Chartres :

Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns,  
And Atheism and religion take their turns,'

the king cast off his mistress, intrigues were suspended by mutual consent, the confessionals were crowded, and the royal family and the nobility trembled before the thundering vehemence of Bossuet, or melted at the pathetic harangues of the Bishop of Clermont. A favourite sermon was commanded by authority, announced publicly; multitudes thronged to hear, not the preacher only, but the particular discourse which had been frequently delivered before with the greatest applause. Hence they polished, finished, laboured their works into the most exquisite perfection of style, judged by frequent repetition the parts which were effective and those which were weak, corrected every offence against the most delicate and fastidious taste; nor can we wonder if the effect at last became more than oratorical, rather theatrical. They knew that even the manner of delivering their most striking passages was a matter of public curiosity. The whole court was occupied in the interval between the death of Henrietta Maria and the delivering of her funeral sermon by Bossuet, in discussing how the masterly preacher would fulfil his promise of alluding to the magnificent ring which she bestowed upon him on her death-bed, and in which he surpassed all their expectations by the felicity and delicacy with which he expressed his gratitude. In another respect the French pulpit oratory is like their tragedy; it scarcely condescends to less than kings or princes. It is curious to observe of their famous sermons how much the greatest number were preached before the court, before an audience highly educated and of one rank. It is not less striking, that of the splendid passages (and splendid they are, as examples of courtly art, and consummate skill in conciliating the favourable attention of the hearer) which are adduced by Maury, so large a portion is selected from the different funeral orations on great personages—there they luxuriated in violent antitheses, contrasted perpetually the grandeur des vivants, and the néant des morts, recited all the long and magnificent titles of the deceased, and pointed to the corpse beneath them. They were enabled also to travel beyond their own province: the celebrated character of Cromwell, by Bossuet, and the description of the death of Turenne, rather belong to history than to pulpit oratory. But perhaps, as a specimen of the effect produced under these circumstances, nothing can be finer than the opening of Massillon's funeral oration on Louis XIV., thus described by Maury:

' Massillon prit pour texte ces paroles de Salomon: "*Je suis devenu grand*:"

*grand : j'ai surpassé en gloire et en sagesse tous ceux qui m'ont précédé dans Jérusalem : et j'ai reconnu qu'en cela même, il n'y ayt que vanité et affliction d'esprit.*" Après avoir prononcé lentement un passage si remarquable par le contraste que le commencement forme avec la fin, et si heureusement adapté au grand effet qu'il vouloit produire dès l'ouverture de son discours, il parut frappé lui-même des réflexions que toutes ces idées divergentes de grandeur et de misère suggéroient à son esprit. Il voulut entrer en méditation pour se recueillir dans ses tristes pensées. L'émotion visible qu'il éprouvoit devint une heureuse préparation oratoire pour faire partager à ses auditeurs le sentiment profond de la douleur muette dans laquelle il étoit absorbé. Son silence étonna, et inspira le plus vif intérêt. Avant de proférer un seul mot de son exorde, Massillon, avec la stupeur de l'abattement, la tête baissée, et les mains appuyées sur la chaire, reste immobile et taciturne durant quelques instants dans cette attitude. Ses yeux à peine entrouverts se fixèrent d'abord sur le deuil de l'assemblée qui l'environnoit ; il en détourna bientôt la vue, pour chercher avec anxiété dans cette enceinte sepulchrale d'autres objets moins tristes et moins lugubres : il n'apperçut de tous les côtés sur les murs du temple, que les trophées et les emblèmes de la mort. Ses regards ainsi contristés se réfugièrent vers l'autel encore plus surchargé de symboles et de décorations funèbres. Il sembloit accablé d'un pareil spectacle, quand se tournant avec effroi pour se distraire des doubles angoisses de cet appareil et de ses noires pensées, il découvrit la représentation funéraire élevée au milieu du temple, comme le sanctuaire de la mort. Consterné de ne voir autour de lui que des sceptres ou des diadèmes couverts de crêpes, et une image universelle du néant dans l'ancantissement de toutes les grandeurs humaines, Massillon voulut rendre compte à l'assemblée du résultat de son silence, lui faire partager la même impression qu'il avoit éprouvée, et dès son point de départ se montrant déjà très loin des idées vulgaires, s'enfoncer dans son sujet, mettre ainsi par l'irrésistible ascendant de ses premières paroles, tout son auditoire dans la confiance et à l'unisson des mêmes réflexions solitaires que venoit de lui inspirer le monologue secret de sa douleur, en s'écriant au milieu de tous ces débris qui succédoient à tant de gloire : *Dieu seul est grand, mes frères !*

Is then all this dramatic artifice to convict these men of insincerity? We think not. In England it would perhaps not be endured ; in France it was natural, and suited to the genius of the place. The leaven of vanity and the desire of temporal aggrandizement may have partly influenced the adulation so skilfully administered ; but when Bossuet and even Fenelon stooped to such means of securing attention, it would be unjust not to give them credit for nobler motives. No man knew better how to receive or how to bestow flattery than Louis XIV. He possessed, according to Massillon's elegant language, un art d'assaisonner les graces qui touchoit plus que les graces mêmes : une politesse de discours qui trouvoit toujours à placer ce qu'on aimoit le plus à entendre. His divines, therefore,

therefore, were probably deluded by his courtly hypoerisy; and where the influence of the monarch's example was so extensive as in the court of France, they may honestly have thought, not that any compromise of moral or religious severity, but a compliance with the complimentary style of the age might be wisely made to obtain an auxiliary so important. They may have entertained hopes of his ultimate sincere conversion; at all events they secured his countenance and support. There is, indeed, one damning passage in Massillon, speaking of the king's conduct to his wife, *un époux malgré les faiblesses qui partagèrent son cœur, toujours respectueux pour la vertu de Thérèse*; "condamnant, pour ainsi dire, par ses égards pour elle l'injustice de ses engagements, et renouant par l'estime un lien affaibli par les passions. This is courtly lenity indeed, which nothing can justify, and the only palliation of which is that it was said of the dead, not of the living.

But, instead of selecting striking occasions, and reserving himself for subjects in themselves awful, the English preacher is in a continued and uninterrupted course of exertion. He is either oppressed by the frequency with which the duty occurs, or is called upon so seldom as to want that experience which is only to be gained by practice. Our dignitaries (of whom, indeed, there are not many below the episcopal rank, who are not at the same time parochial ministers) commonly pass a short time only in the service of their cathedrals, and return perhaps with satisfaction to the less conspicuous scene of their standing duty—their country churches; and the residents in our universities are so rarely summoned to this duty, and then under circumstances so peculiar, as by no means to give free scope to their exertions. The latter address a learned audience, chiefly composed of their own order. Hence they confine themselves to the discussion of points of learning, and controversial questions, on which they have always laboured, and still continue to labour, with the greatest success. There is no point in divinity, no theological question, which may not be found among our published discourses of this nature, examined with a depth, solidity and soundness of judgment which it would be vain to seek in the writings of any other church in Europe. But the ministers of a large mingled congregation, (independent of the various avocations which attend on the care of a parish, from which the preachers in Roman Catholic countries are usually exempt,) however fertile in conception and rapid in composition, must be overpowered by the necessity of providing one if not two sermons every Sunday. Thus precisely in that situation where it is most wanted, and where real zeal would be most actively stimulated by the consciousness of acting within a sphere of great utility, the difficulties are accumulated and redoubled. Instead of pouring  
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ing himself forth in copious and unrestrained energy, he must husband his resources; he must be various, and, in order to secure that variety, he must content himself frequently with subjects less striking, and there is no question but the improvement which arises from use and experience is limited. The perpetual dwelling upon certain subjects weakens both the power of apprehending them and of representing them in their real force and grandeur. Thus the preacher is under the necessity of repeating himself; but it frequently happens that, instead of strengthening and brightening his original conception, he goes on diluting it, and rendering it more obscure: habit has weakened the impression upon his own mind, and he who is not profoundly impressed himself will never produce a deep or lasting effect upon others.

The second important point of difference (we studiously refrain from other distinctions, which it might be deemed invidious to introduce) is the greater authority assumed by and attributed to the priestly character in Roman Catholic countries. With them the church being the rule of faith, with us the Scriptures alone, the assertions of the delegated representative, as it were, of the church, are advanced with greater boldness, as they are received with more implicit awe and veneration. The English minister does not assume the character of a depositary of divine truths, but simply that of an expositor of those truths as they are found in the Bible; possessing no more light than a good education, directed to the peculiar study of the scriptures, can afford, but still fallible, and therefore by no means disclaiming the right of those whom he addresses to examine his discourses by the rules of sound logic and right reason. He does not command implicit confidence to be placed in his precepts, simply because they are uttered by an appointed and regularly ordained minister; he appeals to the reason, whether he does not deserve that confidence by his legitimate deduction of his conclusions from scripture: hence the whole of an English sermon ought to be a fair and natural inference drawn from the text. With the French this is so much otherwise, that Maury considers it rather a fault than an excellence—not but that the French preachers continually adduce scripture, but the quotation is in Latin, and translated, commented on, and paraphrased according to the purpose of the preacher. We once took the pains to examine a whole page of quotations in a sermon of Massillon, not above one of which, fairly and literally explained, bore upon his subject. But the high tone of the orator, speaking as the acknowledged successor of the Apostles, not less than the scriptural ignorance of the congregation, carries off all this without fear of detection or even of question. Among many of the dissenters, particularly of the lower order, this authority is assumed upon the principle of sensible inspiration.

inspiration. Each preacher, fancying or pretending to have his call, pours himself forth without hesitation or diffidence, guaranteed as it were alike from absurdity and error. The congregation, infatuated by the same notions, are under too great awe not to receive with seriousness what colder and better educated hearers might be provoked to smile at as ludicrous, or recoil from as blasphemy. But, from whatever source it proceeds, fluent and unhesitating boldness of elocution has a powerful effect, and, whether an orator has wound up his courage by confidence in himself, well or ill founded; whether enthusiasm, or effrontery, or sincere zeal be the stimulant, the hearer is hurried away by the rapidity and fervour of his language. But, in our temperate and sober church, though no pious man denies the necessity of superior aid, and would ascribe all his success to a higher source than his own exertions, he has never the temerity to assert or the presumption to imagine himself gifted with a peculiar inspiration; he is more deliberate, cautious and argumentative, and, knowing the rigid jealousy with which orthodox opinions are watched, as well as feeling his own conscientious diffidence, he is fearful of hazarding an untenable opinion, or making an incautious admission. Thus, as he became amenable to the observation of an audience, vigilant, controversial, and frequently well acquainted with scripture, and from another cause hereafter to be noticed, the practice of reading sermons, peculiar to our own church, gradually obtained. In deference both to the importance of the subject and the acuteness of the hearer, it was assumed that the acknowledged appearance of preparation would more than counterbalance the more vivid effect of extemporaneous delivery. Unpremeditated language and argument may occasionally be betrayed into incautious assertions, or deviate into unintentional error, the rocks upon which it was considered fatal to split. Thus the oratorical form of address became obsolete, and the sermon assumed the form of a religious essay. Nor can it be denied that there is something incongruous in sudden bursts of premeditated passion, in sallies of vehemence previously composed in the closet, in studied ejaculations, and in many incidental beauties, which appear to occur to the orator as he is inflamed by his subject, but which nothing can warrant or excuse but a powerful interest already excited. It is notorious that the French preachers studied their harangues with a nicety and precision unknown probably by any other orators. Maury describes the laborious manner in which Massillon *got up*, if we may use the phrase, his sermons; but still there was the appearance, the illusion of an unpremeditated address; the thoughts seemed to occur on the instant and kindle into language; he could allow himself all the liberties of extemporaneous oratory, and, though the whole was in the

the highest degree artificial, the art was entirely concealed. We are neither vindicating nor reprobating our own practice; our object is simply to show the manner in which it was formed, and how it operated upon our style of preaching.

But there is another peculiarity in our church, which has greatly affected our mode of preaching. In Catholic countries the sermon is almost a distinct service, and with the dissenters it occupies by far the largest portion of their religious ceremony. With them the congregation is fresh, and their attention has not been exhausted by the previous long service, which if, as is often the case, it devolves upon one individual in a large church, has already severely tried the physical powers of the preacher, and filled up so much of that proportion of time during which the mind can dwell without weariness or distraction on the same subject, that the sermon is necessarily contracted into a very short space. We do not speak of minds in a high state of religious excitation, nor of those well-disciplined hearts, which, after perpetual repetition, are still as warmly alive as ever to the excellence of our beautiful liturgy, but of the mass of mankind, whom the preacher addresses, the young as well as the old, the thoughtless as well as the devout, the restless, either from constitution or temper, as well as the placid; but it is evident that the ensuring and keeping awake the attention of the many, has created the necessity of compressing the discourse into narrow limits. Hence the comprehensiveness of plan, the copious examination of an extensive subject has been abandoned, and not unwisely, though with an effect by no means favourable to the advancement of perfect pulpit eloquence. For where at present a preacher exceeds the ordinary length of discourse, he in general builds on the same foundation with those who are more brief and rapid; the consequence of which is, that he only expresses in many words what may have been better said in few.

Much it is evident of what has been already advanced applies to the difference between the system of preaching among the Dissenters and our own, as well as to that of the Roman Catholic church. With regard, however, to the effect produced by the Primitive Methodists, some further considerations are requisite. That the authors of most schisms, Wesley and Whitfield especially, were men of great powers both \*physical and mental, we are not inclined to question. That they fell upon an age of religious supineness

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\* Franklin, an authority on such a subject, took upon himself to calculate by how many people Whitfield, preaching in the open air, could be heard. By going to the farthest extremity each way which his voice reached with distinctness, and afterwards measuring the space enclosed, and allowing reasonable room for each individual, he proved that the preacher might be clearly understood by 20,000 persons. Those who know the effect of a powerful and sonorous voice in gaining the character of 'a fine man in the pulpit,' will not undervalue the importance of this endowment.



and languor in all classes, and among the professors of all creeds, can scarcely be denied. Religion had been made over entirely to the safeguard of the reason, and was inculcated in a dry scholastic manner. Both in the church and without, a few, and but few exceptions can be named, who addressed, in the least degree, the feelings or the heart. They were men also of ardent zeal; and he is little acquainted either with the human heart, or the history of religious opinion, who does not know that if they are, or appear but in earnest, not only men of a superior description, but the most ignorant, the most crazy, the most wicked, invariably obtain followers. But the first and leading principle of the success of the Methodists was their itinerancy. The great difficulty in all oratory is to gain a willing attention at first. This the novelty of their appearance, and the studied dissimilarity between their manner and language, and that of the ministers whose province they invaded, invariably secured. Use weakens all impressions; the most splendid scenery from our windows becomes comparatively tame and uninteresting; and we question whether the most keen and bitter sarcasm of Brougham, or the richest and most playful wit of Canning, produce any very profound impression on the clerks of the House of Commons. It was a common every-day occurrence to hear a sermon from their own parson, or even in the church; but on a common, or from a tub, it had sufficient singularity to gather together all the idle, and of itself to strike deep into the bosoms of the thoughtless. The endurance of petty vexations from the mischief of unlucky boys, or the 'brief authority' of country Dogberries, was a further guarantee of their being in earnest. But when the bold assertion was added, that not merely the manner but the subject of their preaching was new, curiosity was wound up, and every one became eager to be initiated in this distinctive and peculiar doctrine. Man loves to be the depository of a secret and esoteric belief; and he who teaches an easy and compendious way of becoming wiser and better than our neighbours, will never want proselytes. That much real good was done, we are neither so invidious nor so illiberal as to deny; but that the disparagement of the clergy on this account is just, or the accusation fair, that, but for their own supineness and neglect, they might have wrought the same change, we are as unwilling to admit. After all which we have allowed, as to the general lukewarmness of the age, we scruple not to assert, that many among the clergy, whose parishes Wesley or Whitfield invaded with the greatest success, and in which they established the most flourishing congregations, had the respective situations been changed, would have prevailed in the same manner over the wild eloquence of the former, and the vehemence of the latter. Had  
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the Methodist been for years preaching in the same pulpit, and his rival set up a field-preaching in his vicinity, he would have drawn many away, and perhaps reclaimed not a few upon whom the remonstrances and advice to which they had been so long habituated had produced no effect. In fact, the church has been obliged, for the sake of the greater good, to forego the less. The residence of the clergy, on the whole, secures for the congregation far greater advantages than can result from the most impassioned, the purest, most majestic eloquence. And we trust that we shall incur no suspicion of profaneness, when we add that the saying 'that no man is a prophet in his own country,' is an axiom which may be carried to a great extent. Great as is the influence of a zealous and affectionate pastor in a parish, from his well-known character, we doubt whether it is gained so much by his preaching as by his conscientious discharge of his other duties. Indeed, we suspect that the increase of Methodism itself will furnish us with an unanswerable testimony to the truth of our view. When they first appear in a new place, they usually increase with great rapidity; where they are stationary and have been long established, they not only do not always advance, but frequently retrograde.

Thus it appears, that the peculiar circumstances of the Church of England have greatly contributed to form the character of our pulpit eloquence. The history of religious opinion is the history of English preaching. Our great writers of sermons have accommodated themselves to the necessities, we will not say to the taste of their age. That manner which was most likely to be effective among their hearers, which was either wanted to stimulate indifference, or to restrain extravagance, was adopted, as far, of course, as the different genius of each individual could submit itself to the sacrifice of its own inclinations to the desire of usefulness. Whether at present they are following the same wise course, or adhering with too great pertinacity to a system, which the opinions and feelings of the age have rendered somewhat obsolete, may be matter of discussion. The impossibility of producing a perfect and unexceptionable standard of pulpit eloquence for general use from the whole course of our abundant literature, such, we mean, as may be advantageously addressed to the mingled congregations in the metropolis and our large towns, proves that our masterly writers neglected those primary rules of style and composition, without which a preacher may be eminently useful in his own day, but will scarcely secure a permanent reputation. Had many of them spoken like Cicero or Massillon, they would have 'won no audience' where the judgment was perverted by a fondness for a peculiar jargon, or the pedantic display of learning. Where sermons were estimated by their length, by the number of hour-

glasses

glasses consumed, simplicity and compression of style might have pleased the educated few, but would have been loathed and shunned by the many as meagre and unprofitable doctrine. In fact, at every period of our religious history, we shall find some writers of sermons, the representatives as it were of their age, who have caught its peculiar spirit, and have written precisely in the manner best adapted to correct its errors, to supply its deficiencies, to improve, to elevate, or to restrain its religious feelings. To some, after what we have said, this eulogy may appear paradoxical; but if we examine the writings of our greatest preachers, with reference to their age, we are convinced that it will prove true. From the days that old Latimer went forth, with his plain and honest good sense, his homely illustrations, the vigour and boldness with which he struck at the root of every prejudice, to combat the absurdities and falsehoods of popery, a succession of men has never been wanting, very different indeed from him, because the times required a difference, but equally earnest and effective in the cause. What Atterbury says of Luther, may be well applied to Latimer, that he was a rough wedge, fit to cleave the stubborn block of popery. But he has passages which we should confront without fear with those forcible and original, and even sublime quotations, with which Maury furnishes us from the Père Brydaine, a missionary. When, however, by his exertions, and those of his more gentle and dispassionate coadjutors, the cumbrous edifice of the ancient faith was overthrown, clear, explicit, and solid statements of the pure and genuine doctrines of Christianity were wanted. These were supplied in the Homilies, the reading of which being enjoined by authority may, perhaps, have retarded the cultivation of the native talent for preaching, and doubtless furnished a precedent for the practice of delivering written discourses. The Homilies are precisely what they pretend to be, simple expositions of doctrines, profusely illustrated by quotations from scripture, admirably suited to support the cause of reason and common sense against inveterate prejudice, fanciful superstition, and the thralldom of multifarious and unmeaning ceremonies. But the perpetual discussion of controversial points, which ensued while the Reformation was still unsettled, and during the first aggressions of puritanism, led to extreme subtilty; and the scholastic theology began again to encroach upon the simplicity of scriptural doctrine. Men were not content with apprehending clearly the general spirit of passages in the sacred writings, but endeavoured to trace the possible bearing of every single word. Every text furnished a multitude of questions, each of which was to be followed to its most remote point; and as much as would weary the patience of a modern congregation was wasted on the supposed mystery contained in some particle.

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Into this style the genius of his pedantic age betrayed Andrewes, who nevertheless preserved the fund of good sense, which he inherited from Jewel and Hooker, although perplexed by innumerable quaintnesses, and overlaid and incumbered, though perhaps not in so great a degree, with the metaphysical niceties, which ensured the admiration of his day to the prose as well as the poetry of Donne. Assured as we are from history of the extraordinary influence possessed by the preachers during all the succeeding turbulent and disastrous period, when we first examine the remains of pulpit eloquence of that day, we are filled with wonder. Nothing appears so ill-calculated to excite the passions of the multitude as the prolix, elaborate, and cumbrous style then in use. Popular eloquence is in general rapid, lively, vehement; it strikes, inflames, and leaves no time for the mind to cool, or for the excited passions to subside. We perceive without difficulty the additional authority and importance which was obtained by the joint appeal to political and religious feelings, but we scarcely apprehend how these combined motives were incited to action by the long and learned harangues which form the huge folios of Owen and others. We are to bear in mind, however, in the first place, that of course the laboured discourses are those which have survived, through the medium of the press; the extemporaneous harangues, which kindled and directed the flame, have almost entirely perished; nothing of the light and flying artillery remains, and we are not to judge of the activity of the warfare by the ponderous culverins which are laid up in our ecclesiastical armories. But revert to the spirit of the times, and our wonder entirely ceases.—Religion, at least religion moulded up with politics, so entirely engrossed the public mind, that the unwearied and inexhaustible attention was not satisfied without discourses of many hours—learning was imperatively demanded by the uneducated as well as the educated. A miserable village in Berkshire formally complained of their pastor, the great orientalist Pocock, ‘that he was no Latiner.’ Under these circumstances, which excuse or at least explain all that is repugnant to real taste and the great rules of writing, we take into account the real excellence of these preachers, and have as it were a key to the manner in which they obtained their authority.—There is a lofty, serious, earnest and even impassioned tone throughout their lengthy periods, which even now impresses the mind with a conviction that they were entirely devoted to their cause. There is a force and copiousness of language, and above all a sustained and uniform precision of argument, from the beginning to the end of their uncouth and unwieldy volumes, perfectly extraordinary. However erroneous the doctrine, the process of reasoning is almost invariably correct; even where the forms of the scholastic logic are not preserved,

served, the spirit predominates, and the fallacy is rarely to be detected in the method of obtaining the conclusion, but in the premises and preliminary assumptions. Two of the greatest men of the period, though by no means equal in ability or similar in genius, Hall and Taylor, exemplify the character of the time by their faults as well as their excellencies. The age required copiousness; and Taylor poured forth a redundance and exuberance of imagery and illustration, which, splendid as it is, and usually appropriate, often bewilders and confounds the reader. The age required fervour; and Taylor soared to the height of the most lofty subjects, with a majesty, and force, and flow of expression perfectly unrivalled, till at times he swelled into extravagance, and was lost in vague and visionary raptures. The feelings were to be moved; and Hall indulged himself in his appeals to the more tender emotions, till his pathos degenerated into maudlin, and his beautiful thoughts were refined into conceits. The age was impatient without erudition, and both, but Taylor especially, threw his multifarious reading into his sermons, with a profusion which would baffle the most learned scholar of our day to trace to its varied sources. Lastly, strong reasoning could by no means be dispensed with, and in the quicker and more lively style of Hall, and, clothed in the embroidery of Taylor's exuberant and figurative language, we mark the severest logic, and arguments conducted with the utmost precision. Take the Passion Sermon of Hall, and Taylor's Advent to Judgment, the former, if not the latter, the masterpiece of its author, and you will not only be able to judge of the peculiar genius of each, but the character of eloquence peculiar to the times. From the first, full as it is of the most simple, striking and pathetic thoughts, it would be difficult to select a passage not disfigured by some quaintness, or marred by some conceit; and we observe that peculiarity of Hall's style, in which he was followed by Lightfoot and others of that day, which called forth the disdainful satire of Milton: our great poet found Hall a formidable antagonist on the subject of episcopacy, and instead of imitating his gentle and Christian spirit, condescended to that which, in default of argument, even great men are sometimes reduced to, abuse of the manner and character of their adversary.—'To be girded—by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate.' But in the great work of Taylor, awful, pathetic, sublime as is the whole, impregnated and pervaded by a solemn, exalted, devotional spirit, there is still much which even this powerful impression can scarcely carry us through without regret, repugnance and disappointment.

At the Restoration, men's minds were weary of religious as well as civil turbulence; the country had been so long distracted by the multiplicity

multiplicity of sects, all equally fierce and intolerant, that repose was the prevailing wish of almost all parties. There was wanted therefore a writer, who, as it were once for all, should search every question to the bottom with laborious impartiality; who should lay it in all its possible bearings before the understanding; who should not merely confute every error but trace it to its origin, and detect its secret operation on the mind; who should, in short, exhaust, as it were, theology. Such a preacher was Barrow. Endowed with an acuteness which could penetrate every subject, with a nicety and precision of distinction and definition more nearly approaching than any other modern, except perhaps Bacon, to Aristotle; with a copiousness and variety of language, which enabled him to convey to the mind with the utmost perspicuity the most minute differences; Barrow added to all this some of the yet unextinguished warmth, which had animated his predecessors, and is occasionally glowing, vehement, impassioned. To us, we allow that he appears needlessly prolix, his minuteness even seems trifling, his abilities perplex, and his hair-splitting distinctions, though they astonish, distract us from the main scope of the argument. But take his age again into the account, and we acknowledge at once the necessity to which he submitted, and cannot but allow that, had he been a more perfect, he would probably have been a less useful teacher.

Both our prose and our poetry after this period began to assume a new form. Instead of pouring forth in indiscriminate profusion every thought and every illustration; instead of one rich but redundant flow of language, we began to select with fastidiousness, to compress with jealous strictness, to reject not merely useless excrescences, but every luxuriance which did not contribute to the perspicuous expression of our subject. Our aim was to be brief, vivid, brilliant, till our brevity became sententious and epigrammatic, our masculine energy sparkling and almost effeminate precision. Both in prose and verse the transition from one style to the other is evident in Dryden, who is the intermediate link between the writers of the Commonwealth and Pope and Addison. In our pulpit eloquence the progress was somewhat more tardy, and passed through both Tillotson and Sherlock before it arrived at the perfection of the later style of Atterbury. It is unquestionable, that the high character of Tillotson was not founded solely on the solid good sense of his theology, the real and judicious liberality of his opinions, or his simple and unostentatious virtues. The warm praise of Addison, and the general respect with which he is named by the fastidious critics of that day, prove that his style was held in the highest estimation. To us, we confess, he appears to unite almost all that is objectionable in the elder and the later school. He has the diffuseness and prolixity of the former, without their strength

and animation ; the want of force and depth of the latter, without their liveliness and elegance. His sentences do not roll on, fold after fold, in long but still rapid and glowing undulation, but 'like the wounded snake drag their slow length along.' There is, however, a period in which the absence of certain defects ranks as a beauty of the highest order. Tillotson had pruned away much of the wild irregularity and luxuriance of his predecessors, and his own age, content with this, did not demand the finished and elaborate cultivation, which a less vigorous and exuberant manner requires. But with the redundancy unhappily the fervour evaporated ; we had so recently experienced the fatal consequences of the separation of religion from good sense, that we dreaded nothing so much as extravagance : but in chastening extravagance, we became formal and lifeless ; fearful of being too profoundly agitated we proscribed emotion. The calm and dispassionate disquisition on some text of scripture, or the discussion of some theological question, henceforward to be the exclusive object of an English sermon, was carried by Sherlock to a perfection rarely rivalled, unless by Smallridge, nearly his own contemporary, and by Horsley in more recent times. The question is clearly stated, and limited, every objection anticipated, and the language is uniformly manly and vigorous. Sherlock, indeed, occasionally breaks out in passages of greater warmth and earnestness ; and in Atterbury, who added an exquisite finish and elegance to the pre-established manner, we sometimes are touched by a peculiar tenderness, and a mild and affectionate tone, which we should scarcely have expected from so active and stirring a partizan, as the political anecdotes of his day represent him. Though the form remained the same, the distinguished preachers who succeeded those great men, varied the matter according to their individual genius and taste ; Clarke, with a mathematical acuteness and precision, collects the result of the several passages of Scripture, which he throws together without the least pretension to ornament or even to elegance ; and when religious questions began to be implicated with the metaphysics of the day, Bishop Butler devoted his strong understanding to the tracing of the real philosophy of religion, not only in his unrivalled *Analogy*, but in discourses so subtle, yet at the same time so perspicuous, that we feel his peculiar simplicity absolutely necessary to his manner of conducting his argument : all richness of illustration would distract us from following the fine thread of his reasoning, and even greater energy would hurry us on with a rapidity incapable of unravelling the thin and perfect web, into which his proofs are spun. In the same mould were cast the classical but cold discourses of Jortin, the more elegant yet languid writings of Seed, the solid and sensible arguments of Rogers. Bishop Horne, indeed,

indeed, in some degree deviated from this unimpassioned and didactic style. With an elegance sometimes bordering on prettiness; with tenderness of feeling rarely if ever indulged beyond its proper limits; had his life been cast in a different sphere, if, instead of addressing an highly cultivated congregation in the university, he had undertaken the charge of a populous parish, it is probable that he would have felt the imperious necessity of increasing the power and energy without detracting from the grace of his language; that he would not have subdued himself to his uniform gentleness of manner, but taken a bolder flight; that, in short, his discourses might have ranked not only among the more elegant and attractive, but the more solid, and eloquent in the language. But not only were these men eminently useful in their own day, and those who, at a more recent period, adorned and supported the church: Horsley, who, where he is not plunged deep in theological controversy, and does not put forth his gigantic power merely to dash an antagonist to the earth before him, rises to such a height of eloquence, that we only regret he so rarely employed himself on the common and general doctrines of Christianity; Paley, whose volume contains by far the best specimen of what are called plain sermons, strong, somewhat homely, and full of that vigorous common sense which is his characteristic; and Porteus, who, with the voice of an angel, and in language which could scarcely gain additional sweetness even from that voice, enforced upon others those pure, gentle, and charitable doctrines, of which he exhibited so amiable an illustration in his own character:—But even Blair, in our opinion for a preacher of eminence the farthest removed from real excellence, must be judged with the same charitable and impartial reservation. The question is, not whether the sermons of Blair produced all the effect to be desired from pulpit eloquence, but whether the effect which they produced was not better than perfect apathy. His frigid and artificial elegance obtained, without question, most extensive popularity, but it is very doubtful whether his hearers would have been attracted by any other writer, whether they would not have rejected a more energetic and impressive style as irregular and enthusiastic. Still, we cannot but think that his success contributed as much as any other cause to the complaint advanced against the church, among whose members his discourses met with a flattering reception, of lowering the lofty tone of Christianity, of debasing it to a mere system of morality, the religion of a purer Socrates, of a wiser Confucius.

For obvious reasons we shall not carry our inquiry farther into the present generation of preachers. Suffice it to say, that we know no one, who, in our opinion, can be held up as a model for general imitation, that is to say, no volume of sermons in which the



great and eternal truths of Christianity are unfolded, and enforced with that imaginary combination of excellence, of which we cannot even yet despair, and adapted for the large and mingled congregations, in which the middling and lower classes of society predominate, which frequent the churches of the metropolis and our large towns. We are aware how many we offend by such an assertion; that every neighbourhood, every sect, every individual will rise in devout indignation, to put us to shame and silence by the prevailing name of his favourite teacher. Having, however, sowed our dragon's teeth, we shall look on, like Cadmus, and allow these armed combatants to indulge in the work of mutual slaughter, secure, that no one will survive the promiscuous destruction. In fact, this discrepancy in opinion is conclusive in our favour. Let us not however be misunderstood as depreciating the labours of many excellent men, nor as joining in the absurd clamour against the number of volumes of sermons with which the press teems. We would not have the least restraint either of ridicule or critical severity placed upon those, who think, that the advice of a pastor, beloved and respected by his people, may produce a more lasting and permanent effect, when imparted not merely from the pulpit, but, as a memorial of his zeal and affection, from the press also; we do not disdain the more narrow sphere of utility of such writers; we only lament that they have been unable to fill so extensive a province as that which we described, and to spread their influence through the whole circle of English literature.

We will not enter into the question, whether the general style of preaching among the orthodox clergy ought to be insisted upon, amidst the great changes which have taken place in the tone of society, or whether it might not be advantageously altered to meet the demands of the age. We will only add a word of caution. The spirit of our times affects what is vague, vast, indefinite; exaggerated passion, vehement emotion, wild flights of the imagination, a language of perpetual tropes and figures, regardless of their congruity or relation to the subject, or to each other. The public mind is loose and incoherent, its element is restlessness and agitation. Feeling and genius are the catchwords of the day; but the idea of feeling is mere excitation, without regard to any end of purification, or of improvement: genius, the running riot and creating a multitude of images, beautiful in themselves, but without order, object, or meaning. This is the tone of much of our popular poetry,—dreamy, mystical, with neither plan nor system; and criticism, the vassal slave of our poetry, has as noble a disdain of being intelligible, as that which it pampers with unceasing adulation. The same spirit has invaded the fine arts; and even our acting is on the same model, is all in sudden starts and momentary effects, with no unity,  
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gradation or completeness. With such a taste it would be a base dereliction of their duty, and a compromising of their character for sound learning and classical education, in our clergy to comply. Having said thus much by way of prevention, we should not object to the adoption of a manner somewhat less dry and didactic, somewhat more warm, earnest and devotional, than usually prevails. If to convince the intellect and force the unwilling homage of the reason are, indeed, the sole objects of preaching, we are doubtless right; but if to awaken the conscience, to recal the scattered senses of the dissipated, to move the palled and deadened hearts of the worldly, to appal the wicked, to comfort the distressed, to search into the hidden vices or the afflictions of the soul, are also within the preacher's province, our tone may be too low, calm, and dispassionate. Either heaven and hell and redemption and eternity, are subjects awful, appalling, and splendid, or they are without meaning; and the preacher must not speak of these solemn and tremendous truths as if he were collecting the result of a mathematical problem, or labouring out a point in political economy. Still this is dangerous ground; and if young men are taught or even permitted to appeal to the vague and more easily excited faculties, the imagination and the feelings, they will be apt to enter into a rivalry of tumour and inflation, or degenerate into puling and whining. We are strongly opposed to the nonsense of Methodistic experience, which makes the effect of obstructed bile, and the state of the animal spirits, the test of religion; we protest against the exclusive and sectarian spirit of what are called Evangelical clergy; and we will, to the utmost of our power, resist the divorce between common sense and Christianity, which is so earnestly pressed, and from so many quarters. No, the substratum of the whole must be sound, solid, substantial logical reasoning; but when the groundwork is thus secured, the heart and the imagination may be called into their share of the council. Destroy the balance, assign to the latter more than their just proportion, and you soon soar into the rant of Harvey, or melt into the sentimental Christianity of Mrs. Rowe. If too much is addressed to the imagination, all is vague and extravagant; if to the affections, a most unsafe criterion for truth is adopted, its accordance with our feelings; if to the reason, we assent, it is true, but it is to be feared that the operative principle of religion remains as quiescent as ever. The first will make us Quietists, men of visions and extasies; the second, fanatics; the last, acute polemics; but nothing less than the whole, practical, zealous, charitable, judicious Christians.

With the question of style, some curious points are connected, to which our limits, perhaps our abilities, prevent us from doing justice. The utmost limit of the reason is to prove, from the word of reve-

lation, from analogy, or from any other topics, that these things may or must be. But to form a conception, however inadequate, of that to which it is the preacher's great object to elevate our minds; to bring ourselves even to attempt the comprehension through the medium of sensible types and figures, is the office of the more free and creative faculty. Hence the scriptures are, independent of their oriental cast, essentially poetical; and as the pulpit orator, both from choice and from necessity, must speak of subjects so far from prosaic, and adopt a scriptural form of expression, we apprehend that some elevation of style may well be admitted. In this respect our old divines seem to have caught the true tone; but nothing is more difficult, or requires a nicer tact than to imitate the style of an elder period. The archaisms, the obsolete idioms, the affected phrases, the antiquated words, the marked and peculiar rhythm, are easily caught; but to write with their spirit in the dialect of our own day, to reject the peculiarities, yet imbibe their general character, is a trial and a test of the highest genius. The language of our orator must be strong, vernacular, idiomatic, may we add, Saxon English. Johnsonian Latinisms, the most unintelligible part of our vocabulary to the common people, must be carefully avoided; and even the artificial manner of Bolingbroke and Middleton, the great masters of English writing, as far as it can be admitted of being formed on a foreign or classical model, will be too elaborate, and incur a suspicion of being forced and artificial. The Bampton Lectures of White, (*aut quocunque nomine gaudent*), as far as models for common use, must be placed under the same proscription. The language must not only in itself be perspicuous, but flow in a natural, easy, and unconstrained manner.

But if to all these varied excellencies the preacher shall add that, without which all the rest are vain, which Aristotle rightly estimates the primary quality of eloquence, that derived from the high character of the orator; if his life and his preaching are in strict unison; if he be above all affectation, disdain the shibboleth of party, the jargon, the demeanour, the tone of cant and preciseness; if he be as simple and natural as he is highly gifted, he will live in the love and respect of all the good; and leave a lasting memorial in the literature of his country, for which unborn ages shall bless him, having at length effected the harmonious union of taste, good sense and sound theology, in powerful, pure, and natural English, the model and standard of future preachers, who, without abandoning their own claim to originality, may study, admire, and imbibe the great principles of oratorical composition; not in the didactic pages of the philosopher, but in the living and animated example, which

which shall at once regulate their exertions, and excite them to a generous and enthusiastic rivalry.

Our article was nearly concluded, when we received the 'Orations of Mr. Irving.' That in him we have discovered our imaginary preacher, we can by no means admit; we have read his volume with bitter and painful disappointment: bitter, because the work falls so far short of the expectation which his fame had excited; painful, because it is an ungracious and unwelcome office to depreciate, in the least, the labours of a zealous man, which appear to have produced so striking an effect on so great a concourse of hearers; to have startled so many of the thoughtless and dissipated; and captivated so many undisciplined, but ardent and enthusiastic minds. But Mr. Irving would despise us if we were not as fearless in performing our duty, as he is in his. We consider popularity, in London especially, so uncertain a criterion of excellence, that its verdict can neither awe nor control our opinions. From the tone of our former observations, the author will perceive that we are not blindly wedded to our own system of preaching; and as to the charitable insinuation of 'illiberal jealousy,' with which we find that Mr. Irving's admirers attempt to beat down every one who will not bow to their idol, that we can only treat with disregard,—as we do the wanton falsehood, so industriously circulated, that our ministers, in whom the inseparable interests of the church and state are vested by the crown, have followed the prevailing fashion of deserting their parish churches, and hurried, day after day, to what, by the law of England, (we speak without intended, and, we hope, without suspected disparagement to the Scottish church,) is no more than a licensed conventicle. Had the orator attained or approximated to the lofty station assigned to him by popular report, we might have felt a blameless regret that our own church had not produced the consummate preacher; that the crowds which flowed to Hatton Garden had not rather thronged to one of our splendid new churches, at Marylebone, Pancras, or Chelsea; but still, we should have hailed the eloquent advocate of Christianity with pride and satisfaction, as an ornament to our common literature, and a support, to be valued as much as it is wanted in our capricious and uncertain days, to our common religion. But we cannot recognise as the champion of our faith, a reasoner so vague and inconsistent, a declaimer so turgid and unintelligible, a writer so coarse and incorrect. We deprecate the introduction of a system of preaching which must eventually be dangerous to the interests of Christianity, and which is equally objectionable in its design and execution. However imperfect our rules of pulpit eloquence may be, we are convinced of their substantial truth; against all and each of those Mr. Irving offends;  
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nor do we think that his own merits, which, better regulated, would be considerable, counterbalance the violation of every principle : for we must be excused in saying that his is not the brave neglect of a transcendent genius, but an affected and elaborate outrage against nature, simplicity, and truth. Even that primary and indispensable excellence, which arises from the *ηθος*, (we studiously adopt the Greek word,) as far as it is displayed in the work itself, is wanting in Mr. Irving. Far from creating a favourable impression of himself, his book commences, and we lament to say, proceeds, in a tone of self-sufficiency, we had almost written arrogance, which not all the piety of Taylor, nor the theologic depth of Barrow, nor the conscious strength of Horsley could excuse ; but here, with nothing to vindicate it beyond the erudition of a school boy, and a theology so indistinct and inconsistent, as to appear to take refuge from the detection, of its unsoundness in its redundant and confused language ; it is not merely in itself offensive, but destroys the effect of that boldness, which otherwise all would admire, with which many fashionable follies and vices are assailed. ‘ In this Christian country (says the Preface) there are perhaps nine tenths of every class who know nothing at all about the applications and advantages of the simple truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole ; and what they do not know, they cannot be expected to reverence and obey. This ignorance, in both the higher and the lower orders, of religion, as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is entrusted.’ Now we do not scruple to assert that this contemptuous depreciation of the labours not merely of the Church of England, but likewise of all the dissenters, not only of the national system of education, but the weekly and Sunday schools of all descriptions, is directly false. We can only compare this assertion with the customary phrase which ushers in the recommendation of some inestimable secret, where the want of success in the regular faculty, ‘ long consulted in vain,’ adds irrefragable weight to the testimony in favour of the new cordial panacea. To correct this evil, and here we fully coincide with him, Mr. Irving would imbue the literature of the country with the spirit of religion : but he must be as ignorant of the real state of the press in this country, as of the religion, if he supposes that others have not acknowledged, and endeavoured to act upon this principle before his appearance amongst us. His remedy, as far as the pulpit is concerned, is not quite so clear from the preface, and must be gathered from the work itself. His system seems to be, not to confine religious advice to topics of religion alone, but to introduce every subject

ject which may occur, either literary or political, in the way of digression and illustration. The sermon is to be made as amusing as possible; no longer to restrict itself to the exposition of scripture, the unfolding of points of doctrine, or exhortation to Christian duty, but the preacher is to add to his office those of pamphleteer, journalist, and reviewer. But has not Mr. Irving the good sense to perceive that to admit matters of taste and opinion into the pulpit, however attractive at first, must invalidate its authority, and detract from that religious reverence, which the sanctity of the place and the priestly character ought to ensure? It is dangerous for a preacher to give his audience an opportunity of differing from him with justice and propriety. If they question the truth of his discourses on these points, they will suspect his authority on those which are more important. If he is a bad critic in their estimation, they will naturally doubt his being a good divine. There is, however, a more serious charge. We cannot endure the liberty of the old Grecian comedy being assumed in the pulpit. Mr. Irving introduces personal allusions to the authors of the day, and even attacks them by name. We must reprobate a practice so irreconcilable with the charity, and which may lead to consequences degrading to the dignity of the pulpit. Be the merit or demerit of Mr. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* what it may, with this we have nothing to do; but does not Mr. Irving perceive, that in his attack on that gentleman, he himself incurs a suspicion of not being exempt from the influence of political animosity? At all events, what could the effect of such a passage be upon those among his hearers, honestly if you will, opposed to Mr. Southey's principles? Could it be a charitable, devotional, Christian feeling? must it not have been a triumphant satisfaction at this authoritative condemnation of their adversary? Surely Mr. Irving must have discovered his error, not without shame and regret, if he noticed the avidity with which the passage in question was transferred to all the radical journals. We repeat that with the justice of the literary decision, we have nothing to do: what we assert is, that it was misplaced in a discourse from a Christian pulpit. In another place, we have an eulogy on Mr. Wordsworth, as turgid as the satire was coarse. The good sense of this gentleman, we hope, will value at its real worth, the assertion 'that he hath heard, in the stillness of his retreat, many new voices of (God's) conscious Spirit.' But is admiration of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry to be a test of Christianity? are those who differ from Mr. Irving on this point to be accused of an unchristian spirit because they have smiled at what they honestly consider his hallucinations? This more nearly touches those brethren of our craft, who are usually considered as opposite in opinion to ourselves; but we assure

assure them, that if they consider this to be in itself idle rhodomontade, and something worse, as delivered in a sermon, we shall give them the full benefit of our hearty concurrence. Even where the charge is direct immorality, we doubt the wisdom of introducing names from the pulpit; we allude to those whom, with as much classical novelty as Christian propriety of expression, Mr. Irving styles 'Priests of the Cyprian Goddess.'

If our readers expect us to give a clear and detailed summary of Mr. Irving's Discourses, we must confess our total disability. Having gone through a sermon, we in vain attempt to collect the result. We have been struck by many original thoughts, startled by many rash and extravagant assertions; we have been in a state of alternate wonder at the greatness and the meanness of his conceptions, at the richness and poverty of his language; delighted by many clear and liberal, we will not say views, but glimpses of Christian truth, perplexed by confused and unintelligible sentences; captivated with ease and abundance, disenchanted by coarseness of illustration; hurried away by force and energy of writing, wearied with repetitions of the same thought in cumbrous phraseology, from which we labour through a whole page to extricate ourselves; disgusted with vulgar idiom and false grammar. The effect of the whole is confusion in the intellect, dissatisfaction and lassitude. There is little sensible, tangible, practical. We have been in a state of mental intoxication; we remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly! In fact, Mr. Irving has plunged headlong into the extravagance of the age; he has caught its irregular fantastic and disorderly spirit. His is not a prudent, dexterous, and partial morigeration (to use a word of Milton's) to the age, for the purpose of usefulness, but a willing adoption of all its wildest incoherence, its unprofitable excitation, its misty and indefinite style of writing.

Mr. Irving has been most fortunate, we should perhaps say, judicious, in the selection of his subjects. The excellence of the scriptures, and the Last Judgment, are not only in themselves most attractive and awful topics, but admit of as much splendid declamation, as any points of Christian theology. The first sermon, as far as we can collect its meaning, is occupied in remonstrating against the want of awe and devotion with which the sacred volume is studied. In explaining the common pre-occupations of the mind, which alienate it from the right performance of this duty, many thoughts occur both just and beautiful. But the general tone is so exaggerated, rhapsodical and devoid of good sense, that we fear few will be able to derive real improvement from such instruction. Mr. Irving complains that we do not receive the oracles of God with feelings like those of the Apostles, to whom they were  
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new, and revealed with manifest and miraculous communications of the divine power. But it will naturally occur, that it cannot be expected that we should be so affected; and it would be the highest presumption, were we to pretend to apostolic extasies and raptures without those visitations which were vouchsafed to the apostles. In a short time we find the preacher inveighing against the Catechism, as pre-occupying the mind with notions hostile to the reception of the simple gospel. How far this may apply with justice to the subtleties of the Scottish form, we know not; but in favour of our own, we must plead that, instead of filling the mind with scholastic prejudices, it appears to us admirably adapted for its purpose, the presentation of a brief and intelligible summary of Christian faith and practice to those who cannot yet read the Scripture; a condensation of the elementary truths of Christianity, which are scattered through the large and difficult volume of the Bible, suited to the young, and those who are yet unable 'to search the scriptures' for themselves. In fact Mr. Irving seems to leave the understanding of the scriptures entirely out of the question, and would commit the whole of religion to the heart and the affections. Now we have great authority for remonstrating against the separation of zeal and knowledge; and we must doubt the wisdom of neglecting to enforce, in the most earnest manner, that, without which, from experience, we have learnt, that the word of God is not merely ineffective, but degraded into a text-book and authority for the darkest bigotry and most intolerant fanaticism. But this is perpetually the case with whatever is most striking in Mr. Irving; it will not bear a calm and dispassionate analysis; as it is not grounded on sober reason and truth, it will not endure being searched and examined with severe and logical accuracy.

For what reason Mr. Irving has dignified the nine concluding discourses with the significant title of argument, we are unable to discover; with the exception of the first, in which the responsibility of man to God is 'argued' in a most inconclusive and unsatisfactory manner from his responsibility in the other relations of life, we find little which can pretend to the praise of reasoning. In one place, indeed, we have a discussion of the subject of everlasting punishment, in which, however, the real difficulties of the question are by no means fairly grappled with, but the inquiring mind is overpowered and, as it were, stunned, by a succession of terrific images, and stern assertions. We fully conclude with Mr. Irving, that nothing in Scripture is in the least conclusive in favour of the contrary opinion, and therefore that it would be dangerous to preach the temporary duration of punishment after death. 'By dwelling upon this topic constantly, sin drops its heinousness, the law loses its strength, the future is disburthened of its fear, and life goes on just



just the same as if God had overlaid it with no rule, and required of us no account.' p. 421. Here also we must do Mr. Irving the justice to observe, that, however vaguely expressed his opinions on those other points which have divided the Christian world, he invariably appears to lean to the more mild and charitable and, we add, without fear, to the wisest side. Not merely is Mr. Irving no Calvinist, but he takes every opportunity of protesting against the more gloomy and harsh articles of the Genevese creed. This we acknowledge with unfeigned pleasure, and add in devout sincerity, *talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!* Would to heaven that the same wisdom, wisdom in its highest sense, derived from a sober study of God's revelation in his works and in his word, pervaded the whole course, and tempered the whole character of his religious instruction! We return, with unwillingness and repugnance, to the defects of Mr. Irving. His manner of distributing and arranging his subjects by no means fails in comprehensiveness; but it is so perplexed with digressions, and encumbered by intermingling the separate heads, sometimes anticipating what is to come, or reverting to what he has exhausted, that we find it difficult to discover with what part of the plan we are occupied; and after all the care with which our journey has been laid down and mapped, we find ourselves wandering in an inextricable wilderness. His style and diction are still more perversely inconsistent and contradictory. His prose is elaborate, and at the same time singularly deficient in rhythm; a sentence cast in the prolix mould of the ancient pulpit is succeeded by a smart epigram; the full and turgid flow of his great model, Dr. Chalmers, is suddenly broken up into short quaint clauses. For the singularity of his language we cannot permit him to plead his country. It would be the very insolence of pedantry, should we affect to make allowances to the countrymen of Hume, Robertson and Dugald Stewart, for national peculiarity and for incorrectness of writing. But the dialect of Mr. Irving is neither Scotch nor English, neither ancient nor modern; it is sometimes so forced and strained as to be unintelligible, strange words used in still more strange senses; sometimes it is familiar even to vulgarity: one moment inflated to the highest poetry, the next sinking to the language of the streets. We are almost ashamed of our perpetual antithesis; but, in fact, the faults and merits of Mr. Irving are so strangely balanced and contrasted, so much in opposite extremes, that we know no other way of expressing our opinion with perspicuity and decision.

Is then Mr. Irving eloquent? If he is, the prize of eloquence must be awarded with greater frequency, and may be obtained with greater facility, than such writers as Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian supposed. Who may not be eloquent, that is endowed with

with an imagination in the least ardent and creative, if he has boldness enough to disdain whatever impedes the fluency, and restrains the copiousness of more modest and correct speakers? If it is eloquence, to pour forth every thought in metaphors incongruous, incomplete and clashing with each other; to seize every illustration which occurs from the sacred volume or the meanest occupation of life; if every third sentence may 'mean not but blunder round about a meaning;' if the language may disdain not merely purity and precision, but even grammar; if the expressions are to be confined by no regard, we will not say, to propriety but to decency (for there are terms, favourite terms with Mr. Irving, which we dare not quote,) then indeed our orator is worthy of the name. But if abundance without selection, fluency without correctness, perpetual repetition without perspicuity; in short, a total want of judgment in the application of extraordinary fertility and exuberance, are imperfections, much is still wanting, before we can accede to the high pretensions of this celebrated preacher.

Finally, we intreat Mr. Irving, for his sake as for our own, in the name of that cause which he is pledged to advocate, not to waste his extraordinary powers; not to sacrifice a permanent and extensive influence to a transient, theatrical success. His usefulness must depend upon his real and lasting excellence; let him therefore despise the poor pride of sending forth his works, crude, disjointed, and unconnected; let him lower his pretensions, without in the least compromising the boldness of a minister of divine truth; let him be more cautious in his assertions, and the subjects which he introduces into the pulpit, without being restrained or timid; let him set us an example of that 'solemn sequestration of the mind,' of which he speaks, for the great conception and perfect execution of some enduring work in favour of Christianity, and we assure him that none of his fondest admirers, or more eager followers will hail his appearance more proudly, gladly or affectionately. We speak in perfect sincerity, when we add, that the pleasure which we shall then derive, from giving him our hearty and unrestrained tribute of praise will be heightened by the desire of compensating for the unwilling severity of our present remarks.

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ART. II.—*Œuvres complètes de Démosthène et d'Eschine, en Grec et en François. Traduction de l'Abbé Auger, de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres en Paris. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée par J. Planche, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège Royal de Bourbon. 1822. Tom. ii. vii.*

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous, it has been said, there is but one step, and that step we make by passing at once from the warriors to the jurymen of Athens.

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The happiest of nations, according to Beccaria,\* is that which has the fewest laws; or where, to be more accurate, the laws have not become a science. The eloquent Marquis does not appear to us always right, even when his thoughts have been reduced to that geometrical precision in which he so much delighted; and here, with something of the Code Solon in our mind's eye, and more than something of the English Code before our bodily eye, we do not hesitate to pronounce him decidedly wrong. If simplicity of jurisprudence could suffice to make a nation happy, Athens would certainly have had that benefit; for the advocate, whose office it was to expound the laws, had but a comparatively slender task imposed on him; and the English student, who surveys the battery before him, and knows the Monthly and Annual Reports which are letting slip behind him, will hear with a sigh, that the person entrusted with deciding the laws at Athens, had no task at all: *his* code, pandects, institutes, and statute book, lay—in a bean field. While the bean was in blossom, he *inhaled* law, and the fruit once shed into his hands, HE WAS HIMSELF THE LAW!

Of all the amusing pictures which Aristophanes has left us, there is none perhaps more exquisitely ridiculous than his Athenian Dicast; and we pity Mr. W. Schlegel, that, with his keen relish of the Aristophanic writings, his knowledge of antiquity was insufficient to make him see, that, though the 'Wasps' may be considered the weakest of the poet's productions, when viewed on the side of taste, it is one of the most artful and bold as applied to the times which saw its birth. The dramatist knew as well as †Demosthenes and Aristotle, (or, to speak more properly, the orator and the philosopher gained that knowledge from him,) that the very essence of the Athenian democracy centered in her tribunals; and that any attack upon them required to be conducted under the most covert disguise. If the poet, therefore, stooped, it was only to gain a more secure victory. The Wasps consequently became in parts the most farcical of farces; and the most successful translator must accordingly expect to find passages in it, for which he can hardly demand any shade of mirth between the broad grin and the simper, in which his reader can indulge with safety to his dignity.

The first part of a dicast's establishment (we draw our picture from that humorous comedy, and one-third of the population of Athens, it must be remembered, sat for the portrait) was a little nursery of beans, and the second a loose cloak, somewhat resem-

\* Felice quella nazione, dove le leggi non fossero una scienza!—*Dei Delitti e delle Pene*, sect. 7. ¶

† Demosth. c. Timocr. 700. 711. 748. also v. ii. 1316. Arist. in *Politicis et Ethicis*.  
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bling the modern capote:—a stomach on which a strong oath did not sit too heavily, and a hand that could open and shut very conveniently, formed his other principal requisites. Lysias, or Demosthenes, we forget which, tells us that the dicasts were continually misled in their verdicts by a feeling of too much compassion. We can easily conceive that a bench of mob-judges were accessible to any feelings which it might suit mob-orators to put into them; but too much compassion is certainly not the foible which Aristophanes attributes to those oracles of the law. His *beau idéal* of a dicast is extreme severity. Stone walls might be melted, but not he. He was to be sharp, sour, and inflexible. All the senses (as Miss Edgeworth will be happy to hear) were highly educated at Athens; and the eyes, in particular, were expected to be extremely expressive. The dicast, in his softest moments, was accordingly expected to look scourges, whips and thongs: on ordinary occasions he carried *nasturtium* in his countenance, but when the wind was N. E. by N. his look was wine whereof all the sweetness is sodden away, and which is in a state of transition into vinegar (*σιγαλιον*). Bile, that great basis of controversy, satire, and patriotic zeal, was an indispensable quality in the Athenian dicast; and therefore as the Greek soldier and sailor, before setting out on an expedition, always laid in a store of three days' provision; so the Athenian dicast, on extraordinary occasions, was required to lay in a three days' stock of wrath. Like the rest of his superstitious countrymen, the dicast had his oracles and his predictions—and his favourite one came from Apollo's own shrine—it imported, that his very existence depended upon his severity, and that absolution to a criminal would be dissolution to himself!

Aristophanes has enabled us to make the Athenian dicast ridiculous; and graver authors (should we be extreme in our purpose) will hereafter oblige us to make him hateful; but meantime let us command for him a feeling which partakes neither of mirth nor hatred, and which is equally his due.

If any proofs were wanting of the astonishing acuteness, taste and intellectual powers of the Athenian mob, we should find them all in those comedies, to which we so often advert—and even the baser alloy, with which they are too plentifully mixed, forms perhaps, to those who speculate on human society, no small part of their attraction. A mob possessed in the highest sense of all those intellectual endowments, which in modern society belong almost exclusively to the higher classes, yet losing none of those characteristics which every where form the property of the lower orders, is a phenomenon which the world will never perhaps exhibit a second time. But in the oratory of the Greeks, all the animal

part of this curious Centaur disappears, and, considered intellectually, only the rational part remains. We might select five hundred of the most cultivated of our own countrymen for a jury, to whom should be left the task of deciding the matter of law as well as the matter of fact; and we confidently say, that the most cautious orator would as little venture to commit any one error against good taste in his mode of addressing them, as the Greek orators in addressing the uncultivated audience, whose favour it most behoved them to win. Taste, indeed, among the Greeks, had ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> severe sway in the intellectual world, which conscience holds with us in the moral world.

Having discussed one branch of ancient oratory, of which imagination (not absolutely, indeed, in the modern sense of the word) formed the principal ingredient, we now come to another, which if we had to characterize by a single word, that word would be good sense.\* In treating of the legal eloquence of the Greeks, we hope to be able to keep more steadily to the object, which we principally had in view; that of illustrating the political character of the Athenians and the nature of their government by means of their oratory.

The first two points, which a resident in a foreign country is anxious to ascertain, are how the laws stand which affect person and property: as, of the laws affecting life, all governments show their chief caution in the construction and maintenance of those which concern religion and the state. How property stood at Athens, we had a former opportunity of showing; and as to the laws more immediately affecting life in that metropolis, the disagreeable task of censure has been pretty well taken off our hands. The 'atrocities' of the Athenian law of treason has been explained by Mr. Mitford with so much power of language, and so much light of illustration, that he has left us little more than the task of collecting some lighter sallies on the subject, and of further illustrating the subject by the speech of an orator, who does not appear to have fallen within his reading.

We shall no doubt shock the admirers of Miss Benger and other lady-historians, when we venture to acknowledge, that, in the great object of their aversion, the eighth Henry, we occasionally discern qualities which, properly fostered, might have placed him among our greatest monarchs. Even in his worst days, there is a bluff English frankness of speech about him rarely asso-

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\* How Voltaire came by the knowledge, we cannot pretend to say; but he had evidently some intimation of this division of the Greek oratory. 'Les Grecs savoient très-bien distinguer l'histoire de la fable et les faits réels des contes d'Hérodote; ainsi que dans leurs affaires sérieuses, leurs orateurs n'empruntaient rien des discours des sophistes, ni des images des poètes.'

ciated with a bad heart; and we can forgive him much about his eight wives (though the ladies may not) for those honest epithets, which he bestowed on his Chancellor for his officious interference with the wisest of the number. Of his treatment of Anne Boleyn, we observe a discreet silence for *her* sake; and his religious persecutions were part of a defensive system, against the powerful and insidious machinations of Rome. But his learning, his magnificent spirit, and the princely generosity of his youth, and even of his death-bed, should not be overlooked. His 'care about Cranmer,' as Burnet terms it, and his treatment of Lord Cassilis, would *tell* even in a romance: and a king, who could so command the affections of such a royal brother as Francis, as to hasten his death by supposed regret for his loss, must have had something about him not quite consistent with that broad and brutal abuse, which now accompanies every mention of his name. And what then tarnished the promise of his outset?—Power, that most dangerous of all possessions; an early and innate love of power in himself, and a succession of weak parliaments, who fostered and pampered the feeling, till themselves had cause to curse the tyranny which they had been the first to create.

We have been led into this digression, because we see, or think we see, many points of resemblance between the majesty of England, as it then stood, and the sovereign multitude of Athens, as it always stood, and not least in the perversion of natural character by the mere possession of power: and had a good private life of Henry VIII. reached us, we feel no doubt that there would have been found in it some of those ludicrous traits of the 'fears and jealousies' which despotic power always feels, whether it reside in a single individual or in a body. How those 'fears and jealousies' displayed themselves in England during the short reign of our first and (it is to be hoped) our last People-King, the readers of the great historian, from whom the words are quoted, need not be reminded. Lord Digby's coach and six was a 'fear and a jealousy'; Lord Portsmouth's acts of good fellowship and hospitality lay under the same construction. It was a 'fear and a jealousy' to report that the commonwealth's soldiers had received hurt or damage from the royal troops, and a great mark of 'malignity' to believe it; and where neither fault nor folly, levity nor indiscretion, could be found to implicate an obnoxious person, the people-king of England had the same loop-hole left as their predecessor in Greece—'they could not *confide*\* in him!' Man, indeed, in the same situation of circumstances, is ever precisely the same sort of being, and the 'fears and jealousies' of Athens were just as

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\* Lord Clarendon, b. v. p. 827. Xenophon in *Symposio*, p. 76.

terrible, as vexatious, and as ridiculous, as those of her counterpart in London. To wear a long beard sometimes argued danger to the democracy; and too high a roof to the house betrayed a manifest departure from democratical equality; disaffection lurked in a woollen skirt to the mantle, in too loud a voice, in a quick step, in a walking-stick: to have the least hankering for kings was flat treason; and above all, any attempt at restriction on the excesses of the popular orators, the watch-dogs of the republic, was a crime for which instant death was scarcely thought a sufficient atonement.\*

Is it objected that we have recourse chiefly to the satirical language of the poets? we own the charge, and, as far as our own feelings are concerned, would willingly not depart from the poets: when we empty *pitch-wells*, we like to do it, as the modern Zantiotes,—with *laurel-branched*. But if more to the reader's taste, we can make the pitch stick pretty closely to his fingers by dint of mere prose. Of all persons Demosthenes was probably the last to indulge in any mirth at the expense of his country; and yet a faint approximation to a smile, a sort of subdued simper, (for the venerable man never laughed outright,) may be observed about his lips, whenever he alludes to the 'fears and jealousies' of power at Athens. 'It has been asked,' (says the orator on some occasion, not necessary to specify more particularly,) 'it has been asked, (and that by no ordinary person, but by one of those, who would die of envy, if he saw my advice made the guide of your actions)—"And what extraordinary advantage have the people of Athens derived from the speeches of Demosthenes? When it happens to be his good pleasure, he ascends the bema, fills our ears with fine words, inveighs bitterly against the present times, lauds vehemently the past, lifts us into the air with commendations of our ancestors, and having blown us up with words—he even leaves the bema as he found it. . . ." Men of Athens, if the speeches of Demosthenes have no other advantage in them, they at least have this, that they accustom you to hear wholesome truths; and the first care of every well-intentioned person towards this city ought to be an honest endeavour to cure her ears; for let me tell you, that, from the habit she has of listening to lies and falsehoods, to any thing, in short, rather than the truth, they are grown most dreadfully diseased. For instance (and I beg that I may be obliged with a fair hearing, till I have made an end)—the other day the treasury was broken open; and presently all the orators were on their legs—"the democracy is gone—the laws of Athens are at an end!" Gentlemen, I appeal to truth and common

\* Euripides in *Medea*. Demosthenes in *Pantæneto*. Lysias contra *Andocidem*. Hyperides contra *Aristog*. Isocrates in *Lothite*.

sense: the criminals in this case undoubtedly deserved death—but the democracy was not gone, nor were the laws at an end. Again, a few oars were stolen from the dock-yards, and immediately the cry was—“Let them be scourged, let them be tortured: or there is no safety for the democracy.” And here again, what is my opinion? It is as before,—that the delinquents in this case too deserve death, but that whether they die or not, the democracy is in perfect safety. And what then does endanger the democracy? If no one else has the courage to tell you, that want of courage shall not be imputed to me.—As the courage of Demosthenes is not the subject of our present inquiry, and good advice was given at Athens only to be admired and neglected, we may be excused for proceeding farther with our translation.

We alluded lately to an orator, of whom it was observed, that he did not appear to have come under the notice of the English historian of Greece. That orator was Lycurgus; and a brief analysis of a single speech of his will give us the double advantage of bringing another member of our oratorical band before the reader, and of illustrating still further the Athenian law of treason. When it is said that Lycurgus was the friend of Demosthenes, and his associate in government, we bespeak for him no common attention as an orator, and no small share of patriotism as a man; and we cannot but regret Mr. Mitford's double blindness, who would not see that the dissolute Chares was the friend of the great orator by political necessity, as he did not happen to observe that Lycurgus was his friend by political choice. Time has spared us but one of the speeches of Lycurgus; and from its loud tones and its lofty flight, that speech reminds its readers of the shepherd's pipe, which was formed of an eagle's wing. Earnestness, vehemence, disdain, and a quick sense of feeling to all that reflected disgrace or honour upon his country, are the most prominent features of his oratory. With a nice discrimination between public and private duties, his ideas on both less resemble those of a lively and versatile Greek, than of a stern and severe Roman, when Rome was at her best.\* Hence, as in the present attack, he follows up the object of his indignation with unsparing animosity; there is a convulsive grasp in his manner of handling his victim; and if he lets the wretch slip from him for a time, it is only that he may clutch him again with a stronger energy of compression. The

\* Rome was at her best when her government most resembled our own, that is, when the regal power, lodged in the Consuls, formed a balance between patrician arrogance and plebeian licentiousness. Machiavelli, who never talks idly but when he professes and voluntarily puts himself in opposition to all received opinion, (cap. 58.) has put this in a very full light in the 2d and 4th of his ‘Discorsi.’ lib. primo.



fatal battle of Chæronea, the yet incomplete subjugation of Greece, and the tottering power of Demosthenes, made it, indeed, of consequence, that every single individual should be kept immovable to his post, and not be permitted to desert his country at her utmost need, as the present defendant (Leocrates) is charged with having basely done.

Eight years had elapsed since the commission of the offence, but the first moment of Leocrates's return to Athens was the immediate moment of accusation; under the glowing colours and imagery of Lycurgus, time disappears, and the feelings of the audience are made as much alive to the defendant's guilt, as if it had been but of yesterday.

The very exordium of the speech betrays the determined spirit of the accuser. Into a few lines are crowded all that could most interest or affect the minds of the hearers—the gods, the patroness of their town, the city itself, the whole Attic land, with its temples, its groves and sacrificial rites—the ancestors of his audience—their fathers, wives and children:—and having heaped all these into his opening paragraph, Lycurgus drops them with an overwhelming weight upon the offender, as if to crush him at the very outset. The prejudices that might operate against the speaker himself he wards off with the nicest circumspection, adroitly interposing between himself and the odium belonging to a public accuser a triple shield, by telling his audience that there are three things which guard and preserve republics generally, and the happiness of Athens in particular—first, the ordinances of the law; secondly the votes of the dicasts; and thirdly the trial, which puts into the dicast's hands the visitation of offences: 'for the law,' says the orator, 'by its very nature was intended to say beforehand, what is improper to be done; with the accuser it rests to denounce those who have exposed themselves to the terms and penalties of the law, while to the dicast it belongs to punish those, whom the law and the accuser equally bring before his notice: so that the law and the dicast would be inefficient instruments, did not some third person stand forward to put offenders into their hands.' The orator then proceeds to work upon the feelings of the court by exaggerated expositions of the importance of the present cause, and of the enormity of the guilt which its object was to bring under their notice—and it here behoved the orator to put forth all his strength—for he makes very little further progress before he is obliged to admit that, great as the offence was, *the law contained no definite punishment for it*; and the remainder of a long speech consists of hints, arguments, and appeals to the feelings; of hints that this deficiency of the law originated from no carelessness or indolence of former legislators, but  
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from the mere circumstance that, as no such guilt existed in their days, it was not thought possible that such guilt ever would exist; —of arguments not uncommon in Grecian oratory, that, in such cases it became the dicasts to consider themselves rather as legislators than as judges, not so much trying the fact, as assessing the punishment; and of appeals to the feelings, such as we shall try presently, whether mere readers can peruse with absolute indifference, and readers too who have been stopped at the very moment when the feelings of an English jury would have begun to operate against the orator himself rather than against the object of his eloquence.

We cannot present this speech at length; but the reader, who is master of the whole, whatever he may think of the *case*, will allow it to have been conducted with all the powers of a consummate orator. An ardent admirer of Homer, and deeply versed in the tragic compositions of his countrymen, the diction of Lycurgus is perhaps somewhat too poetical; and he plunges into the mythical tales much more than was customary in the serious oratory of Greece; yet in the midst of matter apparently extraneous, he does not forget those little hints, which recal the main point to his hearers, and which have the effect of leaving a future coldness for his opponent, after the warmth excited for himself. His views of political events are luminous in the extreme: by a single word he often enlists the feelings on his side; he reasons equally well from the less to the greater, and from the greater to the less; and in a climax of bitter reproaches he knows how to rise in his attack at every step, and yet reserve the sting for the concluding word. As a specimen of his appeals to the feelings, we select that portion of his harangue, which describes the state of Athens after the fatal battle of Chæronæa.

‘ At that period of desolation, where was the person, whether native or stranger, who did not feel for the city’s calamity? Who was there with such a hatred of democracy in general, or of Athens in particular, that at such a period—when every mouth was full of the defeat and recent calamity, when the city was on the tiptoe of fear and expectation as to the future, and when every hope centered in the men who had already exceeded the usual age of military service—who, I say, at such a period could endure to see the ranks of the army filling, and himself not among the number? And oh the spectacles of that horrid time! women of the first quality thronging to the gates in all the agonies of terror and consternation; the only question upon their lips, “Does he still live, my husband, . . . my father, . . . my brother!” (a sight as degrading to their own dignity as to that of the republic!) and every street crowded with age and imbecility, with men past the age of military service, tottering on the very brink of the grave, yet clothed and equipped in the strictest habiliments of war! Yet, bitter as all this was,

and amid every species of calamity, public as well as private, one rose pre-eminent above the rest, and wrung a tear from eyes, which beheld the rest unmoved; and what was that? it was to see the people of Athens—that people whose greatest pride was their freedom and origin from the soil—now passing their votes, to give freedom to the slave, citizenship to the stranger, and restoration of rights and franchises to men, who for their crimes had been stript of both! This was indeed a change and a vicissitude of things!—to see that city, which in former times was the first to arm for the general freedom of Greece, now satisfied to secure her own safety—to behold that town, which had formerly swayed it over the whole region of barbarism, now insecure of her own against men of Macedon—to witness that people, whose aid had been formerly solicited by the Lacedæmonians, by the Peloponnesians, by the Greek inhabitants of Asia—now at their prayers and begging help from the islands of Andros and Ceos, from Træzen and Epidaurus! And in such a crisis of complicated terror, danger and disgrace, to desert his native soil, to refuse his body to the ranks, and by a hasty flight to endanger his country's very life and existence—where is the orator, who will aid the traitor by his eloquence? where the juryman who will save the dastard by his vote! Wretch without feeling as without common generosity, who had neither a tear for his country's woes, nor a helping hand for his country's wounds! and that when all beside, even to the most helpless age, had something to contribute towards her relief; the young furnishing their arms, the lifeless earth her timber, and the very dead their sepulchres and graves! If he had nothing else to give, where were his personal exertions? for who was then idle but Leocrates? Some undertook the repairs of the walls; others looked to the trenches, and a third party busied themselves in erecting palisades—and Leocrates!—Think of it, men of Athens! he bore no bleeding body to its grave—he helped no corse to its funeral rites—as far as *he* is concerned, the patriots of Chæronea lie still without a grave! and yet—unutterable wretch, as he passed their tombs after eight years absence, he dared to consider their inmates as his fellow-citizens, and to speak of *their* country as *his*! He!—but treasure it up, I say again, in your memories, and let death be his portion for it!

On a subject so extensive as that of which we are now treating, the mind can hardly fail of recurring to a body of eloquence in our own country, an eloquence naturally growing out of that religion which has to grapple with the mind's propensities 'in all its times of tribulation and wealth,' and which has to prepare its feelings, as the noble climax of our Liturgy proceeds to express it, 'for the hour of death, and for the day of judgment.' Such a species of eloquence as this is not to be expected among the Greek orators; for the state neither trained nor endowed a body of men to supply it. What religious instruction the Greek received, came principally from the stage; and while those who see things on the side of pious feeling, will not always be much edified by its quality, those who regard matters in a political and philosophical

philosophical view, will be often surprized at the scoffs, the sarcasms, and impieties which were thrown into the strange mixture.

But whatever liberties the tragic or the comic stage might take with the *exterior* religion of the country, (and take with impunity,) there was an *interior* religion, which the Greek, with his usual love of contrast, guarded with the most susceptible jealousy, and with which neither dramatist nor philosopher dared to meddle. The scholar will readily perceive that we allude to the Eleusinian Mysteries, and to a subordinate branch of ancient superstition, the Hermaic worship.

How the name of Alcibiades became implicated with a real or supposed profanation of these mysteries, the interesting moment at which the implication took place, and the consequences it had upon the fortunes of that extraordinary man, whose united talents, courage, virtues and vices constitute him an Athenian Demus in miniature, the most superficial reader of ancient history need scarcely be reminded. The person, however, who played the most important, though the least notorious part in this transaction, was the orator ANDOCIDES. Though the least guilty of the party, Andocides only escaped with his life to become an exile; and for forty years he had to know the bitterest of human miseries,—the salt savour which there is in the bread of strangers; and that hardness of path which the feet experience, when other men's stairs are to be perpetually climbed and descended.\*

That important political compact, which meets us so continually in the later orators of Greece, at length gave Andocides the power of returning to his still beloved country, and for three years he was allowed to live unmolested, performing not only the ordinary but even the most sacred functions at Athens, and finding in this exercise of his natural talents some compensation for the sorrows and fatigues which he had undergone. But misfortune only slumbered with Andocides. Circumstances, which it is unnecessary to explain, brought him under the displeasure of Callias, one of those monsters of profligacy, who occasionally meet us in Grecian history, and in whom vice appears the more hideous, because it here mixed itself with one of the most sacred of ancient functions—the high priesthood of Ceres. In the face, therefore, of all existing compacts, it was determined to bring Andocides again to trial for an offence in which he had originally been implicated more from youthful imprudence, than design, and for which he had already paid so heavy a penalty. And the gold of Callias found him proper abettors for his guilty purpose;—Ce-

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\* Tu proverai, sì come sa di sale  
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle  
Lo scendere e' l' salir per l'altrui scale.—*Dante.*

phizius, formerly a farmer of public property, the profits of which he had appropriated to himself, and who was now in Athens under faith of the same treaties, which also legitimately screened Andocides from further investigation; Melitus, who had been employed by the Thirty tyrants to seize the virtuous Leon, and who, but for the interposition of the same treaties, was liable to an action for murder; and Epichares, who, besides the most infamous private vices, had borne office under the Thirty, and who was consequently, by the old laws of the democracy, at the mercy of every one, to assassinate where, and when, and how he pleased.

Whatever other advantages these associates might possess, the force of moral character, it is evident, was not among them; and accordingly the powerful aid of Lysias was called in to give strength to the accusation, and to rebut recrimination. The first he accomplished with his usual eloquence; the second he had the wisdom or the honesty (but the former is most in his character) to decline. From the terms which he uses when anticipating recrimination, it is pretty evident that he thought the most prudent course was silence. The opening of this powerful speech is lost; but enough of it remains to put it in perfect comparison with that of Andocides.

Forty years, as we have seen, had elapsed, since the commission of the imputed crime; but Lysias, like his other great compeers, possessed that power of oratory which forces time to disappear, and makes the things that are not, seem like things that are. The case, he knew, was a rotten one; and the whole speech, therefore, consists of an appeal to the feelings. To those who had profaned the Mysteries, it was supposed by the superstitious Greeks, that the elementary sustenance of life became polluted, and that the sin of the soul met its retribution in strange smells and depravities of the senses: and this opinion, with all the popular stories attached to it, the orator takes care to recal to his audience at the very outset. Then passing rapidly to certain *unwritten*, as well as written laws, by which judicial decision might be guided, he endeavours, by every artifice of oratory, that his hints and insinuations on this head shall not lose their effect. As his appetite for blood rises, he argues upon a lie, and a supposed confession of guilt, which Andocides had never made; and adduces as a mark of extreme impudence, what any unprejudiced person would consider as a proof of confidence and innocence. The travels to which necessity had subjected the wretched exile, are sometimes imputed to him as an ostentation of impiety, and sometimes as proofs of the divine vengeance by the miseries to which they subjected him. If ever a suspicion crosses the blood-thirsty pleader that his victim will escape him, he hangs over his head the eternal  
memory

memory of the gods, and comforts himself with the reflection, that the sins of the father are sometimes visited upon the children, and that though Andocides may escape an earthly tribunal, the vengeance of heaven was yet in store for his guilt. We hasten through a speech glowing with all the fire of oratory to its conclusion. Having treated all the public contracts, which might stand in the way of retribution, with that sophistry or levity which this advocate of democracy usually displayed on such occasions;\* and wakened the feelings of self-interest in his audience by declaring (what he knew to be a falsehood) that Andocides had never served the city as a soldier, had made no contribution in money, *had brought the people no corn*, the pleader makes his strongest attack in his peroration. He throws himself at once upon the imaginations of his hearers; he calls upon the mind and the mind's eye to accompany him, while he dresses up Andocides in his sacerdotal robe, follows him into the very act of profanation, and mimics the form of attitude and voice with which he spoke 'the unutterable words.' The rest of the mummary is not forgotten. Once more the priests are swept across the stage in long procession, and the priestesses accompany them: they turn towards the setting sun, they shake their purple robes, and in the chaunt prescribed by law, and ancient rite, they devote this guilty wretch to misery and woe. At this distant age, when these customs have lost their effect, it is scarcely possible to read them without emotion—on Athenian susceptibility they had the influence of magic. A cold shudder ran through the court, the hairs of the audience stood erect; and the speaker had prepared them with the imprecations usual on such occurrences, and which he no doubt expected to find re-echoed to his ears—'*the curse be upon him,*' '*let there be sin-offerings and expiations*'—'*away with such a wretch from the face of the earth!*'

Had the defendant been a common person, the effect of this eloquence would have been to him inevitable death; but Lysias had a master in his own art to deal with; and we shall give at once the best idea of Andocides' skill as an orator by saying that on this occasion he took care to display no oratory at all. He had a simple tale wherewith to put down the accusation, and living witnesses were yet at hand to confirm his allegations; and in such a case the orator knows that the less there is of rhetorical flourish the better. In the speech of Lysurgus, which we last analysed, the circumstances are comparatively nothing, and the eloquence every thing: in the present case eloquence was almost unneces-

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\* Contra Agoratum 507. contra Nicomachum 846. de Evandro, 800. de Affectatâ Tyrannide 777. 784.

sary, for the whole interest lay in the circumstances, and it was merely necessary to tell them simply and without pretension to command attention. And Andocides did so. No person, who wishes to make himself acquainted with ancient oratory, will leave this speech unread; and we may, perhaps, take a future opportunity of entering more fully into its contents. As concerns the orator in his private capacity, it is a most interesting tale, told in the most interesting manner; as it relates to public life, it is a deep tragedy, conceived in the two great sources of tragedy, pity and terror. Opposed by its very quietness to the vehemence of Lysias, it contrasts as strongly with the vigour displayed by Andocides, in the oratory of his more youthful days. In the speech *de Pace*, (and only three specimens of the eloquence of Andocides have reached us,) there is every proof of sprightliness and life: in the two speeches on the Mysteries, the 'wiser and the sadder man' discovers himself at every turn. Both the speeches convey a most favourable impression of the defendant's liberal and generous mode of thinking; while the accuser himself is left in the guilt of corruption, cruelty, and perjury; in shocking profanity, and in incest of so complicated a form, that, of three wives possessed by Callias, his offspring, a boy, stood in the relations of son to the one, brother to the second, and uncle to the third!

Some of the most important subjects, which legal oratory could embrace, have now come successively under our notice, and specimens of the art have been produced, with which, to use the gentlest terms, it would certainly be an effort of modern oratory to compete. We now come upon a branch, where the modern may undoubtedly claim the superiority; and those, who are versed in the eloquence of the English bar, will anticipate the branch to which we allude, viz. to that which connects itself with 'the sense of home' and 'the religion of the hearth.' Age has not yet so chilled our blood, that we profess to behold beauty with absolute indifference; but we are at least at that mature time of life, when, to borrow the passionate but somewhat frothy eloquence of Curran, woman appears in her greatest value, 'as she sits basking in a husband's love, with the blessing of heaven on her head and its purity in her heart; when she sits among her family, and administers the morality of the paternal board.' If ever, however, she descended with less criminality from this high estate in one country more than another, that country was Greece. There is something peculiarly sad and revolting, according to the most philosophic of modern travellers, in those scenes of animated nature, where *man* is nothing. There is something still more revolting, the philosophic traveller might have learned, and that in those scenes of animated nature, where *man* is every thing, and

and woman nothing. And such was the case in republican Athens. Women were literally the serfs of the family inheritance, whether that inheritance consisted in land or money. They were made, with other property, a subject of \* testamentary bequest; and whatever other delights heirship might convey to an Athenian lady, freedom of person or inclination was not in the number: single or wedded, she became, by the mere acquisition of property, at the mercy of the nearest male relation in succession: she could be brought from the dull solitude of the gynæceum to become an unwilling bride, or she could be torn from the object of her wedded affection, to form new ties with perhaps the most disagreeable of mankind. And if under any of these circumstances, nature became more powerful than virtue, life was the penalty paid for the transgression; for adultery was met in Greece not by words, but deeds: the law put into the hands of the injured party the vengeance of his own dishonour, and it was only on some supposition of extra violence in the proceeding, that the law took cognizance of what was done. To some such supposition we owe the only speech now to be found among the Greek orators, which enters into the tenderest of domestic arrangements; and for this speech we are indebted to the pen of Lysias.

This orator has come before us so often and in such a variety of capacities, that before we treat of the speech, a few words may not be misplaced respecting the speaker himself. He was the son of that old man, whose head peeps out of the 'Republic' of Plato with such an interesting effect; touched but not stricken by years, soft, venerable, mellow; and with that high polish of age about it, which is almost equivalent to the graces of youth. A Syracusan by birth, but a resident in Athens by choice, the wealth of Cephælus enabled him to improve the natural talents of his son by the most expensive of educations. We have no time to follow the son or parent farther: circumstances threw the former into the democratical party, and the sufferings to which this addiction subjected both his feelings and his fortune from the adverse party, are detailed at length in one† of the most powerful and affecting of his orations. According to Plutarch, Lysias wrote no less than 425 speeches; persons with a less exaggerated way of talking than the worthy Bœotian have reduced the number to 230; and all these pleadings, with four or five exceptions, are said to have been successful. If we look to the jealous disposition of an Athenian audience, who would have clipt an angel's

\* Demosth. 1. Orat. contra Aphobum. Id. contr. Stephanum, Orat. 1.

† Contra Eratosthenem.



wings, if soaring too high, we shall doubt the fact: if we look to the speeches themselves, the assertion will become somewhat more credible. Persuasion was the very soul of Lysias's oratory, and speeches seem to have dropt from his pen as the pearls did from the eastern prince's hair, with no other trouble than that of drawing a comb through it. His very physiognomy\* has all the marks of a pleader perpetually triumphant. A secret satisfaction plays round the lips. The beard and close clipt locks have a certain versute and crafty air about them. Of his two eyes, the one contracts itself as if penetrating every nook and corner of the subject submitted to it; while the other, open and enlarged, has the very look which should ensure confidence in the court, when the orator had taken his part!—we can almost see the hands below the bust, weighing the gold, that was to determine in which scale the aid of his powerful talents should be thrown. The great critic of Halicarnassus is fond of comparing Lysias with an orator whom we once before brought under the reader's notice, Isæus; but, with submission, the comparison does not appear to be conducted with the utmost judgment; or, to speak more guardedly, the superiority of Lysias is not set in that full light which his partizans had a right to expect, and which the critic evidently intended.

The most palpable distinction between these two orators lies in their different manner of opening and concluding a speech. Isæus enters at once upon his subject, and sometimes so abruptly, that a reader of the speech is almost led to conclude that its opening has been lost. Lysias, on the contrary, makes his strong impression at the outset; he flings himself at once with admirable gallantry on the most unpromising part of his subject, and by his consummate skill, the weapon's point, which was meant to pierce himself, finds its way into his adversary's bosom. As Lysias excelled in his openings, Isæus excelled in the conclusion of his speeches; in summing up his points at the end, or repeating them at intervals. While we cannot wholly agree with Dionysius in allowing Isæus a superiority of narrative and arrangement, both in the whole and in parts over Lysias, we readily acknowledge that little home-touches are to be found in him, which it would also be desirable to find in the compositions of Lysias;—he handles the infirmities of human nature more delicately than his rival—he has a greater deference for the feelings of consanguinity, and we cannot but have a high sense of a speaker's own honourable mind, who has such high ideas of the workings of shame on others. The Greek dicast, it has been seen, decided equally

\* Marmor Lysiae apud Fulvium Ursinum.

upon the issue of fact, and issue of law. Had the provinces been divided as with us, Isæus would have addressed himself more to the judge, Lysias to the jury. The first would have relied upon precedents, the second would have found his strength in appeals to the feelings. And when the ear once came into play as the arbiter, Lysias was omnipotent. We enter into almost all the enthusiasm of Dionysius, when he describes the *style* of Lysias; and when we fail, we are perfectly sensible that the failure arises from our own deficiency, and from the deficiencies naturally attached to reading a dead language, and not from any exaggeration in the critic. The *style* of Lysias has in it, as Dionysius observes, all that delight, which is analogous to gracefulness in motion, to melody in a series of sounds, and to beauty in the most beautiful of all visible objects, the human form. He is the most perfect specimen of that Attic *roundness* in oratory, to which nothing could be added, and from which nothing could be removed without destroying its justness and symmetry; and of which those who assist their mental operations by material helps, will have the best idea by taking into their hands a sample of the finest grain. Handling every branch, as he successively did, of ancient eloquence, he brought into each such a felicity of performance, that, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, he always seemed to do best that which he was doing. To bring ourselves more within the compass of general readers—had Lysias written commentaries on the laws of Athens, they would in their style have resembled, we think, the Commentaries of Blackstone—possessing the equable flow of language, where the words do not take off from the ideas, and where ideas are not consulted to the absolute exclusion of words, where gentle metaphors, like little knolls upon a rich champain, relieve the driest details—and where the arrangement is so masterly, that every former part gives strength to that which follows, and every latter brings some light to all that precedes. That he would have reached the higher praises of Blackstone, that love of his country's antiquities, which, ridiculous as it may sound, throws us back into the days of our ancestors with almost as much success as the pages of *Ivanhoe*; or that he could, with so much niceness, have observed the balance between liberty and prerogative, the sovereign and the subject, we are not so ready to admit.

We indulge the more confidently in these praises of Lysias, because the speech which we have now to notice, will not impose upon us much task of justifying them. It is a speech drawn up for a man, who in taking that vengeance which the Athenian laws allowed against adultery, had made use of his own arm, but who, in an accusation which grew out of the proceeding, thought it  
most

most prudent to borrow the practised pen of Lysias. Dramatically considered, the pleading seems to have been adapted\* to the character of a plain straightforward man, keenly sensible of the dishonour done him, but who, having avenged his disgrace, did not think it incumbent on him to let his good spirits be subdued by his bad fortunes.

The speaker, commencing with a request, that the dicasts would put themselves into his own condition, asserts, that adultery was the only crime throughout Greece, for which, under every species of government, the punishment was the same, and where the highest and the lowest had equally the power of inflicting that punishment. In a few but comprehensive words, he shows in what the enormity of this offence consisted, and asserts the purity and uncorruptness of the motives, which had made him visit the offence in his own case as he had done. The exordium thus dispatched, the narrative commences with a little piece of confession, which we cannot refuse to our readers. 'I shall lose now no time in explaining the whole of this business, being fully persuaded, that my best means of security lie in a fair and candid detail, without omission, reserve or exaggeration. Having determined upon matrimony, I took myself a wife, and from that moment I determined to regulate my conduct towards her by the following rules : on the one hand, not to be too rough and severe ; and on the other, not to allow her too great a latitude, but to keep a close and steady eye upon her behaviour, and to direct my own accordingly. As soon, however, as she had made me a father, I began to extend my confidence, placing all my affairs in her hands, as conceiving that there could be no surer and closer bond of friendship between us than such a mark of trust.' The lady's conduct answered the trust reposed in her, and she was considered by her husband as a model in all those virtues, which an Athenian most looked to in his wife, being a good economist and an admirable manager. Things continued in this pleasing train, till the death of the defendant's mother. In paying the last duties to his parent, the defendant's wife formed part of the procession ; and to see Pamphila was, it appears, to love her.<sup>a</sup> One Eratosthenes was accordingly stricken, and the usual course of proceedings commenced : a maid-servant was gained, access was procured to the lady, and

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\* For this skill of adaptation Lysias is more than once warmly commended by Quintilian : Neque enim minus vitiosa est oratio, si ab homine, quam si a re, cui accommodari debuit, dissidet. Ideoque Lysias optime videtur in iis quæ scribebat inductis, servasse veritatis fidem. Lib. iii. c. 8. Nam neque illud in Lysia dicendi textum tenue atque rarum, lætioribus numeris corruendum erat. Perdidisset enim gratiam, quæ in eo maxima est, simplicis atque in affectu coloris : perdidisset fidem quoque. Nam scribebat aliis, non ipse dicebat ; ut oportuerit esse illa rudibus et in compositis similia ; quod ipsum compositio est. Lib. ix. c. 4.

what the easiness of woman and the audacity of man have made, to take place in every other country, took place also in Athens.

The plaintiff (Euphiletus) had promised the dicasts to be very communicative, and it cannot be said that he breaks his word. He enters into all his family arrangements; and discovers the secrets of the gynecæum with a minuteness which no doubt found its account with the dicasts, and as the ancient critics considered this detail as a sort of model of the *ισχυον* in oratory, we suppose we must not consult our own feelings by abridging it.

‘ To make this business more intelligible, it will be necessary to give a description of my humble mansion. It is one of those, gentlemen, which consist of two floors, the upper and lower compartments being exactly similar; the female part of my establishment possessed the one and the male part the other, and thus things continued till the birth of my first child. As his mother undertook all the offices of a nurse, both suckling and dressing him, and there was some danger in descending from the upper to the lower floor, I endeavoured to obviate this inconvenience by changing my domestic arrangements; myself accordingly removed to the upper apartments, while my wife and the women were disposed of below. From this arrangement it grew into a custom, for the child’s mother to pass whole nights in the apartment below, for the purpose of satisfying the child’s appetite, and stilling his cries—and all this without the remotest suspicion on my part: nay, so simple and besotted was I, that of all the women in the city I looked upon my wife as a paragon of virtue, and who, in point of chastity, left all others behind her. Time, however, cured me of this opinion. It was my fortune, gentlemen, to have left town, whither however I returned unexpectedly in the evening. After the last meal, the child began to cry and show other symptoms of uneasiness, and as I afterwards discovered, not without reason; the dishonourer of my bed was at that moment within my doors, and the child’s cries proceeded from the intended provocations of the maid-servant, to give my wife a pretext for leaving me: that excuse was soon furnished her. Disturbed by the child’s noise, I desired his mother to go below, and, by giving him the breast, to still his sobbing. At first she refused: “how could she quit my side, she who had not been blest with my presence for such a length of time!” When I repeated my commands, and not without considerable show of passion,—“O doubtless,” said she, “my absence will be very agreeable—our little waiting-maid has a pretty face, and I have not forgotten what took place in your last elevations!” A laugh was all the answer I made to this trifling. The lady meantime gets up, and as she left the room, drew the door to her, as it in pleasantry, and put the key into her pocket. This proceeding excited no suspicion, nor indeed a reflection in me; the fatigue of my journey soon threw me into a sweet sleep. Towards day-break my wife returned and opened the door. My first inquiry was, whence the noise and clapping of doors had proceeded during the night. Her answer was, that the lamp which hung near the child’s bed had gone out, and that she had sent to a neighbour’s to have it replenished.

ished. As I had no reason to doubt the truth of this, I had of course nothing further to remark. Still to my eyes, gentlemen, it appeared, that there was white lead upon her cheeks; and as her brother had been buried *within* the month, this was an appearance of ornament for which I could not account. Still, however, I did not think it worth noticing, and accordingly I left the house without making a single observation upon it.

The time, however, was now come, when the defendant's misfortune was to be made pretty certain to him. The lover of Pamphila had other intrigues upon his hands, nor was love, it appears, an empty pleasure with him. Prototypes of Fielding's Lady Belaston were to be found even at Athens, and the funds, upon which this precious fellow subsisted, were derived from their gratitude and liberality. His female friends therefore had a double claim upon his devotions; and the jealous eye of one of them observed that those devotions had somewhat abated in their warmth. The cause of this relaxation was soon discovered, and the discovery was as quickly made to come to the ears of Pamphila's husband. For the effective part, where Euphiletus becomes the injurer, instead of the injured party, we may again have recourse to the orator.

'I had a friend (and in fact there were ties of blood as well as friendship between us) of the name of Sostratus. It was our fortune to happen upon each other one day towards sunset, he being on his way to town from his farm. As it was too late in the day for him to meet with suitable accommodation at home, I desired him to take his evening meal with me, and the offer was accepted. Having reached my little mansion, we ascended to the upper apartment, and proceeded to our repast. My guest made himself comfortable and happy, (*επειδη δε καλως αυτη ειχεν*) left me for his own house, and I fell fast asleep. Good: At this moment enters Eratosthenes: and at the same moment the servant, whom I had gained to my interest, wakes me and communicates the intelligence. My first order to her was to guard the door; my next step was to descend with all possible caution, quit the house, and call upon such and such a person, friends, who I thought might be of service. Some I found at home; others, as might be expected, were out of the way. Collecting, however, as many as I could under the circumstances, I proceeded to business. Lights we procured from a neighbouring tavern: the servant, as directed, had left the door open—in we go. A violent push throws open the door of the sleeping room: the first who enter (and the person who now addresses you was among the number) see Eratosthenes sleeping by the side of my wife; the last beheld him standing upright on the bed, and without clothing. My first proceeding was a blow, which beat him to the ground: I then forced his hands behind him, and made them fast with a rope: my next question was, how he dared to bring disgrace and dishonour into my house. The insolence and injustice of his conduct he readily admitted; but he adjured me by  
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all that was merciful, to receive a compensation in money, and not to let his life pay the forfeit of his guilt. My answer was this: "your life is forfeited, and that forfeit must be paid, not to me, but to the city's law. That law you have violated, preferring to it your own guilty pleasures: the choice of your actions lay in your own hand; and that choice has been to heap the most unpardonable of wrongs upon me and mine, and not to shew obedience to the laws by a life of temperance and virtue." For what followed, let it suffice to say, gentlemen, that it was in strict obedience to the laws, and as befits delinquents of this kind; and as to any allegations, which the other party may put forward of violence or impiety, as that Eratosthenes was forced into the house from the public road,\* or that he was dragged from an altar, to which he had fled for refuge, I deny them all flatly.

This the orator proceeds to prove, but we can follow him no farther: when the reader recollects that such speeches as have just been quoted were the daily and hourly fare upon which the commonest Greek banqueted, as well from necessity as choice, he will see one of the principal sources of that strict and severe taste, which was his distinguishing characteristic, and which must excuse the cultivators of ancient literature, for being at times somewhat fastidious in their judgment of more modern writers.

Having devoted so many pages to the purposes of information, we may now be excused for giving one to those of curiosity.

Among the sixty speeches, collected in the volumes of M. Augier, as the property of Demosthenes, two have found a place, to which much better critics\* than ourselves have decided, that the great orator has not the most distant claim. They are devoted (and more particularly the first) to the partial exposition of a person's character, who, from very humble beginnings, had found his way into the ranks of the public orators, and consequently to the administration of public affairs; and whose very name (Aristogeiton) will possess a charm for the indiscriminate admirers of ancient republicanism. To us, indeed, who have no great taste for assassination, even though executed by a sword hid in the myrtle-boughs which graced one of the most beautiful of Grecian processions; to us, with whom the 'song of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,' though written in better metre than the 'Marseillois Hymn,' and in language less vulgar than the 'Tragala, perro' of modern days, is not a whit the less a vile revolutionary song, giving the noblest of names to one of the most detestable of deeds, originating in the most infamous of motives; to persons of this way of thinking, the first wearer of the name had left an abomination upon it, which it required no successor to the appellation to augment. And can the most patient of men read the speech, to

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\* Harpocration and Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

which we now solicit a few moments attention, without an accumulation of hatred for the name of Aristogeiton? Fortunately for the feelings, it is but what the ancients called a *δευτερολογία*, that is, a speech where the orator followed a preceding speaker. The preceding speaker had in this case been the terrible Lycurgus; and though his harangue has not come down to us, we may rest assured, that neither in quantity nor in quality had he abridged the sum or the enormity of the offender's delinquencies. Had both the speeches reached us, there can be little doubt that they would have furnished proof that Mr. Hope has been as correct in his description of the modern Greek, (for national character never changes,) as we happen to know him to be in his delineation of eastern scenery, and his historical facts—things which will make 'Anastasius' a work of valuable reference, when its points, its scoffs and its sarcasms are forgiven or forgotten.

But though there seems great reason to doubt that we are indebted to Demosthenes for the original and darker Anastasius, there can be no doubt that the speech belongs to one of his contemporaries, and we very readily close in with those critics who ascribe it to his contemporary, Hyperides. It does not, indeed, exhibit that full proof of powers, which the splendid eulogies of Longinus had led us to expect from that eminent speaker and eater of fish;\* but it is satisfactory to think, that one single specimen of his oratory is yet in our hands. In high and reverential feeling for the laws, Hyperides very much resembles his great contemporary; and he expresses that feeling with a grandeur of language,† which Demosthenes himself might not have disdained, but which Demosthenes would have woven into the current of his speech with less ostentation than Hyperides has done. In the *manners* there is a force or rather a harshness of colouring, in which Demosthenes never indulges; and the philosophical disquisitions, which are occasionally thrown into the piece, have, to our minds, much of the air of a second-rate genius, anxious to say something new and recondite, instead of travelling along the broad high road, as Demosthenes does, where the learned and the simple can equally accompany him.

But the hero of the piece is, in our present view of things, of at least as much importance as its author; and we hasten to lay be-

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\* Athenæus, lib. viii.

† In the following passage of Hyperides, aided by the noble expressions of the Greek dramatists, Hooker, a man of profound learning, probably found some of the materials for his own masterly definition of law. *ὅτι πᾶς ἐστὶ νόμος εὖρημα μὲν καὶ δῶρον θεῶν, δόγμα δ' ἀνθρώπων φρονιμῶν, ἐπανορθώματα δὲ τῶν ἐκβυσίων καὶ ἀκυσίων ἀμαρτημάτων, πόλεως δὲ συνθήκη κίνη' καὶ ἥν πᾶς ἐπεσσηκείη τῶν τοῖς ἐν τῇ πόλει.*

fore the reader that part of the oration which brings both him and his tutor upon the canvass. There is considerable address in the manner with which the painter provides that none of the discasts should imagine the lineaments to be derived from themselves; an additional proof that the oration does not belong to the bold and plain speaking Demosthenes.

‘What I am now to touch upon, is not without danger or difficulty in it: for I wish to address myself to those persons, with whom these proceedings make Aristogeiton rather an object of affection than aversion; and what sort of persons those must be, I leave your judgments to determine. I shall content myself with observing, that by becoming *his* friends, they must be content to be thought no friends to sobriety and good sense. And let it not be supposed, that in this list I include any one of those, whom I have now the honour to address. It would be as inconsistent with my interest as with honour or propriety, so to speak or so to think of any member of this Honourable Court. That I may draw our city’s disgrace into as small a compass as possible, let us suppose Aristogeiton’s scholar, or if you will his tutor, Philocrates, to be the only friend and adherent he has; (and oh that there were the smallest warrant for such a supposition! Heaven knows there is a body of them!)—but a connexion, which from feelings of shame and respect I hesitate to impute to this Court, I do not feel justified in attaching to the great body of the citizens; and after all, what is applied to one, will serve as a mark for the whole class.

‘How nature would act in the formation of a real friend and partizan of Aristogeiton, I shall not inquire very minutely; such an investigation would oblige me to enter into details which the decorum of language could scarcely admit. What I say is this—if Aristogeiton be a mere simple scoundrel, rancorous at heart, false at the lips, and turning out just what his appearance promises; why let the matter pass, Philocrates! (*the orator turns to Philocrates then in court*) you are welcome to your friend’s acquittal—let not the city be without two of a sort—provided the other citizens have a sound way of thinking, and observe the laws strictly, no great harm can ensue. But if\* he is one of those traders in wickedness, who make a profit of their wares in the small as well as in the great, at once retailers, wholesale dealers, and hucksters; if he goes about almost with scale and weight in his hands, turning to profit every action of his life; what is there in all this to command the affection of Philocrates, or why must Philocrates be continually sharpening and whetting him to his purpose? Driveller and dolt, (*the orator again turns to Philocrates*) have you yet to learn, that a kitchen-artist makes no use of a knife which will not cut; or that an informer, whose venal accusations are always to be bought off, is useless to a man, whose object, like your own, is to create mischief, misery and confusion to the whole world?

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\* Εἰ δὲ καπηλὸς ἐστὶ πονηρίας καὶ παλιγκαπηλὸς καὶ μεταβολεὺς κ. τ. λ. The whole speech abounds with similar turns of expression, which can hardly be rendered without a periphrasis, and which are very unlike the strong yet unaffected diction of Demosthenes.



'That Aristogeiton is this venal informer, Philocrates, I will soon convince you, though you are too well aware of the fact already. The information against Hegemon, I appeal to your memory—he gave it up for a sum of money:—the state charges against Demades—I appeal to your knowledge—he abandoned them for a like consideration. And his recent exploit with Agathon, the olive-dealer!—at first there was no end to his vociferations, his bellowings, and his tragic quotations:—the ecclesia was absolutely confounded with his cries for torture and the rack!—but a sum of money, no matter what, applied, our accuser is present at the very acquittal of Agathon, and yet behold him speechless, tongue-tied! And the accusation, which, like a dart,\* was levelled at Democles, into what path was *that* turned? A thousand other instances might be mentioned: but to me the task would be tedious, and to Philocrates it would be needless—he has a register of them all at home, for he it was who let him out the jobs.

'Who is there, virtuous or not, that will wish the preservation of such a person as this, whom habit makes a traitor to his associates, and whom nature and birth have alike made an enemy to the good? Some one of you may perhaps in his agricultural wisdom think, that an informer and a scoundrel are a sort of root and plant, of which the very constitution of our government naturally requires the preservation and protection. Let me tell you, gentlemen, (and that too with the utmost solemnity,) that such way of thinking is neither just, nor decent. I can never persuade myself that these courts of justice were built as hot-beds, in which plants of this kind might be propagated and raised; but rather as places for rooting them out, as places where wickedness might receive such a chastisement as to leave in others neither envy nor desire to follow a similar course of life. Surely, surely there is in guilt something which no human efforts can stop or subdue—or what remains to be said or done in a town, where such a man as Aristogeiton, instead of being dead long ago for his crimes, wilful and acknowledged crimes, is only now upon his trial?

The Athenians, it has been elsewhere remarked, liked to see characters in robust situations, and the preceding orator, we are assured, had gathered in the great harvest of Aristogeiton's guilt; little, therefore, was left to Hyperides but the gleanings of his hero's *vivacity*; yet even among these we find prison-breaking, seduction, desertion, perjury, debt to the public treasury, the sale of his own sister, beating his parents while alive, and not merely denying them a grave when dead, but bringing an action against those who found them one; that sort of worldly wisdom, of which

\* In the original: *την κατὰ Δημόκλειον εἰσαγγελίαν ἀνασεισας ποιῶν*; Schneider interprets *ἀνασεισας*, durch bewegung der hande, vorhalten der waffen drohen. Reiske says, *ἀνασεισας*, simile ductum de stragulis, quæ succutiantur, agitantur. Either of these images, (and we are not sure that we are right in selecting the first) was too bold for the meridian of Paris, and M. Augier accordingly softens, as he does most of the other imagery in the speech, into the following passage: *Quelle a été l'issue de cette action pour crime d'état, si vivement commencée contre Démoclès?*

the prudent Mr. Inkle has hitherto been thought the best model, and a ferocity in combat, which even the American gouger might envy: for *he* does not eat the organ he destroys. The orator makes up in general reflections for what he wanted in particular matter.

‘ There are in this town of ours about 20,000 citizens, all of whom frequent the public place, and each of whom has something wherewith to occupy him; the public concerns or his own. But for this fellow, I defy him to show any occupation; mean or noble, in which he is engaged. He abstains from every occupation which might benefit the city, from mechanical arts, from agriculture, from commerce—he has no ties of interest or friendship which bind him with individuals or corporations. He makes his way through the agora, like a serpent or a scorpion, his sting erect, and himself darting first to this and then to that side of the road, searching whom he may pierce with his calumnies, where he may scatter calamity, falsehood and mischief, and work out of terror and consternation a little money for himself. He is to be seen in none of the ordinary resorts of other citizens, the perfumers’ shops, and other such places—he is a solitary animal, without a hearth, without a friend or common acquaintance; he has no knowledge of any one comfort or blessing of ordinary intercourse; and his only companions are those which painters associate with the damned—Imprecation, Blasphemy, Envy, Contention, and Discord!’

How Aristogeiton fared under these animated attacks of Hyperides, we know not; but they certainly did not cost him his life. Man, as Alfieri observes, is in free countries a strong plant; and accordingly we find Aristogeiton green and flourishing under the hands of the orator Demarchus, long after this assault; and such little outlets, as that angry declaimer could spare from the torrent of his abuse upon Demosthenes, were not likely to disturb the strong roots of Aristogeiton;\* for why? ‘ he was the people’s dog;’ and though even in his dog’s estate not quite immaculate,† in a republic like Athens, he was still worth the preservation.

We must now pause awhile—our readers may want breath, though we must not:—for our work, in truth, is little more than begun. Even of the legal oratory, many minor branches yet remain unnoticed, none without interest in themselves, and all of more or less consequence to those who wish to have an exact and precise knowledge of antiquity. We have not been among the

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\* The French editor traces him finally to a prison, and to death by hemlock: ‘ Mais enfin il périt dans la prison, condamné à boire la cigue. Avant de mourir, il envoya chercher Phocion, voulant lui parler. Les amis de Phocion le détournèrent d’y aller: Dans quel endroit, leur dit-il, parlerais-je plus volontiers à Aristogiton?’

† ‘ A pretty dog truly,’ adds the orator, as he follows up the annunciation; ‘ those whom he charges with being wolves, he takes care not to bite; and the sheep, which he professes to guard, he is the very first to devour!’

usurers, whose exactions augmented what the law made sufficiently high;—the bankers, whom Athenian insolence made at once their convenience and contempt—the corn-jobbers, who played upon the hopes and fears of Athens, precisely as the stock-jobbers do upon those of London or Paris; we have yet to take a walk in Pæiræus, ‘smelling strong of pitch’ in one part, and not less the residence of fashionable opulence and luxury in another. We have not afforded ourselves a single glance at the legal pleadings of Demosthenes, and thus put Athenian character, as it appears in his private speeches, in opposition with Athenian character as it appears in his political speeches; and above all, we have not yet found our way into the Ecclesia, that ‘warm region where thunder and lightning were compounded,’ or treated of the *political* oratory of the Greeks, and the sort of persons whose office it was to furnish it. All this must be reserved till we can retrace our steps, and throw out some reflexions on what has already passed before us.

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ART. III.—*Memorable Days in America, being a Journal of a Tour to the United States, principally undertaken to ascertain, by positive Evidence, the Condition and probable Prospects of British Emigrants; including Accounts of Mr. Birkbeck's Settlement in the Illinois.* By W. Faux, an English Farmer. 1823.

‘**L**IKE the *Minerva* of the ancients, the American people have sprung, at once, into full and vigorous maturity, without the imbecility of infancy, or the tedious process of gradual progression.

‘The American walks abroad in the majesty of freedom; if he be innocent, he shrinks not from the gaze of upstart and insignificant wealth, nor sinks beneath the oppression of his fellow-man. Conscious of his rights and of the security he enjoys, by the liberal institutions of his country, independence beams in his eye, and *humanity glows in his heart*. Has he done wrong? He knows the limits of his punishment, and the character of his judges. Is he innocent? He feels that no power on earth can crush him. What a condition is this, compared with that of the subjects of almost all the European nations!

‘Most happily and exquisitely organized, the American constitution is, in truth, at once “a monument of genius, and an edifice of strength and majesty;” an unprecedented and perfect example of representative democracy, to which the attention of mankind is now *enthusiastically* directed. As long as it is preserved, the country will become the home of the free, the retreat of misery, and the asylum of persecuted humanity.’

We stumbled on this passage on opening the volume at random, and supposing that we had before us a mere counterpart of that prostitute rhapsody reviewed in a former Number, (LIII.)

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were about to consign it to our 'Limbo of Fools,' when our eye caught the name of 'Waterstone, Congressional Librarian of Washington,'—to whose pen Mr. Faux (who appears to have a lofty idea of the writer's understanding) says, he stands indebted for it. This altered the case, and made us curious to see how far this modest delineation of the *Minerva of the moderns* was borne out by the Farmer's own experience.

It is not altogether, perhaps, 'a matter of such small moment,' as Mr. Faux pretends, that his readers should know 'who he is, and what he is;' in fact, he scarcely appears to think so himself, if we may judge from the ostentatious inscription of his book 'To His Grace the Duke of Bedford,' and 'To Thomas William Coke, Esq.' as their 'admirer and friend;' and the ambitious desire he invariably manifests of showing how well he made his way, in every part of America, among the first and most respectable of its inhabitants. 'My peregrinations, visits and visitations,' says he, 'to many points and intersections of the compass, and to all ranks of native and adopted citizens, on this continent, are little short of eight thousand miles;'—in the course of which he boasts of enrolling among his acquaintances, 'grantees, excellencies, right honourables, honourables, generals, majors, captains, judges and squires.' The motives which induced him to leave behind 'a venerable father, a beloved wife, and one dear and only child,' originated, he says, 'in many favourable prepossessions for America, and in a strong desire to ascertain the naked truth in all particulars relating to emigration to that land of boasted liberty. When I saw (he adds) *thousands* of my countrymen hurrying thither, as though they fled for life, from the city of destruction, I became very anxious to know the real nature of their prospects.—Upon those subjects to which my inquiries were directed, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say that I was in some measure qualified to judge by experience, and by the habits of my life:' he affirms that, 'throughout the whole of his enterprize, he was, in a great degree, influenced by a sense of patriotic duty;' and he trusts, and so do we, 'that the truth, so long perverted and concealed, may contribute to destroy the illusions of transatlantic speculation, and to diffuse solid, home-bred satisfaction amongst his industrious countrymen.'

From such a man, and with such objects in view, one practical page is worth all the radical trash of the Halls, the Wrights\*

\* Author of 'Views of Society and Manners in America,' vol. xxvii. p. 71. We then flattered ourselves that nothing so base and degenerate in the shape of an Englishwoman would be found; but the sad reality has since appeared; a Miss Wright, an adopted daughter (as she says) of Jeremy Bentham, having prefixed her name to it. Lieut. Hall escaped us at the time, and it is now too late to revert to his flippant far-rago of impiety, malevolence and folly.

and the Tell Harris's, in enabling us to form a just estimate of an emigrant's prospects in the 'land of boasted liberty;' for, to use his own words, 'I have endeavoured to take the reader with me, that he may see, taste, and know, *things as they are*; the rough with the smooth; the bitter with the sweet; the good with the evil; that he may go where I go; hear all, see all, and, by evidence judging all; form his own resolutions and conclusions.' (*Pref.* viii.)

We cannot compliment our farmer on his talents as a writer; nor, to do him justice, does he appear to expect it. It was his study, he says, 'to avoid every thing which might savour of systematic arrangement;' and he has succeeded to admiration. Nothing can be more desultory than his wanderings; nothing more heterogeneous than the contents of the same page—radicals and rye-coffee, slavery and green pease, bugs and statistics! Nor is the want of method in the matter, at all compensated by the style, which is rude and homely, though seldom deficient in force. And now we are on the point of faults, it may not be amiss to notice the incautious manner (we might use stronger terms) in which he brings before the public, not only the frank and confidential conversations, but even the secret histories of many of the families under whose roof he found hospitable entertainment. We would willingly believe that he is not aware of the evils to which this conduct may lead in his own person, or the inconveniencies to which it may subject future travellers. With all this, however, we hope (in his own phraseology) that 'he will take a great many readers with him;' and in that case, we shall be very much disappointed if his book be not attended with the happiest effects, by giving a check to hasty and thoughtless emigration, and thereby diminishing those scenes of heart-rending distress, which the alluring misrepresentations of unprincipled English land-jobbers, in particular, have brought upon many respectable families, who were weak enough to be the dupes of their artifices. That Mr. Faux is an honest man, and tells the truth to the best of his knowledge and belief, we cannot for a moment permit ourselves to doubt;—indeed there is scarcely a word or a fact in his book for which he does not produce his authority:—nor are we at all displeased to find that he is somewhat of a growler, and has *a kind of taste*, as Launcelot says, for modern whiggery; notwithstanding the 'honour' which, on his arrival at the Isle of Wight, he had, 'of presenting to his most gracious sovereign a precious relic—a cedar-cane, cut from the grave of General Washington.'

Our 'English farmer' embarks in the *Ruthy*, Captain Wise, 'a young man of very energetic habits, possessing an eye and a  
voice

voice which creates or annihilates, which says *be* or not *be*.— This energetic youth, before we have gone through three pages, turns out a godless reprobate, a brutal and ferocious tyrant; a thief and a swindler. What he *created* does not appear; but he *annihilated* our author's hopes and comforts; who was fortunately rescued from him, when on the point of starving, and taken on board 'the good ship *Hamilton*,' where he was kindly and even liberally treated for the remainder of the voyage.

While on board the *Ruthy* he learned that 'navigators up the Mississippi frequently *steal* from ten to twenty sheep at once from the farmers, and *think it no crime*; it being more *convenient* to steal than to buy.' No doubt; and it seems a very hard measure to hang men (as is sometimes done in this country) for merely consulting their own ease. Captain Wise, however, evinced on some of these occasions a degree of probity that must have edified his crew surprizingly. He told them, he says, to roast the mutton which they stole, without saying any thing to him about it when it came to table. p. 9. 'Poor honesty,' exclaims the farmer, 'how art thou discarded!'

Mr. Faux first sets foot on the 'free earth of America' at Boston; where he was delighted to see so many gay, cheerful, free, easy, good-looking faces (except those of the women, who were all old and ugly) 'gazing, and guessing who the foreigners could be, whence coming, whither going, and for what purpose.' The appearance of the town, 'though full of melting snow,' warmed our farmer's heart, on the recollection that it 'preferred liberty to English tea, sweetened with taxation and the milk of maternal monarchy.' Mr. Faux, it will be perceived, is sometimes metaphorical, and often facetious. He attended a *Caucus*, and, to his utter dismay, discovered that the Federalists and the Democrats hated each other as cordially as the Whigs and Tories of England—a little more, perhaps. He also discovered that 'the people are thankful for nothing,' meaning, we presume, that they are not thankful for any thing; and that, notwithstanding their 'gay and cheerful faces,' 'nobody is satisfied:' while, to him, every thing seemed 'elegant and mighty fine;' except, indeed, the Supreme Court of Justice, which appeared 'undignified, and like a vestry-meeting in England;' the lawyers colloquial, wigless and gownless; 'the judges by no means awful.'

After a week's residence, Mr. Faux left, as he says, the good Yankee town of Boston, 'full of blessings on it and America,' and embarked on board the packet for Charleston: his fellow passengers were 'a colonel, and six of the most respectable order of the middle class, all comical creatures, of uncleanly manners and habits, and grossly indelicate in language.' They  
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were caught by a tempest, which our farmer says, somewhat in 'the style of old Stannyhurst, was accompanied with 'loud-sounding, crackling, rattling, crashing thunder;' and with 'blue forked lightning which might almost be handled, and which the captain called "double-twisted ropy."' The vessel reached Charleston, however, in safety, where he washed off his 'marine impurities' in a warm-bath, and hurried away to take a walk. He immediately felt strongly impressed with 'the respectable, happy and healthy appearance of the slaves, with which the city seemed to swarm.' 'I have now,' says he, 'six or seven males and as many females; in constant attendance,' all quite happy. Troubles, however, soon came thick upon him; the first night, he was horribly bitten by mosquitoes; the next, a gentleman was stabbed by a Spaniard at the theatre; and almost every day, 'robberies, burglaries and attempts at murder disgraced and alarmed the city.' One morning 'a poor fellow was found lying in the street in a hot broiling sun, 110° by the thermometer,' with both legs broken, and dreadfully bruised, having been robbed of all he had. He had lain there all night, equally unnoticed 'by the nightly watch and the open day humanity of the citizens; and had not an old Prussian colonel offered a dollar to have him removed as a nuisance, he would have been suffered to roast and be devoured by flies.' (p. 46.)

'These were by no means agreeable occurrences; but 'worse remains behind.' At the tavern where he lodged was a crack-brained colonel who, desirous of fighting a sea captain, prevailed on our farmer to be his second, which he seems not at all to have relished—a meeting was fixed for the following morning, but his principal had cooled and fled. 'This young gentleman,' (a duellist by profession,) 'naturally witty and highly gifted, has married and abandoned three wives, and yet is only twenty-two years of age!' He must be awfully smart. At the same tavern were two Germans, one a Jew, the other a quack-doctor; they had a quarrel about a horse; and as no quarrel in Charleston can be settled without a brace of pistols or rifles, the two combatants waited upon our farmer, requesting that he would 'make a duel' between them. He declined, he says, turning 'manufacturer of duels;' and, indeed, a friend had somewhat alarmed him by the information that, not long before, a company of thirteen persons met together at the very same tavern, eleven of whom had each killed his man. We shall not repeat the many murderous stories which were told to Mr. Faux, and from which he is led to conclude, somewhat oddly, that the *point of honour* is maintained in 'high perfection' in America. 'A scoundrel,' he says, 'who has cheated his creditors, if reproached with it, calls out his man and kills

kills him if he can.' The 'high perfection' of duelling, as we collect it from the farmer's pages, is to go out with rifles—not to satisfy 'the point of honour,' but to gratify revenge.

Mr. Faux visited the University, of which a Dr. Maxwell is at the head.

'There are here 125 students, who are very disorderly, frequently disturbing congregations on the Sunday, because the doctor is too idle to preach, and thereby keep them together. Saw several of these learned young gentlemen stretched on a table, with their learned legs carelessly hanging out of their chamber windows, which seemed nearly all broken. Want of discipline is here too palpable, but there is no lack of whiskey.'—p. 54.

In this 'want of discipline' originates that insolent demeanour, that impatience of controul, that 'majesty of freedom,' as the 'Constitutional Librarian' calls it, which are mistaken for tokens of high-minded independence. 'Boys,' says Mr. Faux, 'look grave, and talk, act and dress like men—they fear nothing, care for nothing, and never blush.' The once notorious Joseph Lancaster expected to make a fortune by the instruction of youth in this free and independent republic, where no questions would be asked him on the subject of religion. Mr. Faux met him at Baltimore, sinking fast into poverty and contempt, and 'teaching a few small children.'

Our farmer next visited the supreme court, and thought the speeches of the lawyers 'jargon and little short of nonsense.' Two men were sentenced to die; one for the murder of a white man, and the other for stealing a negro. 'A man,' says Mr. Faux, 'may here murder a negro almost with impunity, or by paying a paltry fine to the state; but if he *steals* one, he must be hanged for it.' 'About three weeks ago, a gentleman planter caused one of his slaves, a strong fellow, to be whipped to death for stealing; the owner and the executioners were all drunk, which is here admitted as a sufficient excuse for murder.'

Though many of the planters treat their slaves well, and allow them as much indulgence as is consistent with their situation, yet negroes being, in the eye of American law, a degraded class, and denied the enjoyment of equal rights, their well-being is entirely dependent on the personal character of their owner; and however humane their treatment may be, we cannot agree with farmer Faux in his conclusion, which, after the terrible stories of more than brutal cruelty which he has laid before us, we should rather have expected from Mr. Tell Harris or Miss Wright, that their condition in *any*, much less in *many*, respects 'is better than that of the paupers in his native land.' In Charleston not only the negroes, but all who have the least tinge of colour, are considered



sidered as degraded beings; the ladies, Mr. Faux says, will not look at a dark man, lest he should have a dash of black blood in him. 'A black man, even though free and wealthy, is not allowed here to ride his own horses, or use his own carriage, but may let them out for hire; nor can he remain abroad after ten at night, when the 'sentinels go round and clear the streets of all men, women or children stained with negro blood. This regulation may be necessary; it is a trifle compared with what follows.

'The Carolinians keep and train up large dogs for hunting and finding runaway or concealed negroes, who are easily scented and found by them, if they be in the woods. The mode of training is thus: set a young negro daily to strike a pup, and then run from it. This is dog-training. My cousin, Captain H. Rugeley, in my presence, ordered a young negro to strike a half-grown cur, which immediately seized the boy, who was worried a *little for my amusement* and instruction. Hence these dogs, though generally docile and gentle to well-dressed whites, instantly seize on any strange black man who approaches the plantation, just as an English greyhound flies upon a hare.'—pp. 115, 116.

Nor is this all—but our heart sickens at the horrid detail, and we can go no farther.

We were somewhat amused with the following memorandum,—though we cannot much commend the delicacy of the disclosure. 'Sunday, 22. Slept at the captain's'—the cousin mentioned in the last extract; (for Mr. Faux finds relations everywhere in America, the adopted country, as he calls it, of his dearest friends)—'a good bed, curtainless, alongside the one in which the captain himself, and lady, and children slept, all in one room, the only one in the house, with a fine negro wench, on the floor, at my feet. Thus patriarchally did I and my cousins dress and undress, talk and sleep. What lovely simplicity!' (p. 64.) Ah, Farmer Faux,—we suspect you to be something of a *wag* after all. The 'patriarchs,' however, take our word for it, never slept in this way. But we forgive you, and should have forgiven you, had you slept with ten fine negro wenches at your feet, instead of one, for the noble stand you made against hypocrisy and brutality in the scene which follows:—

Mr. Faux had the misfortune to be present at the digging up of the body of a slave, who had been wantonly whipped to death, and buried privately, by the hands of his master. Indignant at such an atrocious deed, and determined to expose it, he procured all the particulars of the horrid transaction, which he published in a Letter, signed with his name, in the Charleston Courier. The same day he received a message from the Governor, desiring him to wait on the Attorney General, to make an affidavit of the facts he

he had stated. He accordingly waited on Mr. Attorney General, who, after a short lecture on the imprudent step he had taken, as 'staining the character of South Carolina,' asked him if he could give personal evidence? Having replied in the negative, the visit ended by the Attorney General promising to get Kelly (the perpetrator of the murder) indicted;—but, the learned gentleman has not yet redeemed his promise.

This Letter, as might be supposed, brought all Charleston about his ears; among others he was assailed in the street, and in no small risk of *being stung* by a Mr. Bee, who catechized him rather rudely:—'this tart republican defender of slavery seemed disposed,' he says, 'to quarrel with me, but I declined his invitation;' upon which he exclaimed, 'Go and do justice to *injured* Carolina!'—(p. 79.) Judge King, (whose Scottish name of Kinggo had been thus euphonized, as it smacked a little *negroish*,) and indeed all his friends, regretted his imprudence, and cautioned him against being out in the evening—'take care of yourself, for dirking is the fashion.' This state of irritation in a free country, for the exposure of a simple fact, this 'dirking,' and 'duelling,' and 'frequent funerals,' and 'frogs innumerable,' did not quite suit the taste of our farmer, and he therefore took an early opportunity of 'bidding a willing adieu and final farewell to Charleston city, and to all its bugs, mosquitoes, negroes and alligators, and a race of people, many of whom seem not much better than they.'

Our traveller says little of Philadelphia, which he visited while the roaring of cannon, the ringing of bells, and a thousand joyous sounds were announcing 'brother Jonathan's immortal festival,' the anniversary of his independence, which fell out this year (1819) on a Sunday. He was pleased, however, with the roast-beef at Judd's hotel, which he thought equal to that of old England. The appearance, too, of the negroes gratified him; one might see, he says, that they were free and happy, in their faces and their erect statures, which had nothing negro-like in them except the colour. He found, however, that all was suspicion and mistrust among the people of Philadelphia; and his love of the place was not increased by being told that the high sheriff of the state of Delaware had been obliged to perform the duty of Jack Ketch, and hang his *own* nephew, for the murder of his *own* mother, the sheriff's sister.—p. 423.

Arrived at Baltimore, Mr. Faux again found himself in negro-land, surrounded by all the comforts of slavery; all was homage and black attention; he was now quite satisfied of the truth of what an honest quaker told him, that, if blindfold, one might tell when entering a slave state.—'I can smell them,' says he, 'the  
moral

moral air is putrid.' 'In Philadelphia I seemed a man, but here a god for negroes to worship.' Having no relish for such adoration, he decamped as speedily as possible in 'Uncle Sam's Mail' (a cant term for the president, we suppose) for 'Washington city, that is to be.' 'Bad land during the whole long journey—all seems exhausted, worn out, rusty, and hung up to dry, or rather to bake, in the sun.'

Every thing is Roman or Grecian at Washington; 'the streets a mile or two in length, with houses a quarter of a mile apart. Little as Philadelphia had proved to his liking, the capital pleased him still less: he found, he says, every thing mean, both morally and physically; 'all the bogs and swamps in and round the city are full of melody, from the big bellowing bull frog, down to the little singing mosquito; while rotten carcasses and other nuisances perfume the warm southern breezes.' A common hot day at Washington is thus described.

'The wind southerly, like the breath of an oven; the thermometer vacillating between 90 and 100; the sky blue and cloudless; the sun shedding a blazing light; the face of the land, and every thing upon it, save trees, withered, dusty, baked, and continually heated, insomuch that water would almost hiss on it; the atmosphere swarming with noxious insects, flies, bugs, mosquitoes, and grasshoppers, and withal so drying, that all animal and vegetable life is exposed to a continual process of exhaustion. The breezes, if any, are perfumed by nuisances of all sorts, emptied into the streets, rotting carcasses, and the exhalations of dismal swamps, made vocal and alive with toads, lizards, and bellowing bull-frogs. Few people are stirring, except negroes; all faces, save those of blacks, pale, languid, and lengthened with lassitude, expressive of any thing but ease and happiness. Now and then an emigrant or two fall dead at the cold spring, or fountain; others are lying on the floor, flat on their backs; all, whether idle or employed, are comfortless, being in an everlasting steam-bath, and feeling offensive to themselves and others. At table, pleased with nothing, because both vegetable and animal food is generally withered, toughened, and tainted; the beverage, tea or coffee, contains dead flies; the beds and bedrooms, at night, present a smothering unaltered warmth, the walls being thoroughly heated, and being withinside like the outside of an oven in continual use. Hard is the lot of him who bears the heat and burthen of this day, and pitiable the fate of the poor emigrant sighing in vain for comforts, cool breezes, wholesome diet, and the old friends of his native land. At midnight, the lightning-bugs and bull-frogs become luminous and melodious. The flies seem an Egyptian plague, and get mortised into the oily butter, which holds them like bird-lime.'—pp. 438, 439.

He was told that 'dirking' was as common here as at Charleston, and that 'gouging still flourished.' He had a specimen too of their roguery, having lent a person of the name of Jones 150 dollars

dollars which he denied having ever had; and when sued for it, defeated the farmer, because the debt did not appear in his (said Jones's) ledger. By way of consolation, he was told that a 'propensity to cheat and deceive pervades all classes, from the lowest mechanic up to nearly the first officer of government;' that 'knavery damns the north, and slavery the south.' Here, too, at the very fountain head of this free and humane government, 'white men sell their own yellow children in the way of business,' and free blacks of course follow the example. Indeed, money-getting appears to be the life and soul of Washington; 'those families who keep chariots send them daily for hire as hackney coaches, either to whites or blacks.'

Our farmer had a contrast of what he calls, 'two natural characters,' exemplified in an old Scotchman, and an 'elegant and mighty fine' American lady. The former had bought some cloth which, on measuring at home, was found to contain several yards more than he had bargained and paid for; he brought it back to the tradesman. 'What!' exclaims the lady, 'bring it back because it is over measure? well, I guess, I would not have done so!' In hearing and seeing such things, our honest English farmer can scarcely believe his eyes or his ears, and finds himself reluctantly compelled to give up certain notions which he had previously entertained respecting the character of the 'gallant and high-minded people who inhabit the capital of America.' Nor were the reports he received of their character furnished only by disappointed emigrants. Doctor Thornton, of the Post Office, observed to him that 'this city, like that of ancient Rome, was peopled with thieves and assassins; and that during his residence in it, he had found more villains than he had seen in any other part of the world.'

Washington holds out no encouragement for emigrants. 'I called,' says the farmer, 'on my townfolk Jack Belcare and his wife; both are disappointed. Jack left a comfortable home and dairy behind him, and now works bare-headed on the road, cursing the hot climate.' (p. 112.) Friend John Steed, from Wjsbeach, was 'grievously disappointed; nearly broken in spirit and pocket, he finds charity cold and friends few or none.' Several stone-masons, willing and able to work, were unable to get employment at half a dollar a day, and to find themselves. 'English labourers and first-rate mechanics are seen working at the capital for the low price of half-a-dollar a day.' Very few English farmers succeed; the best of them scarcely hope for more than a bare subsistence, consisting chiefly of bacon and Indian corn, and villainous whiskey, without any of the little comforts they were accustomed to in England. 'The states of New York and Pennsylvania are best

for an English farmer of any condition ; but,' it is added, ' if he can by any honest means make both ends meet, he ought to stay at home.' Mr. Elliott, a most respectable man, an astronomer and philosopher, was of the same opinion. ' The soil here,' he says, ' is unfit for man, and for an Englishman particularly ; both barbarize and degenerate. The labouring poor here are far behind, and more miserable than the poor old peasantry of England.' A Doctor Dawes, who quitted his diploma for the plough, giving up a practice of £400 or £500 a year at Wisbeach in England, considers every body as unprincipled and having an eye on his money, which was nearly all gone : the doctor and his lady were sighing for their native land, but were ashamed of returning, ' seeming,' says the farmer, ' to stay here only to find fault with every thing.' His host gave him the following sketch, somewhat different from that of the Washington librarian.

' Fools must not come, for Americans are nationally cold, jealous, suspicious, and knavish, have little or no sense of honour, believing every man a rogue, until they see the contrary ; thinking imposition and extortion fair business, and all men fair game ; kind, obliging conduct is lost upon them. A bold, saucy, independent manner towards them is necessary. They love nobody but themselves, and seem incapable of due respect for the feelings of others. They have nothing original ; all that is good or new is done by foreigners, and by the British, and yet they boast eternally.'—p. 102.

In short all the emigrants, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, whether doing well or doing ill—all agreed that America was not the country for them, and that they looked forward to the time when they should be able to return. One exception, however, there was in the person of ' the Right Honourable T. Law,' (for our traveller is very tenacious of the dignity of his acquaintance,) brother of the late Lord Ellenborough. This gentleman accumulated (it is not said by what means) an immense fortune in India, where, by his own account, he was a most important personage. ' Why, Sir, I once, with Lord Cornwallis, governed India.'—*Ego et Rex meus!*—' I returned and saw my acquaintance sliding into commerce, brewers, manufacturers, and merchants, to be cheated.' To avoid being cheated himself he fled across the Atlantic. The reason, however, he gave to our farmer for going to America was, that he ' never knew how to say " my Lord," to any man.'—By how slender a thread is the happiness of some men suspended ! —but we will let our farmer into a bit of a secret—this Indian Bahadur could not succeed in getting men to say ' My Lord,' to him ! Then ' he was afraid that his friends and family would be ruined by the funds and become beggars'—' a situation,'

situation,' he says, 'from which I fled'—kind and cautious! Now let us see how this gentleman has improved his condition and his property in America. In the first place, Mr. Faux says, he has lost, by speculation in lands, two-thirds of the half-million sterling which he is stated to have carried over with him. Soon after his arrival, he married the niece of General Washington, and settled on her, at her uncle's urgent request, *in case they parted*, 15,000 dollars a year. Accordingly, as was obviously anticipated, at least on the part of the lady and her friends, she eloped, during his absence, with a young officer in the army. These were ominous speculations to begin with, and almost as mortifying, one would think, as to be obliged to say 'My Lord,' in England. But Mr. Law (like another profound speculator, with whom we shall presently fall in) is a philosopher, and bears, with the utmost fortitude, being *cheated* in America, talking, with the greatest composure, of 'having carried away from England one hundred thousand guineas in gold, and not being able to raise by any means one thousand in America.'

There is something exquisitely ridiculous in the pompous dictatorial style, with which this great personage delivers himself. It appears, however, to have captivated our simple farmer, who listens with such a curious mixture of credulity and terror, that unless the reader can call to mind the scene between Sancho and the Brazen-head of Barcelona—though we wrong the Brazen-head by the comparison—we despair of doing justice to the picture.

"What, Mr. Law, is likely to remedy the diseases of England?" "Sir! England is over-peopled. It is not wholly the fault of the government. A *famine* will be the remedy." "Could not the surplus population be translated to the colonies?" "No, Sir, a famine is the *only* remedy." "But, Sir, is not a famine calculated to plunge the country into a dreadful political convulsion and revolution?" "It is Sir; but the government is not blameable."—"Do you, Sir, think that *no remedy* but famine remains for England?" "No, Sir, no other. But, Sir, such *confusion, and horror, and calamity* will characterize the catastrophe as the world has not seen." "Do you think it will exceed the French revolution? Will the people of England be more *bloody* and heartless in such a struggle than the French?" "The desperation, Sir, of their situation *will make them so*. Consider, Sir, the rage, anguish, and collision, of so many *starving* millions screwed up into a space not larger than our state of Virginia."—p. 447.

It might be thought that our traveller had, by this time, *supp'd full of horrors*; but his host pursues him to 'his bed room,' where he indulges him with two hours' more conversation on the thrilling subject, the state of England, which he assures him, for the twentieth time, *must fall* in a few years. 'With such a debt,

air, and so many drones, and all the world rivalling and excluding her manufactures, it is impossible that she can long exist. *A famine* must certainly sweep away superfluous millions.'—p. 455. The farmer, we may be sure, slept not a wink that night.

To give his trembling victim a short respite, Mr. Law descends to lighter matters; and we are pleased to find that, in ethics, he fully agrees with the 'energetic' captain of the *Ruthy*, that, it is more convenient to steal than to buy. 'I knew Paley well, sir; he was a good man, but his *philosophy* is false. Utility is made its basis; but impulse and feeling furnish the best *moral* guides.' But, Mr. Law, is not his philosophy in accordance with *Christianity*? 'Perhaps it is.' Our poor friend, though bewildered and alarmed at this syllogistic proof of the *falsity* of *Christianity*, is unwilling to give it up; and, pursuing his questions, ventures to ask, if 'Sir William Jones was not a Christian.' 'Why, sir, Lord Teignmouth has endeavoured to make him appear so; but he was a *free-thinker*, and unusually vain.' We say nothing as to his vanity; but as to his being a free-thinker, or, in other words, an atheist, his whole life and writings give the lie to the assertion, which is wholly gratuitous on the part of Mr. Law—himself an avowed free-thinker, who affirms 'all churches to be evils, and all religion a matter of opinion.'—p. 459.

In a subsequent tête-à-tête, on finding our farmer had come to America, as the Negro said, 'to take walk and make book,' Mr. Law kindly condescended to write a few paragraphs for him, and also to instruct him how England 'must fall in a few years,' and how the *famine*, which is to 'sweep away superfluous millions,' is to be brought about.

'It will be brought about, first, by a scarce year, and secondly, by the want of specie to pay for foreign grain; for specie only will do, when manufactures shall not be wanted in exchange for grain. Then the British people, instead of lying down and dying willingly like the Hindoos, a scene which I witnessed, (we wish he had added, "*and relieved*,") will rise with an irresistible fury, sweeping all authorities before them. The convulsion will not last long, but it will be *horrid*." "After such a storm will they dispense with monarchy, &c.?" "No, sir, I think not. King, lords, and commons, seem acceptable to the people. The *church* and the debt only will be annihilated. My friends and others in the funds see that this catastrophe is coming. They are therefore unhappy. I see they are eaten up by anxiety; I am happier than any of them."—p. 455.

And who is the deity that *shakes the breast* of this good old Pythian, on his crazy tripod?—The infallible Cobbett. There is not a word in this insane drivelling which is not taken from his  
'American

'American Register';\*—to the study of which Mr. Law appears to have devoted himself, with an eagerness of belief that does equal credit to his head and his heart.

The reader, who has observed the overweening opinion which this oracular gentleman entertains of himself, will not dislike, perhaps, to have a few specimens of his practical knowledge, as displayed in the management of his own affairs. He withdrew, as we have said, to America with half a million sterling in his pocket, gained, as he says, in India, where he daily saw the Hindoos dying of hunger by millions, as he long since prophesied the English would do. Now mark the result. He has a farm, Mr. Faux says, of about 250 acres, so stony and unfruitful that its cultivation is a serious expense, with a garden and orchard, of a few acres, equally poor: the stock does not disgrace the farm. The steward (whose daughter, 'a little naked, dirty-legged, bare-footed girl,' acts as house-maid) showed him a cow and bull from England; 'they dislike,' he said, 'this climate: the cow gives but little milk, and pines for the sweet green pasture of her native land.' The house is something between an American farm-house and a mansion. 'The road up to it is planted with dying shrubs: it is rough, stony, and difficult, and the entrance gate (where *might* stand a lodge) is meaner than a hog-pen gate!' And here we have what Mr. Faux is taught to call 'the seat and plantation of the Right Honourable Thomas Law.'—p. 433.

Hudibras, in the stocks, never exhibited more complacency in his misfortunes than this gentleman. But there is some difference in their topics of consolation: the Knight

'Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers;'

the Honourable gentleman comforts himself with dreams of his own infallibility: baffled and duped, as he has been in every transaction, he still believes that 'he is the only one, and that wisdom will die with him.' 'It is true,' he says, 'I have been unsuccessful in my speculations here, but *my wants are few*.† I was advised to invest my money in and about this city (Washington), which every one then deemed a good speculation—and it would have been so, but for the *stupidity* and *blundering ignorance* of this government.' 'You have not, I suppose, at any time, formed a part of this government? No, sir, I would see them at the devil

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\* Should the reader wish to verify the truth of this assertion, we refer him (as Cobbett's 'American Register' is not easily met with in this country) to that most amusing of all compilations, 'The Book of Wonders.'

† This is an expression which Mr. Law is very fond of repeating. 'I live plain; but *my wants are few*.' We should somewhat ruffle his philosophy, perhaps, if we inquired why, with those few wants, he thought it necessary, in the first place, to amass fifty lacs of rupees, and, in the second, to speculate on raising them to as many more!



first.' Fie, Mr. Law! 'You saw my farm and garden, Mr. Faux. They are poor, but I will improve the gravelly hills by carting earth on them from the valleys. When I began farming, I did not know wheat from rye—but I *well know* what are the benefits of farming.' My garden *will* produce me 2000 celery plants for market; what I send pays the expense of the gardener, and puts 100 dollars a-year into my pocket—my farm, at present, does not support my establishment, but it *will*.—p. 452. Voltaire tells of a French marquis, who, by his ingenuity in speculating, contrived to get rid of his paternal estate. He was met in Paris, by an old acquaintance, clothed in rags, with a couple of buckets on his shoulders, and crying water for sale! His friend condoled with him on his shabby appearance, and expressed his regret at finding him thus ruined. 'How ruined?' cried the marquis. 'Have I not still *trente mille livres de rente* of water in the Seine? only I have nobody but myself to carry it about.' And here we have the sagacious Mr. Law, the Tusser of the new world, after the waste of countless thousands and tens of thousands, in speculating on lands, proposing to enrich himself by covering a few acres of rock with soil from the valleys, and increasing the size of his celery beds!

But it is not only his own fortune that Mr. Law is about to restore; he has a plan for rescuing America from all her difficulties, and raising her to the highest pitch of prosperity. 'If,' said he to Mr. Faux, 'this government would, and he *believed they would*, adopt my financial system, the people then would soon flourish again, and every wild spot become a garden.'—p. 480. 'Mr. Crawford, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, *although he has recommended a contrary* measure, is exactly of my opinion. We are both as much alike on this subject as pea to pea!'

This speaks volumes: we see here how this poor victim of self-conceit has been cajoled out of his Indian treasures; and we see, too, that he is not yet so far reduced as to make it no longer worth while to flatter and befool him.

This taste for speculation has descended to the son, 'the Honourable John Law:—more prudent than the father, however, he speculates on the money of other people, and these, we may be sure, are Englishmen. He told our traveller that he expected to receive £80,000 from Sir William T. for the purchase of land in the west, which is to *increase in value greatly in twenty years*. 'And for the same purpose he also wishes to get £150,000 from English capitalists, who do not mean to emigrate, but who only wish to invest money in western land.' Nothing can be more reasonable; and *this wiser son of a wise father*, whose moderation is quite equal to his other qualities, is content, Mr. Faux says, 'to receive only one quarter of the cash for his own trouble, that

that is *only* about £37,000, or £40,000, out of the £150,000.—p. 391.

We are getting desperately weary of this family of the Wrong-heads; but we have yet a word to add. On one occasion the father expresses a slight yearning for a visit to England: we beseech him not to think of it for a moment. It would vex us to the heart, to hear of his being devoured at the first port he put into. True it is, that the honourable gentleman is not very *palatable*, being, as our farmer says, (p. 434.) ‘*lean, and withered, and rustic;*’ but in the ‘horrible famine,’ which, as he knows, is ‘desolating’ this unhappy country, he must be aware that *taste* is the last thing to be consulted.

Mr. Faux, being brought up in serious habits, seldom failed to attend, wherever he was, at some place or other of religious worship; he appears, however, to entertain a very humble opinion both of the preaching and practice of *all* the numerous sects in this land of ‘liberal institutions.’ Some of them he found cold, others fanatic, and the more dignified, time-serving. One man, he says, ‘stripped at it, taking off his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, unbuttoning his shirt collar, and wildly throwing about his arms: he made the maddest gesticulations, for the space of two hours, ever seen in a man professing sanity.’ Our farmer heard Dr. Rice preach before the senate, and complains that he was so taken up with complimenting his auditory, that ‘he deemed it unnecessary to mention sin and human depravity.’ He also heard the ‘learned’ and ‘eloquent’ Mr. Everett preach before the president. ‘His discourse was full of high praise of this land (America), which,’ he said, was ‘the only resting-place for liberty, who, when driven hence, must ascend in her pure white robes to heaven.’ He then declaimed very warmly against kings, lords, and priests (why priests?) and what he called the toleration of man and his rights. ‘In England,’ said he, ‘they tolerate liberty; and what is liberty there? a shadow! But here, a substance! There her existence is only nominal. She is mocked by her very name.’ The members of both houses, it seems, were so delighted that they very cordially shook the preacher by the hand. What indeed could be more agreeable to the hearers, or more consistent in the preacher, than to vaunt of the exclusive residence of ‘pure, white-robed liberty,’ in the very focus of black slavery, and in the midst of filthy and ragged licentiousness;—in that very town, which swarms with inhabitants like those mentioned in the following extract, who were probably among his hearers?

‘Colonel Taylor has a black uncle, a SLAVE, for his body guard, and most owners are related to their black cattle. A gentleman of Washington, too kind-hearted to whip his house negroes himself, leaves it to

his wife, a fashionable, beautiful female, holding and going to levees, yet able to cow-hide her negroes, whose screams, under the lash, scare Mfs. Little and family. A cow-hide is no uncommon appendage of ladies here!—p. 387.

How admirable a comment does this pure, white-robed, levee-going, cow-hiding lady afford on the sermon of Mr. Everett! We looked for better things from this gentleman. But his countrymen, as the farmer frequently reminds us, 'are proverbially fond of *unmixed praise*;' and it detracts nothing from the youthful preacher's sagacity, to have discovered that they will swallow it more glibly if seasoned with irrelevant abuse of England.

'Something in the nature of a sinecure is held,' our traveller tells us, 'by Joseph Paulding, of Washington. The holder of the situation is enjoined to write a defence of the American character and government, and at the same time to vilify the British.'—p. 397. We must take this on the authority of Mr. Faux: if it be as he says, we can only add, that Mr. Paulding may conscientiously do his duty by deputy. Few American publications reach us that do not trench on his office. Even while we are writing this, the 'New York Guide' of the present season is brought us, and as a proof of what we have been saying, we copy from it the following passage:—

'During the late contest, such was the *terror* with which the "invincible navy of England" was seized, by merely *hearing* of the erection of these works, (a battery to defend the entrance of the Hudson,) that they did not dare, even with their first-rate line of battle ships, to approach within *sight* of the outermost of them.'—p. 212.

We smile at the ludicrous pomp of our 'Margate' and other local 'Guides;' but we should turn from them with shame and scorn if, amidst an inflated description of streets and harbours, we discovered a wanton and calumnious attack on the courage or conduct of the American navy.

We now return with our traveller to New York—whither, he says, 'the scum of all the earth is drifted.' It is, in fact, the port to which most emigrants proceed, and consequently it is not surprising that so much 'scum' should remain floating on the surface; or that eleven thousand persons should be found there, 'in a state of unemployed pauperism, while in one prison only were 600 thieves and incendiaries, the natural fruits of increasing poverty.' The inducements to emigrate and the facilities of living are neither so great, nor so many, as Mr. Faux would gladly have found them at this large commercial sea-port and the adjoining country. 'Those,' says he, 'who have lived here eighteen or twenty years, on their own estates, have only just lived, saved nothing, and been always their own servants;' among others, he  
mentions

mentions a Mr. Wheeler, who, though he has three servants, is obliged to clean his own shoes, because they would feel disgraced by the act. After visiting all the principal towns, and the best parts of the several states on this side the Alleghany mountains, the farmer arrives at this conclusion, that, 'a visit to America will increase an Englishman's love for his own country, whether he can or cannot live in it. If he cannot, he comes here, cursing the cause, hating the change, and hoping to return on some fair future day, which fate may yet have in store for him.'

Far different were the notions with which, like many other unhappy beings, he left his home. He thought the American constitution to be what the Congressional Librarian told him it was—'a phenomenon in politics, an unprecedented and perfect example of representative democracy.' He believed, *good easy man*, full surely, that 'every man here is a *segment* of the government;' and so he is—a 'wart' on the side of 'Ossa.'—He soon discovered, however, that these pure and perfect examples of representative democracy are 'sometimes known to vote from three to six times at one and the same election.' (p. 181.) To add to his astonishment, he was told that there was in this 'home of the free'—'a miserable petty feeling of aristocracy,' (p. 469.) and that 'aristocrats are breeding fast in America.'—'No men in the world,' said Mr. Elliott to him, 'are more aristocratical than the heads of departments; they spurn, and cannot even speak to common men, unless it be to purchase popularity cheaply.' All this was confirmed to him by his right honourable friend. 'Is there, Mr. Law, no aristocratical feeling in this country?' 'Yes, sir, amongst the black population.' 'You mean, sir, amongst the masters of blacks?' 'Yes, sir.' These 'masters of blacks,' by the way, form very large 'segments' of the body politic; as, by the American constitution, negroes are of considerable weight in the scale, and tell, according to their numbers, in sending representatives to Congress. True it is, that, inclining somewhat to the monkey *genus*, as the philosopher Jefferson, who possessed droves of them, satisfactorily demonstrated, they have no vote, their masters only possessing that right, which is fair enough, as property ought to be represented:—but hogs are property likewise, and we see no reason why these four-footed animals should not have their due share of weight with the two-legged 'black cattle,' at least according to their proportionate value.\*

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\* In the United States' Constitution—it is provided, that 'representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the number of *free persons*, three-fifths of all *other persons*'—that is, if a state contain five thousand *freemen* and about forty thousand *slaves*, it sends a representative to Congress. To have thus delicately avoided all mention of *slavery* in this *free* constitution, certainly required some little 'genius.'

We must now accompany Mr. Faux, not a little gratified by being 'seated, in *Uncle Sam's Western Mail*, with high sheriffs, a gentlemanly colonel, and other personages, all very sociable,' into that paradise of prairies, the Illinois territory. They crossed the Alleghanies without any serious accident, though our farmer, fresh from the flats and fens, found every thing 'wild, awfully precipitous, and darkly umbrageous, high as the heavens, or low as perdition.' A battle had nearly ensued in consequence of the gentlemen refusing to take a Mr. Morgan and his six negroes into the stage—'What! ride with negroes!' It was at length settled that the party who refused to be contaminated, should be provided with a separate vehicle. At Wheeling, he found a Mr. Edney, from the Isle of Wight, sighing after Newport. 'All the neighbourhood know,' says the farmer, 'that my green and liberal friend has English money, and all conspire against it.' 'He had lost all his horses, cows, dogs, and men and maids, brought over as hired servants. The animals were stolen, or they strayed away and died, while his servants took his wages, snuffed up free air, and fled.'

At Zainsville, a town eighteen years old, with 3000 inhabitants, Judge Wilson 'guessed' our farmer to be an Irishman, and was surprized to hear him speak such good English.

'I roamed into the supreme court, where I saw my new friend, the supreme judge, Wilson, on the bench, in the midst of three rustic, dirty-looking associate judges, all robeless, and dressed in coarse drab, domestic, homespun coats, dark silk handkerchiefs round their necks, and otherwise not superior in outward appearance to our low fen-farmers in England. Thus they sat, presiding with ease and ability over a bar of plain talkative lawyers, all robeless, very funny and conversational in their speeches, manners, and conduct; dressed in plain box-coats, and sitting with their feet and knees higher than their noses, and pointing obliquely to the bench of judges; thus making their speeches, and examining and cross-examining evidence at a plain long table, with a brown earthen jug of cold water before them, for occasionally wetting their whistles, and washing their quid-stained lips: all, judges, jury, counsel, witnesses, and prisoners, seemed free, easy, and happy. The supreme judge is only distinguished from the rest by a shabby blue threadbare coat, dirty trowsers, and unblackened shoes. Thus sat all their lordships, freely and frequently chewing tobacco, and appearing as uninterested as could be. Judge Wilson is, however, a smart intelligent man, rather jocular, and, I think, kind hearted.'—pp. 174, 175.

At the next stage, Mr. Faux fell in with a Mr. Chichester, 'a polished, gay, and interesting American gentleman,' travelling in his own carriage from Kentucky or Virginia. This gentleman told him, that in the thinly settled parts of Kentucky, 'ten dollars would procure the life and blood of any man.'

'I knew'

‘ I knew’ (it is Mr. Chichester, the American, who speaks) ‘ a party of whites who last year in Kentucky roasted to death, before a large log fire, one of their friends, because he refused to drink. They did it thus:—three or four of them shoved and held him up to the fire until they themselves could stand it no longer; and he died in 20 hours after. No legal inquiry took place, nor, indeed, ever takes place amongst *Rowdies*, as the Back-woodsmen are called.”—p. 179.

These *Rowdies* are a description of *gentlemen* (for we find many military officers among them) quite new to us: they appear, however, to be nearly related to the family of Squatters, whose title-deeds are their rifles, which, it seems, they exhibit, much in the manner of Gil Blas’ old soldier, to such unprotected travellers as they may fall in with, and the validity of which few are disposed to dispute. Two of them, Colonel M’Greary and Major Hooker, drunk, and armed with rifles, fresh from the camp, attacked a Mr. Canson’s house, bawling for whiskey, threatening to force the door and kick Mrs. Canson out, and shoot her husband. The latter applied to Squire Russell, a magistrate who makes his own shoes, for a warrant, but he could not find a man who would venture to serve it. Well might the Congressional Librarian exclaim, ‘ what a condition is this, compared with that of the subjects of almost all the European nations!’ One employment, we are told, of these rowdies *gentlemen* is to ramble about stealing free negroes, under pretence of seeking runaway slaves. The poor fellows thus kidnapped are carried to New Orleans, and sold. (p. 278.) Mr. Faux has also made us acquainted with another class of citizens, equally new to us, known by the name of *Regulators*.

‘ These regulators are self-appointed ministers of justice, to punish or destroy those whom the law cannot touch, such as suspected persons, persons acquitted through false witnesses, or lack of good evidence, but whom public opinion deems guilty. Such individuals rarely benefit by a legal acquittal. Whipping, death, or banishment, is inflicted by these regulators. The law, in itself inefficient, permits or winks at such matters.’—p. 318.

‘ Lynch’s Law’ is something of the same kind. ‘ A young Yankee, of the name of Williams,’ became the object of a malicious prosecution, on suspicion of robbing a store; but circumstantial evidence only, of the worst description, being produced, he was acquitted. His prosecutors, however, sent him word, that if he did not quit the state immediately, he should receive ‘ Lynch’s Law,’—that is, a whipping in the woods.

‘ He departed with his wife and child next day on foot; but in the woods, four miles from Princeton, they were overtaken by two men, armed with guns, dogs, and a whip, who said they came to whip him, unless

unless he would confess and discover to them the stolen money, so that they might have it. He vainly expostulated with them; but, in consideration of his wife's entreaties and cries, they remitted his sentence to thirteen lashes. One man then bound him to a tree and lashed him with a cow-hide whip, while the other held and gagged him; the alarmed wife all the time shrieking murder. He was then untied, and told to depart from the state immediately, or he should receive another whipping on the morrow, as a warning and terror to all future coming Yankees.—pp. 304, 305.

Thus far, Mr. Faux. The practice is fully confirmed by an occurrence mentioned in a New York paper, of a recent date, now before us. A man of the name of Botsford was suspected of robbing the bank of which Colonel Kelly was cashier, but there was no proof to convict him. Kelly, therefore, undertook the office of 'Regulator,' enticed the man into the woods, tied him up, and whipped him most unmercifully, to extort a confession, in which, however, he failed. In return, Botsford sued Kelly for damages, in which he also failed. The brother of this man then gave out that he carried a knife, and waited only an opportunity of having his revenge. On this, the colonel, armed with a pair of pistols and a cow-hide whip, met Botsford, and began to flog him, when the latter drew his knife and stabbed him to the heart!

Who, after this, will venture to deny the Librarian's assertion, that the American 'feels that no power on earth can crush him?' Or, 'that he knows the limits of his punishment, and the character of his judges?' Of what use, we would ask, are either judges or jury, where 'Lynch's law' prevails, and regulators to enforce it?

In return for these well-meant efforts to render the judge's situation a mere sinecure, other functions are occasionally conferred upon him, calculated, we should think, rather to increase the weight than the dignity of his office. 'Squire Simpson, an old emigrant from England, had two parties brought before him when acting as a magistrate, neither of whom were satisfied with his decision; and the most choleric of the two thus addressed him. "Well! I don't see, I guess, that we can settle it fairly—so here's at you—I'll fight you, squire." The squire took him at his word, and after a fair set-to, the judge thrashed the complainant soundly.'

Our traveller tells us, what was scarcely necessary, that the land to the westward is far superior to any in the eastern states; but that the people appear to be ignorant how to treat it. The farm log-houses are 'miserable holes, having one room only, and in that one miserable room all cook, eat, sleep, breed, and die, males and females, all together!' 'General M'Carty's *scat*,' says the  
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the farmer, 'is very little bigger, and no better, than my kitchen in Somersham. The general looks dirty and butcher-like, and very unlike a soldier in appearance, seeming half-savage, and dressed as a back-woodsman.' (p. 184.)

We now find Mr. Faux at Lexington, the metropolis of '*Old Kentuck*,' (for he adopts the slang of the people wherever he is) which he thus describes:—

'Every edifice, saving the college, a beautiful building, seems filthy, neglected, and in ruins, particularly the court-house, the temple of justice, in the best square, which, with its broken windows, rotten window-frames, rotten broken doors, all ruined and spoiled for lack of paint and a nail, looks like an old abandoned bagnio, not fit to be compared with any workhouse in England. This city, it is here said, is retrograding, but in it are many comfortable abodes, and the best society of Kentucky.'—p. 191.

Here he meets with a Squire Lidiard, a rich English emigrant, who, seduced by Birkbeck's '*Letters*,' left his counting-house in London and the Royal Exchange, and his house on Blackheath, and all his connections—for what? He confessed he could not tell—except to see what American roguery was, and to live among a people 'who neither regard honesty nor punctuality'—'with whom,' says he, 'I decline all transactions, it being impossible with safety to buy or sell any thing of importance under their present paper system.' Our farmer soon experienced the truth of this, when his Pennsylvanian note of *twenty* dollars would only be taken for *five*. But hear Mr. Lidiard.

'Liberty and independence, of which you and I thought so much and so highly while on the other side of the Atlantic, sink and fade in value on a nearer view. Nobody here properly appreciates, but almost all abuse, this boasted liberty. Liberty here means to do each as he pleases; to care for nothing and nobody, and cheat everybody. If I buy an estate, and advance money before I get a title, it is ten to one but I lose it, and never get a title that is worth having. My garden cost me, this summer only, fifty dollars, and all the produce was stolen by boys and young men, who professed to think they had the liberty to do so. If you complain to their friends and superiors, the answer is, "Oh, it is only a boyish trick, not worth notice." And again, I tell the gentlemen, that if I wished to be social and get drunk with them, I dare not; for they would take the *liberty* to scratch me like a tiger, and gouge, and dirk me. I cannot part with my nose and eyes.'—p. 194.

And he gave the farmer the following illustration of those '*rights*,' and that '*security*' which we are told every American enjoys 'by the liberal institutions of his country.'

'I saw an execution lately defeated by that boasted spirit, which they call liberty, or independence. The property, under execution, was put up



up to sale, when the eldest son appeared with a huge Herculean club, and said, "Gentlemen, you may bid for and buy these bricks and things, which *were* my father's, but, by G—, no man living shall come on to this ground with horse and cart to fetch them away. The land is mine, and if the buyer takes any thing away, it shall be on his back."—p. 192.

'Illustrations' of liberty, like these, crowding fast upon one another, perplex our poor friend *in the extreme*: he falls into a train of pious reflections, of no very novel cast, it must be owned, which is thus wound up: 'we need the blessing of Heaven upon every thing, even on its blessings.' I am sometimes disposed to think that the blessings of American liberty are unblessed.'—p. 425.

Mr. Faux was informed that the price of land in these back settlements had fallen full 50 per cent. since Birkbeck made his purchase, which had induced him to forfeit his first deposit on 30,000 acres. Mr. Lidiard described the 'English province,' on which this man and the Flower family have settled, as 'all a humbug;'—'they are in the mire, and cannot get out.'—'I,' says Mr. Lidiard, 'keep *my* money in the funds;'—those funds which, according to Mr. Law, are to make beggars of his friends and family in England. As to money, in this western paradise, by Mr. Lidiard's account, and indeed by every other which we have seen, there is no such thing—'nothing,' he says, 'would command money except negroes—nothing but black flesh and blood.'—The bubble, like the Poyais prairie, appears to have burst at last; our farmer saw a fine English family from Leicestershire passing through Lexington, on their return, 'pennyless strangers in a strange land,' perfectly disgusted with Birkbeck and his settlement.

We have seen a magistrate turn out and box the culprit; we will now give a sketch of an enraged judge.

'Judge Waggoner, who is a notorious hog-stealer, was recently accused, while sitting on the bench, by Major Hooker, the hunter, gouger, whipper, and rose-biter, of stealing many hogs, and being, although a judge, the greatest rogue in the United States. This was the Major's answer to the question *Guilty, or Not Guilty?* on an indictment presented against him. The court laughed, and the judge raved, and bade Hooker go out and he would fight him. The major agreed, but said, "Judge, you shall go six miles into the woods, and the longest liver shall come back to tell his tale!" The judge would not go. The major was now, in his turn, much enraged by the judge ordering him into court to pay a fine of ten dollars for some former offence, the present indictment being suffered to drop.'—pp. 318, 319.

Something, we know not what, unless it be a want of respect for

for his new clothes, seems to have offended the farmer at Louisville. 'A traveller,' he says, 'should be prepared with plain clothes, or the dress of a mechanic, in this country; a gentlemanly appearance exciting unfriendly or curious feeling:—and without further warning, he breaks out in the following strain. 'The American, considered as an animal, is filthy, bordering on the beastly; as a man, he seems a being of superior capabilities. All his vices and imperfections seem natural; those of the semi-barbarian; he is ashamed of none of them. I am well pleased to turn my back on all the spitting, gouging, dirking, duelling, swearing and staring of old Kentucky.' (p. 203.)

He crossed the Ohio at Portland, and breakfasted at New Albion, a rising village, where, for the first time in America, he found, he says, 'sweet home-baked bread.' To cross the Ohio for what the poorest hamlet in his own country would abundantly supply, is not turning time and money to the best account—but our farmer jogs on, in as many *humours* as Harry Bolingbroke, dining where he can, and sleeping in log-houses, though somewhat less luxuriously than at cousin Rugeley's, 'having a strange Yankee for a bed-fellow, and two Irish, and one poor sick American at his feet.' p. 208.

The farmer has little good to say of Vincennes, his next stage. His course of education seems to have given him a respect for the Sabbath, which is here violated in the most wanton and profligate manner; he quits it therefore on the second morning for Princeton: his road, he says, lay over 'an extensive, sandy, black, burning prairie, the sun looking more like the moon, and as if turned into blood:—in short, nothing whatever seems to have pleased him.

'Saving two comfortable plantations, with neat log houses and flourishing orchards, just planted, and which sprout and grow like osiers in England, I saw nothing between Vincennes and Princeton, a ride of forty miles, but miserable log holes, and a mean ville of eight or ten huts, or cabins, sad neglected farms, and indolent, dirty, sickly, wild looking inhabitants. Soap is no where seen or found in any of the taverns east or west. Hence dirty hands, heads, and faces everywhere. Here is nothing clean but wild beasts and birds, nothing industrious generally except pigs, which are so of necessity. Work or starve is the order of the day with them. Nothing happy but squirrels; their life seems all play, and that of the hogs all work. I reached Princeton at sun-set.'—p. 221.

Here he met with a Mr. Phillips, from Somersetshire, who was anxiously looking for a customer, to whom he could sell his *improvements*, and then return to England.

'Mr. Phillips and his wife both looked very shabby, wild, and dirty. He apologized to me for his dishabille, and said, "Sir, if a stranger like

like you had found me in this plight in England, and I could have seen you coming up to my door, I should have hid myself. Here, however, no shame is felt, but pleasure, at a visit from one of my countrymen, whom I shall be happy to meet again." He keeps an housemaid only, his wife doing nearly all the drudgery herself, although in England a lady unaccustomed to soil her hands, or let her feet stray from the parlour carpet.—p. 223.

Mr. Phillips hated the prairies, (and not without reason,) and so did our farmer most cordially, for the multitude of annoyances he every where met with; among others, the *Indian Summer*, which had nearly smoked him to death, and which he thus describes:

'The season, called ~~the~~ *Indian summer*, which here commences in October by a dark blue hazy atmosphere, is caused by millions of acres, for thousands of miles round, being in a wide spreading, flaming, blazing, smoking fire, rising up through wood and prairie, hill and dale, to the tops of low shrubs and high trees, which are kindled by the coarse, thick, long prairie grass, and dying leaves, at every point of the compass, and far beyond the foot of civilization, darkening the air, heavens and earth, over the whole extent of the northern and part of the southern continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in neighbourhoods contiguous to the all-devouring conflagration, filling the whole horizon with yellow, palpable, tangible smoke, ashes, and vapour, which affect the eyes of man and beast, and obscure the sun, moon, and stars, for many days, or until the winter rains descend to quench the fire and purge the thick ropy air, which is seen, tasted, handled and felt.

'So much for an Indian summer, which partakes of the vulgar idea of the infernal. Why called Indian? Because these fires seem to have originated with the native tribes, and are now perpetuated by the White Hunters, who by these means start, disturb, and pen up the game, and destroy the dens of both man and beast, and all this with impunity.'—pp. 232, 233.

The 6th November is marked in our traveller's Journal with a *whiter stone*. He left Princeton in the morning, and after riding all day through thick smoke and fire, which sometimes met in arches across the road, and compelled him and his guide to wait awhile or turn aside, reached, in the evening, the welcome abode of Mr. and Mrs. John Ingle, who with their six children rushed out to embrace their old friend, school-fellow and neighbour, and great was the joy of the meeting.

Our author gives a graphical description of his friend's log-house, and as it is *one of the best* which he saw, we shall lay it before the reader.

'It is fifteen feet square, has one large room, and a chamber over it, to which you climb by a ladder. It has, at present, no windows; but when the doors are shut, the crevices between the logs admit light and air enough above and below. Two beds in the room below, and one above, lodge us in the following manner: myself and Mr. Ingle in one bed;

bed; in the second, by our side, sleep six fine but dirty children; and in the chamber, Mrs. Ingle and a valuable English maid:—all, be it observed, covered with ‘an incurable eruption ten times worse than the itch.’—‘Thus, on my account, husband and wife are divided. It is not unusual for a male and female to sleep in the same room upcurtained, holding conversation while in bed. In a yard adjoining the house are three sows and pigs half starved, and several cows, calves, and horses, very poor, having no grass, no pasture, but with bells about their necks, eternally ringing. Shame, or rather what is called false shame, or delicacy, does not exist here. Males dress and undress before the females, and nothing is thought of it. Here is no servant. The maid is equal to the master. No boy, or man servant. No water, but at half a mile distant. Mr. Ingle does all the jobs, and more than half the hewing, splitting, and ploughing. He is all economy, all dirty-handed industry. No wood is cut in readiness for morning fires. He and the axe procure it, and provender for the poor hungry cattle, pigs, and horses. His time is continually occupied, and the young boys just breeched are made useful in every possible way.’—pp. 235, 236.

Mrs. Ingle, a delicate bred lady, was obliged to turn out and remain in the woods and swamps half the night, to prevent the wide spreading fires from consuming their corn and log-cabin. She acknowledged that ‘love of country, former friends and comforts, from which they tore themselves, was frequently a source of painful thought.’

The following is well worth the serious attention of the English farmer, who in evil hour has meditated a flight to this ‘Paradise of Fools.’

‘Retrograding and barbarizing is an easy process.’—Alas! alas! this is all poor Mr. and Mrs. Ingle have been doing.—‘Far from the laws and restraints of society, and having no servants to do that for us which was once daily done, we become too idle in time to do any thing but that which nature and necessity require; pride and all stimuli forsake us, for we find ourselves surrounded only by men of similar manners; hence the face is seldom shaved or washed, or the linen changed except on washing days. The shoes are cleaned, perhaps, never; for if, indeed, a servant from England is kept, he, or she, is on a happy equality, rising up last and lying down first, and eating freely at the same time and table. None here permit themselves to have a master but negroes.

‘A voyage in the stinking steerage of a ship, and then a journey over the mountains in waggons, sometimes camping out all night, or sleeping like pigs, as did Mrs. Ingle and six children and maid, on the dirty floor of a bar-room, amongst blackguards, and then floating in a little stinking ark, full of unclean things, will prepare the mind and body for barbarizing in a little log hole, like that in which I dined yesterday, belonging to Mr. Ferrel, who, with his family, some adults, male and female, in all ten souls, sleep in one room, fifteen feet by ten, only half floored, and in three beds standing on a dirt floor. The table, or thing

so-called, is formed by two blocks and a broad board laid on them, and covered with a cloth, and seats or forms, in like manner, on each side of the table, which is only knee high. Proper chairs and tables they have none. When it rains, boards are laid over the chimney top, (which I can reach with my hand) to prevent the rain putting the fires out. This good-natured man has thus settled and removed eight times from one degree of barbarism to another. The victuals are served up in a hand-bason; and thus one room serves for parlour, kitchen, hall, bedroom and pantry.'—pp. 241, 242.

But, as Mr. Hornbrook, another disappointed settler from Devonshire, observed, 'after a long voyage and journey, we are glad to get into any hole, although we knew that, in England, we should think them not good enough for stables.' Another poor Devonshire farmer made his appearance, in search of some spot to place his unfortunate family. 'I asked him,' says the farmer, 'if he repented leaving England. I do,' said he, 'a good deal, and so does my poor wife; and then he burst into tears.' (p. 206.)

At length our farmer reaches the end of his destination and of his hopes—the English prairie:—his hopes indeed had been pretty well damped in the course of his journey, both from what he had seen and what he every where heard. His first view was discouraging enough; it presented 'a wide, rusty, black prospect'—he 'saw no cornfields;' 'nothing done'—'rode into Albion—supped and went to bed in a hog-stye of a room, containing four filthy beds, and eight mean persons: the sheets stinking and dirty; three in one bed, all filth, no comfort, and yet this is an English tavern; no whiskey, no milk, and vile tea, in this land of prairies.' (p. 268.)

'Albion,' of which we have heard so much lately, 'contains one house and ten or twelve log-cabins with stinking puddles before every door, crowded with degenerate English mechanics, too idle to work, and above every thing but eating, drinking, brawling and fighting.' Our farmer of course visited Flower and Birkbeck, and was civilly treated by both. These dear friends however dwelt at opposite sides of the prairie, and were not on speaking terms; indeed one of the Flowers observed to Mr. Faux that he avoided seeing Birkbeck, 'because, if I come near,' said he, 'I must lay violent hands on him, I must knock him down.' A young lady, it seems, was, as usual, the *causa teterrima belli*. Birkbeck had intended her for himself, but Flower got the start of him; and Birkbeck's plea of quarrel is, the immorality of Flower, in marrying a second wife while his first was still living in England: so that this hater of priestcraft and kingcraft, this Unitarian in religion, is a bigamist in morality, and—a latitudinarian in every thing. As we hear nothing of the Reverend Morris Birkbeck's preaching, we suppose he has laid aside his canonicals.

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The Flowers, by this account, have done something, and are in possession of a flock of 500 Merino sheep; how the rank prairie grass has agreed with them, will probably have been experienced long before this time. Mr. Flower, sen. however, was disappointed, and his advice was, 'Tell your countrymen to stay at home, by all means, if they can keep their comforts.' Birkbeck had done nothing whatever on his side of the prairie, choosing rather to purchase his food from Harmony. He did not come there to farm, he says, he had farming enough in England for thirty years;—he is, in fact, what we long ago said he was, a mere land-jobber; he has, however, deceived himself, as well as others, and made but a sorry job of it. Indeed Friend Morris appears to have less worldly wisdom than we were willing to give him credit for. He held out no temptations to allure purchasers except in his 'Letters.' In consequence of these, indeed, emigrants in abundance flocked to the prairie, but on arriving there, they found neither shelter nor bed; 'and not having food sufficient for himself, there was little or none for strangers, and no person to show the land, nor did he know himself where it lay.' (p. 251.) The consequence was, that all were disgusted; some returned with hearty curses on Morris Birkbeck and his prairie; and others, more desperate, continued their course westerly as far as the Missouri, which has now become the favourite haunt (as being the farthest from all control) of rowdies and regulators.

A few farms in the neighbourhood of the Illinois prairie were partially cultivated. Among other settlers visited by our farmer were 'Orator Hunt's' son and his deaf and dumb brother, who had jointly about six acres under the plough; they were living 'in a miserable one-roomed log-cabin, without servant, male or female, half-naked and in rags, carrying their whole wardrobe on their backs: in their dog-hole were neither chairs, stools nor tables; they had no money, and their land was uncultivated, unsown, and selling *for the payment of taxes*!' (p. 274.) Avast reading there! Overhaul that article again! as old Trunnion says. *Taxes*, did you say? *taxes* in this last retreat of suffering humanity! and the land selling to pay them! What a shock will this intelligence give to the great 'Champion of Reform,' as the farmer affectionately calls him, when he finds that he has sent his only son to America to starve; and to have his little property taken from him by that obnoxious animal, the tax-gatherer, from whom, by his paternal advice, he sought refuge where 'no power on earth can crush the citizen'!

Mr. Faux also paid a visit to two brothers of the name of Cowling, small farmers from Lincolnshire, to whom Birkbeck had sold a bargain. They were living, or, as our farmer truly has it, 'fast barbarizing,'

barbarizing,' without any female, in a most miserable log-cabin, having only one room, no furniture of any kind, save a miserable, dirty, ragged bed to serve for both, who, says the farmer, 'were more filthy, stinking, ragged and repelling than any English stroller or beggar ever seen; garments rotting off, linen unwashed, face unshaven, and unwashed for, I should think, a month.' (p. 288.) 'Here,' observed Mr. Cowling, 'a man learns philosophy and its uses'! It is much to be regretted that Mr. Cowling had not learnt a little of this philosophy before he was persuaded by Birkbeck's misrepresentations to leave England; or at least, to call things by their proper names. But, as the farmer well observes, many English families living in this wilderness, 'without bread, butter, milk, tea or coffee for months together, if deprived of any one of those articles in England (for a day), would have cursed it and all in it, as the worst country under heaven'—nay, he adds, 'some of them will even boast of having learnt to do without sugar, because it is so dear in this untaxed land, flowing with milk and honey'! (p. 311.)

We cannot doubt for a moment that a great portion of our countrymen who emigrate to these back settlements, go thither under a firm conviction of earning their livelihood without 'the sweat of their brows;' and that, generally speaking, they are the most worthless part of our population. It is impossible, otherwise, that so many of them should be found in that state of filth and degradation which is described by Mr. Faux, and indeed by all travellers who tell the truth. There is no country, in fact, within the temperate zones, where the unoccupied soil, be it almost as bad as it may, will not, by a proper degree of labour, produce sustenance of some kind or other for the support of man. The climate may be as unhealthy, the vermin as destructive, and the soil as infertile as 'the cold, wet, marshy prairies, over which hang dense, pestilent fogs and steaming heat'—on whose surface 'green grass, four feet high, conceals the stinking, stagnant, steaming water;'—yet, take the proper season, even in such unfavourable places, and Indian corn at least, or pulse, may be produced, not only to feed the family, but also to fatten pigs; and with the fat of these animals and wood-ashes, what but a rooted indolence and a total indifference to cleanliness can prevent the settlers from making as much soap as would be sufficient to keep themselves and their clothing in a state of decency, which is very far from being the case at present? To do all this, we grant, requires labour, which, it would seem, the majority of those who migrate thither, whether Europeans or Americans, expect, as we have said, to live without. Disappointed in their views, those who have the means, either return, or plunge deeper into the woods; but the rest, who must remain,

remain, sit down dissatisfied, on a dreary uncleared or undrained waste, heap together a few logs for a hovel, which, instead of screening them from the vicissitudes of the weather, lets in the wind and rain at every crevice; get out of humour, with the country, the people, and themselves; become silent and sulky; neglect their persons; "barbarize," as our farmer says, and finally turn 'philosophers,' like Mr. Cowling.

Some few, however, were met with by Mr. Faux in this wilderness, who were not exactly of this stamp; and, among others, a Mr. Bentley and his lady, from London; who, having a little property, invested it in land, and, without any previous knowledge, turned farmers, both resolutely determined to work hard in the field, from whence, says Mr. Faux, 'they return to their log-hut, cheerful, happy and healthy.'—'In London,' he adds, 'he had the gout, and *she* the blue devils; but here, milking, fetching water, and all kinds of drudgery, in doors and out, have cured *her*, and ploughing *him*.' (p. 289.) Another couple from London, two ci-devant dandies, of the name of Millor, were living at the distance of five miles from any neighbour; they were known by the name of 'the babes in the wood;' and, as our traveller was informed, had 'shifted comfortably for themselves, though they never saw a plough before.' These, and a few others who are mentioned, and who had not been unmindful of the comforts left behind them, by habits of industry and cleanliness, had secured those comforts to a certain extent, even here—subject, however, to a nuisance over which they had no control,—the insolence, the brutality, and the depredations of squatters, rowdies, dirkers, gougers and riflers—'men,' says our farmer, 'as wild as bucks and bears, systematically unprincipled, and in whom the moral sense seems to have no existence.' (p. 331.)

The very oldest settlers, however, on the western side of the Alleghanies, those of Kentucky and along the banks of the Ohio, who occupy the largest and choicest tracts of land, can do no more, with all their industry, than barely exist. As every body produces, there is no market for their surplus produce, except at New Orleans, to which place it will frequently not do more than pay freight. The river boatmen are stated to be such thieves that frequently nothing is heard more either of them or the produce; and the *snags*, *mags* and *sawyers*, are excellent sets-off in a New Orleans adventure.

The diseases that prevail in this uncultivated country, this 'steaming' land, as our farmer calls it, and the total absence of all medical (to say nothing, of all religious) advice and assistance, are alone serious drawbacks on the emigrant's prospects. But



he must lay his account to suffer many privations and many annoyances; among the latter the multitude of venomous reptiles and insects is not to be overlooked. The mosquitoes, Mr. Faux says, had nearly driven out the English settlers from the Illinois; they actually blinded several persons; and 'such is the venom of these blood-suckers, that if a man were lashed naked to a post, he must be stung to death or to madness.' The locusts frequently devour the crops, and every green thing that grows on the ground.

'In the Michigan territory, on the borders of the lakes, in July last, flies, thick as swarms of bees on a bough, covered the face of the earth, and for six days darkened the sun, moon and stars, making the air noisome and pestilential. The sides and ends of houses on which the sun shone not were blackened by them. They seemed to lose their skin daily and die by millions every minute.'—p. 154.

This state of things will unquestionably improve by time; but long ages must pass away before the population, now thinly spread over the immense vale of the Mississippi, will become sufficiently dense to render any part of it a desirable habitation for civilized beings; before markets are established; places of religious worship built; schools for the education of youth instituted; slavery abolished; laws and justice duly administered; the forests and cane-brakes cleared away; the dismal cypress-swamps drained; the rotten bottoms and rank prairies reclaimed from their stagnant and putrid water;—then, and not till then, (and much will still remain to do,) can the present race of emigrants, however sanguine, contemplate even the future happy condition of their descendants. In their days, or in their sons' sons' days, little amelioration of any kind is to be looked for.

The following passage is called by our farmer 'a picture of the condition of the American people, agricultural and otherwise.'

'Low ease; a little avoidable want, but no dread of any want; little or no industry; little or no real capital, nor any effort to create any; no struggling, no luxury, and, perhaps, nothing like satisfaction or happiness; no real relish of life; living like store pigs in a wood, or fattening pigs in a sty. All their knowledge is confined to a newspaper, which they all love, and consists in knowing their natural, and some political rights, which rights in themselves they respect individually, but often violate towards others, being cold, selfish, gloomy, inert, and with but little or no feeling.'—pp. 125, 126.

This unfavourable account of the American population, (and we have given but the smallest portion of it,) be it remembered, is not ours, but that of a man who calls America 'the land of his adored Washington, the country of his fondest prejudices

dices and predilections;’ and who evidently set out with a strong desire of finding it all that he had pictured to himself, and just the reverse of what he saw and heard, and has published. We are very much inclined to ascribe the vicious and heartless conduct of the Americans, with which every page of Mr. Faux’s book teems, to the total disregard of religion on the part of the government. This fatal mistake, in framing their constitution, has been productive of the most injurious consequences to the morals of the people; for to expect that men will cultivate virtue and morality, and neglect religion, is to know very little of human nature. The want of an established national religion has made the bulk of the people either infidels or fanatics. ‘Some,’ says one of their writers, ‘plead the sufficiency of natural religion, and reject revelation as unnecessary and fabulous; and many, we have reason to believe, have yet their religion to chuse.’ In the back settlements, here and there a frantic sectarian holds forth in a hovel or under a tree; and in the old states, no kindly associations are connected with the gloomy and heartless performance of religious worship. The village church, with its spiry steeple, its bells, its clock, the well-fenced churchyard with its ancient yew-tree, and its numerous monumental records of the dead, are here utterly unknown. Even the tomb of Washington is so totally neglected, that ‘it might be mistaken,’ Mr. Faux says, ‘for a dog-kennel, or a mound, much resembling a potatoe-grave in England, the door rotting away, and such as would disgrace an English pig-stye.’ An American apologist for this neglect admitted that, among his countrymen, the corpse was no sooner laid in the earth, than it appeared to be forgotten; and ‘that the tear of sorrow, and the hand of affection, neither bedews nor decorates the sward under which the friend, the parent or the relative reposes.’ (p. 477.)

‘It is in vain to look into the burial grounds of this country for the pensive cyprus or the melancholy willow, the virgin weeping over the urn of her departed lover, or the mother hanging over the grave of her darling child. No flower blooms bedewed with the tear of affection. All is waste and dreary, and dead as the sunken grave over which you pass; and a few stones, on which are engraved the name and age of the deceased, are all that remain to manifest the affection of the living to those who have passed away and are no more.’—p. 477.

The few emigrants whom our farmer encountered, unwilling to acknowledge their mortification and disappointments, acted evidently from a feeling of shame at their own dupery:—the women invariably sighed for their dear native land, and expressed but too plainly their feelings by their tears; no wonder, when they saw that every earthly comfort had been irremediably sacrificed, and nothing whatever gained in return, but degradation in the scale

of civilized beings—but hopeless misery. We therefore most earnestly entreat those who may cast their eye over our pages, while in a state of hesitation whether to embark their all on a speculation to the back-woods of America, and become the subjects of that government which they are told is ‘at once a monument of genius, and an edifice of strength and majesty’—before they betake themselves to this ‘retreat of suffering humanity,’ where ‘the American walks abroad in the majesty of freedom’—we entreat them to pause, and carefully to peruse the journal of Farmer Faux, who not only gives his own opinion, but also the opinions of many who, from long experience, are better qualified to judge correctly on the subject.

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ART. IV.—*Don Carlos, or Persecution; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Lord John Russell. London. 1823.

THERE are few falsehoods in history, even of those invented to vilify royalty, which have been more generally received than this of the loves of Carlos and Isabella. The simple truth is, that they were betrothed at the age of twelve; that the king’s design of marrying Isabella himself was not known till two years after, and that in two years more the marriage took place,—till which event the princess had never seen Carlos; nor does it appear they had ever known that they were designed for each other, since the betrothment was a secret article in the treaty of peace. There is no reason to believe that they fell in love after her marriage with his father; for it is universally admitted that Isabella was a lady of great dignity and virtue; Philip, instead of being old, as has been represented, was only three and thirty at the time of their marriage; and Carlos was of all persons the least likely to gain a lady’s affections. It is only recently that frenzy has been considered romantic, and his was not of that kind which fascinates our young ladies out of school hours. There is, indeed, as much evidence of fatuity as of frenzy in the numerous stories which are related of him, (a collection of which, by the way, was published in Spain shortly after his death.) To ladies his conduct seems to have been any thing but conciliating. When he met them in the streets, especially those of high rank, he insisted on kissing them, after which they were invariably assailed with epithets of the coarsest abuse; and this whether they resisted, or courteously dissembled their reluctance.

The love-affair is an episode got up in the best French taste, and forming a very delectable article in French romances and histories, (if they are distinguishable from each other,) but is entirely without countenance of contemporary Spanish historians. There is authority for saying that Carlos professed high respect for the queen,

queen, and for her only; but he was as little qualified for loving as for being loved. The manner of the prince's death is a subject which admits of more doubt. It was certainly mysterious—and therefore, in all probability, violent. The account which we are most disposed to credit is, that his physician poisoned him by the king's order: it is anonymous; but it is very detailed, and not contradicted by Cabrera, who was in favour at court, knew that such reports were circulated, and partly confirms them by relating that a new medicine was given, after which the physician announced that it had been unsuccessful, and that the prince could not recover. Whatever was the manner of his death, his life had been justly forfeited. The Infant resembled in character the Czarowitz, who was put to death by Peter the Great, and like him he had conspired against the life of his father. He was tried, sentenced, and might have been executed according to law; to avoid that disgrace to the royal blood, Philip seems first to have tried the effect of confinement in exacerbating the disease of his mind, and, finding it not fatal, to have gone less indirectly to work. Llorente condemns the father's dooming of his son, because, whatever were his crimes, their repetition might have been prevented by confinement for life; but he forgets that Carlos, had he survived, would have been heir to the crown. The only justifiable way of sparing him was to have proclaimed him insane; and that might have been done upon the evidence of his design to murder his father, which was conceived and adhered to with a malignity perfectly maniacal, and proceeded in with equal incautiousness and folly. It does not appear that he gave up the names of any confederates; and, indeed, it seems almost impossible that such a madman should be able to procure any: yet it is said that the king was in great alarm at the time of the Infant's imprisonment, and suspicious of every one who approached him; but this might be affected, by way of better justifying what was to ensue. The reality of the conspiracy has been questioned, but apparently only for the purpose of getting up the French story with better effect. Brantome, who was in Spain about the time, relates it upon the authority of a great personage in that country, and says there were thirty-two very pertinent reasons for the prince's death, the *least* of which was the conspiracy: this he had heard, but reserves his own opinion. The story of Isabella being poisoned by Philip is also from the French source, and fabricated for the same purpose. Upon the whole, Philip the Second seems, in this affair, to have been a very ill-used monarch. His real character, unfortunately, threw no discredit upon the calumnies thus supplied, and which easily passed current in a world that hated him.

Philip will meet with scanty commiseration. The calumnies were most injurious to Isabella, because, as far as genuine history represents

represents her character, it was altogether unsullied. The Inquisition has been brought in too, though in point of fact it had nothing to do with the business in any part of it: but if a sin had been committed at all, it would be scarcely worth striking out of the fearful account which stands against the Holy Office. We now come to the case as it stands in avowed fictions; the one before us being the last of many.

He who ventures to re-dramatize the subject of three tragedies by Otway, Schiller, and Alfieri, must be supposed to have discovered in himself such a vein of poetry, as shall make the staleness of the plot a matter of indifference. It will be said, perhaps, that of these poets, two, at least, borrowed their plot, and that the present writer only does by all three what the latter two did by the first:—who certainly performed his part in a way not likely to discourage others from following on the same subject. *Don Carlos* was one of Otway's earliest productions, written when he was blind enough to adopt, or weak enough to comply with the taste for rhyming dramas, which, with many other bad things, came over from France at the Restoration. It was a style peculiarly ill adapted to his rough and vigorous mind; and accordingly the desire of ease, and the necessity for constraint, render each other mutually ridiculous. Take his idea of a tender adieu.

*Queen.* Come, let us try the parting blow to bear.

Adieu.

*Carlos.* Farewell. (*Looking at each other.*)

I'm fix'd and rooted here:

I cannot stir—

*Queen.* Shall I the way then show?

Now hold, my heart—(*goes to the door, then stops, and turns back again.*)

Nay, sir, why don't you go?

*Carlos.* Why do you stay?

*Queen.* I won't.

*Carlos.* You shall 'awhile, &c.'

Or his representation of kingly jealousy and princely expostulation. The simplicity of the latter is worth observing.

*King.* By hell, her pride's as raging as her lust!

A guard there—seize the queen. (*Enter Guard.*)

(*Enter Carlos, and intercepts the guard.*)

*Carlos.* Hold, sir, be just.

First look on me, whom once you called your son;

A title I was always proud to own.

*King.* Good Heaven! to merit this, what have I done;  
That he, too, dares before my sight appear?

*Carlos.* Why, sir, where is the cause that I should fear?  
Bold in my innocence, I come to know  
The reason why you use this Princess so.'

Similar passages occur in every scene; and though others may be found marked with his characteristic energy and impetuosity of language, there is, perhaps, not one possessing the elegance, point, and polished versification that have alone rendered his style of tragical verse tolerable, in a language incapable of a better.

Which of the two poets (Schiller and Alfieri) followed Otway first, we do not know, and it is not material to inquire. Alfieri was, more than Schiller, in the habit of borrowing his plots;—but their manner of treating them was so diametrically opposite, that it became of little consequence to either that the other had been before him. Schiller's *Don Carlos* is in his best manner—full, rapid, and energetic; and, even in the present state of public feeling respecting German plays, we are not ashamed to own that we think it deeply affecting. We do not mean to reprove, far less to regret, the neglect into which these writers have fallen; but their danger is over, and it may be as well to give them their due.—Their active and fertile genius unhappily was employed in imagining possible cases of passions indulged and laws transgressed without any very heinous individual guilt, cases which will very rarely occur, and which, when occurring, will generally meet with more than enough of vulgar sympathy. Principles of moral judgment can only be laid down on the ground of general experience; exceptions may therefore occur, wherein their rigour ought to be relaxed; but these are cases of very difficult consideration for the judge or the philosopher, and not to be entrusted to the multitude, whose natural bias it requires all the vigour of social institutions to correct. The truth is, that if there be any victims of these institutions who produce great mischief without corresponding guilt, it is better that they should suffer without sympathy or resource, than that the public respect should be diminished for principles upon which the happiness of all depends.

The sins against common sense in this play are not fewer than Schiller was accustomed to commit. The sudden and unbounded influence obtained over Philip by Posa, is not only altogether at variance with the nature of kings and courts, but destroys the consistency of the character which Philip was intended to support in the fiction, and which he did actually support according to the history of his age. The use made of this influence is wild and inconsistent, and the principles both of Posa and of Carlos, in their conduct relating to the Flemish insurrection, are neither correct nor tenable. Whatever was the oppression of the Flemish, it was not justifiable in a Spaniard to aid their rebellion. The interview between the King and the Grand Inquisitor is the most masterly scene in the play. It was thus only that Philip could be  
domineered

domineered over without injury to the historical and poetical congruity of his character. The leading features of this play we consider to be fullness of matter, hurry of action, rapid alternation of dialogue, and extravagance of plot.

If we are correct in our estimate, it is manifest there could be no competition between this and any of Alfieri's writing. It was the misfortune of these two authors that, being each endued with a large share of the poetical temperament, they chose two extreme modes of bringing it into action; the one despising laxity, the other disdaining constraint. Whilst we are fully sensible of the merit of Alfieri in superseding the 'sceneggiatura male intesa, personagi inutili, duplicità di azione,' and all the other frightful things which are accused of having previous possession of the Italian stage, we cannot help regretting that he should have narrowed the privileges, and subdued the natural impetuosity of his genius, from a misdirected ambition to approach a model of artificial, French handicraft. The play is thrown into long scenes, and the scenes into long speeches; and, with Alfieri at least, one of two personages on the stage generally takes the whole business of supporting conversation upon himself, the occasional assistance of the other being felt rather as an interruption than as a relief.

Alfieri's errors of spirit were equally important with his errors of form. Perhaps they were his natural defects rather than his errors; for, with all his fire and enthusiasm of temper, his mind was extraordinarily unimaginative. His characters are passions personified, instead of persons impassioned. By nature many passions are moulded together to form one impassioned character; and individuality of character is produced in reality, and obtained in representation, by the combination or conflict of these. One of them should rule, but with limited power, and over tumultuous and refractory subjects. In Alfieri's characters, the one passion is paramount, and the opposition to it is seldom of other feelings, but of external circumstances, which is a comparatively cold operation. But the great evil is the want of singleness of character,—the want of all those delicate modifications of feelings by their action upon each other, which are produced and combined, in a peculiar manner and measure, for every individual in the multitudinous variety of nature. Hence the passion is described, rather than exemplified; and described by dwelling upon it in long strains of reflection, rather than by action, or by the abrupt and vehement, which are the natural expressions of emotion.

There is more love in the first scene between Carlos and Isabella than Alfieri usually indulges us with; and there is less diffuseness in the one which follows, and in the play generally, than  
he

he usually indulges himself with; for his force is produced by confining himself to a single sentiment, not by concentrating the expression of it. Philip's deep dissimulation of his own, and keen scrutiny of the feelings of others are admirably executed. Isabella is endued with sufficient firmness and presence of mind, which are yet overmastered.

Upon the whole, this play has a sufficient variety of scenes, much power of language, and a deep interest, fairly sustained, and impressively terminated.

We have now to express our regret that we have kept his Lordship so long waiting whilst we took this cursory view of his predecessors, and proceed to the play before us.

Don Carlos, son and heir of Don Philip the Second, is hostile to the Inquisition, some of the members of which, therefore, plan his ruin. The grounds afforded them are the indiscreet expressions and conduct of the Prince respecting Catholic intolerance, and the king's jealousy of some remains of love for the queen, to whom he had been betrothed before her marriage with his father. In the first scene, the grand inquisitor, Valdez, informs his subordinate, Lucero, that he (Lucero) knows and remembers a great many things; and Lucero agrees that he does know and remember them extremely well. This is prolix and needless, and, with the help of a few words opposite the names in the *Dramatis Personæ*, the whole of it might have been spared. The second scene is between the King and Donna Leonora Cordoba, a treacherous attendant of the queen, who has sent him a letter to excite his jealousy. He examines her concerning the intercourse of Carlos with the queen, in 'plain and simple words;' as he says, for it is to be observed, that, here and elsewhere, Philip speaks with an undisguised plainness, which is somewhat new to him, whether in history or in fiction; or if he makes any attempt to conceal his weakness, it is in such grammatical and poetical language as the following.

*Leonora.* None ever yet, of countrymen, or friends,  
Or childish playmates of her infancy,  
Or near relations of your royal blood,  
*Have ever* spoken to the Queen alone—

*Philip.* 'Tis well; 'tis well:  
Say now—I wou'd know more—I fain wou'd know;—  
Not that these things which you have told to me,  
Excite a thought unworthy of the queen,  
Or can the least *unhinge* my stedfast love,  
And *anchored* trust in her fidelity, &c.—p. 12.

The noble author might have learned, even in the nautical experience of a voyage between Dover and Calais, that though doors go upon hinges, anchors do not. The lady being told to 'stay her



her tongue upon the threshold of her speech,' departs, and Valdez enters, with—

'A tale of that kind the bearer fears  
To let escape too rudely, lest the blow  
May strike the hearer down.'

The king tells him to speak, for he is not of 'weak mind;' and by way, we suppose, of giving actual proof of the calmness and philosophy with which he can await the horrible intelligence, takes the opportunity of giving the grand inquisitor a slight sketch of the history of his reign. The inquisitor chimes in with an account of the invincible Armada and the accidents which befel it, and, after several prosing retrospective speeches, is desired to proceed to what he has to say. He unfolds the prince's design to join the Flemish rebels, assassinate the king, and marry the queen. The first part of the story the king believes, because he is told it is well attested, and not the

'tale of some base wretch  
Pitching his quoit for vengeance or for gain.'—p. 20.

The rest he affects to discredit. He has scarcely departed when the queen trips in, with—

'Most holy father, tell me quick, I pray,  
Why is the king in anger with his son?'

This plain question Valdez evades; and the act ends with his inciting her to intercede for Carlos, in order that she may aggravate her husband's suspicions.

The next Act opens with Carlos confined to his apartment, to whom enters his treacherous friend Don Luis, and extracts, with the greatest ease, the whole history of his love for the queen. The second scene is between Philip and Carlos; the former sounding the latter by affecting to resign his crown to him. Carlos is imposed upon, and answers in the following explosion of gratitude.

— 'I cannot speak  
All that I should; how little I deserve  
So kind, so good a father! thanks! and thanks!'—p. 36.

And then he makes a disclosure of his political opinions similar to that which he had formerly made of his love-affairs to Don Luis. These appear to have been much influenced by an *auto da fé*, which he had witnessed in his childhood, and in which the skeleton of an heretical lady was borne in procession.

'The dull disgusting mass of whitened bone,  
That once had been her garment, was dug up  
To clear some flaw in her theology.'—p. 37.

By a stretch of metaphor, the body might be called the garment of the spirit, or the skin the garment of the body, but we know not what

what the bones could have clothed, or, if that is the meaning, how the garments could have been ossified. The next scene is a wholly useless one between Don Carlos and his friend Osorio, a wholly useless person; the intercession of the queen follows, which is ill received, and the act closes with a soliloquy of Philip on revenge.

The third act, the most ponderous of all, brings Don Carlos before the Inquisition. The process is opened with all due formality.—

‘*Lucero.* Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias,  
Knight of the orders of Alcantara  
And Calatrava, you are summon’d here  
By the great council and supreme tribunal  
Of inquisition into faith : through me  
They solemnly adjure you to declare  
If you have seen, or heard, any act or speech  
That was, or seem’d injurious to the faith,  
Or privileges of this holy office ?

(*No answer*)

This lively and interesting adjuration is repeated three times without effect. The depositions at full are then put in and read by Lucero; still the prince makes no reply, and the whole of the dramatis personæ must have betaken themselves to sleep, had not some one fortunately bethought himself of introducing the witnesses, who prove to be the treacherous Don Luis, and his sister Donna Leonora Cordoba. Carlos perceives the first with much emotion.

————— ‘*Luis!* drop out, my eyes!  
Sink from my eye-balls; ye have seen a sight,’ &c.

The king also appears as a witness against his son, but stands aside for a few pages, to profit by a profound disputation maintained by Valdez and the prince on the comparative evils and benefits of religious persecution. Judgment is about to be pronounced, when it is suspended by an ancient bishop sent by the queen to intercede for Carlos. He does not succeed, however, till there has been much talk about it.

In the fourth act, Valdez prevails upon Don Luis to affect repentance of his treachery, and seduce Carlos to attempt an escape. We are happy to meet here, for the first time, a passage which, though not very original, is worth quoting. Valdez says that Philip must be urged to act immediately, lest he relent.

‘Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,  
The hero’s and the murderer’s, spring at once  
From their conception : oh ! how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue, or immortal crime,  
The world had wanted, had the actor said,  
I will do this to-morrow !’—p. 82.

There

There is something still nearer approaching to poetry in the second scene, which is Don Carlos's prison—a prison, by the way, open to all the world, friends and foes.

‘ The light is disappearing through the dim  
 And narrow window of my cell—’tis evening !  
 At this same hour of evening, I have stood  
 Upon the borders of the mountain ridge  
 That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad sun  
 In full effulgence o’er a cloudless sky  
 Poured his last flood of brightness: the brown hills,  
 The aloe hedge, the rhododendron wild,  
 The golden orange, and the purple grape,  
 All seemed as clothed in light; and now ’tis gone!  
 The god of day has vanish’d: a low bell  
 The general stillness breaks, but not offends;  
 All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to heaven;  
 And soon again the light guitar is heard,  
 And aged grandsires with young hearts behold  
 The tender maidens that, with graceful step,  
 Lead on the village dance.’—p. 89.

Carlos receives a visit from his friend, Osorio, to whom he tells his plan of escape; which might as well have been divulged the first time, instead of the second, to the queen, who visits him next. She brings proposals of pardon from the king on condition that Carlos gives up his friends, which is of course rejected; as the prince had been previously induced by Don Luis to believe the offer only a snare. The queen then proposes that she should remain in his place, and that he should escape in her bonnet and cloak; but Carlos is more heroic than Lavalette, and assures her that he would sooner ‘give up his body to the fiery pincers, let hot lead be poured into his wounds, his limbs be torn one by one from out their sockets,’ &c. He then explains his plan to the queen, and they make their respective exits at the door and window.

In the fifth act, Philip, who, from some place of concealment, had overlooked the scene, meets Valdez, and informs him of all the particulars he had witnessed, *seriatim*.

“ ‘ Hark, Valdez !  
 I stood where you desired; I watched the queen,  
 I saw she made my offer to my son;  
 I saw that he rejected it; I saw  
 He pleaded for her mercy; and I saw  
 He kissed her hand. Incensed, I left the place,’ &c.—p. 104.

Our readers will wonder why he *saw* all this, which it would have been more natural for him to hear; at least with the exception of the kiss; but the truth is, that he was bound not to hear a word of it, for if he had, he must have heard a great deal more than,  
 at

at this particular time, it was convenient that he should hear. Should this play be performed, we would advise the managers to send on King Philip with an ear-trumpet, by way of hinting at the infirmity with which he is afflicted in this scene. Valdez confirms the king in his designs by relating new particulars of the alleged conspiracy; and Lucero enters to inform him of the prince's escape, the design of which he had not been privy to, and, as we have observed, was incapacitated from overhearing when it was imparted to the queen. The second scene is in the street, where Don Luis betrays the prince into the hands of the guard, when a scuffle ensues, in which Carlos and his false friend wound each other; Philip and Valdez enter, and send off all the sound men. Philip will not allow the prince's wounds to be bound, and Valdez gives him poison. As soon as Carlos has swallowed it, he explains the whole affair to his father; and Don Luis, who had lain perdu during the interview, making his dying speech by way of testimony, the king is finally convinced of his son's innocence. At this juncture, the queen enters. Carlos dies; the queen raves, faints, and is carried off by Donna Leonora, and Philip sends the Grand Inquisitor to a dungeon.

From this sketch, our readers will have perceived that the first act is a mere statement of the case. At the end of the second, we are just where we were, except that Carlos has made a frank avowal of the state of his affairs, which seems to do nothing but harm, since Philip might as well have been left with what motives of justification had been given him by a belief in the reports of the prince's enemies; instead of which he is made to discover that Carlos had no designs against himself, and was merely not a good Catholic. In short, what little had been done in the first act, is annulled in the second. The noble author had heard that the action of the drama ought not to stand still, and thought it was no matter whether it went backwards or forwards. In the third act, the confessions which we had the advantage of hearing from the prince's own mouth in the second, are re-averred before the Inquisition, with judicial solemnity and precision.

No advance is made in the former schemes in the fourth act; on the contrary, they are laid aside; for a new thought now strikes the Grand Inquisitor, and we have to begin afresh. The attempt made to account for this is, that Philip had sent to offer conditions to his son; but it appears, (p. 104,) that this was a mere piece of craft which Valdez himself had directed, and from which, therefore, he could not fear any disturbance of his original designs. The change of measures, however, is so far successful, that the prince has effected his supposed escape by the end of the act. Notwithstanding the provision previously made to dispense with any further

assistance from the king, Valdez appears in the fifth act inflaming his supererogatory wrath with stories of which a child might have perceived the aim, and detected the imposture. In the next scene, the play so far improves, that there is enough of action to fill what remains of it; and there is also some greater degree of animation in the dialogue. Here the exasperation which Valdez had sustained in the king, accident makes of some avail to his purposes. The wound which the prince has received does not appear to be mortal, but his father is so angry with him, that he is disposed to stand by and see him bleed to death, suffering no one to bind it up. Valdez, however, is determined that his purpose shall not be effected by either of his former schemes, for now a third thought strikes him; and happening to have some poison in his pocket, he pours it into a cup of drink which the prince chances to call for. This fertility of expedient can only be equalled by the good fortune which makes all the expedients successful, as far as they go; the evil is, that, being coincident, they necessarily supersede one another.

Of the only three characters of this play, Valdez, Philip, and Carlos, the two former are very common in fiction, and the last is not natural: it is a combination of courage, choler, philanthropy, and mental imbecility. Carlos is so good, that he cannot tolerate the bigoted priesthood, and so weak, that he is just the person who would naturally have been the greatest slave to them. And yet into the mouth of this person, in the disputation with Valdez, are put the arguments against persecution, which (though now the commonest of all common-place maxims) would in that age and country have been the offspring of a bold intellect; whilst the inquisitor, meant to be a strong-headed villain, edges in a miserable sentence occasionally, as if he were setting up the nine-pins for the nursling to bowl them down. Whether Carlos was meant to be the weakling he generally appears, it is impossible to say, because, as we have seen, he is not consistently foolish. If this was the design, it was a bad one, for imbecility never interests in fiction, with whatever virtues combined. Philip parts altogether with the historical truth, as well as the poetical exaltation of his character. In reality he was a great master of dissimulation, relentless, penetrating, and coldly reserved even to his favourite ministers. In the play we find him a most artless bungler in his attempts to conceal his feelings, credulous to every tale, the dupe of every imposture, pursuing a horrible design upon sudden and vague suspicions, and wavering in the pursuit, not from the inadequacy of the motive, or the resistance of nature, but on account of certain hints incidentally conveyed to him concerning the improper power assumed by the priesthood.

Character and interest,—they are scarcely separable,—are two qualities,

qualities, the want of which is fatal to a play. Had they not been wanting, however, they would here have had much to redeem. It is not easy to find any poetry, or even oratory of the present day, delivered with such cold and heavy diction, such distorted tropes, and disjointed limbs of similes worn to the bone ages ago. The author seems not at all to comprehend the difference between poetical imagery and barren comparison; a figure is obtruncated in one line, and the mangled remains of a totally different one trail after it in the next. What is worse, he appears to think, too, that his talent lies this way; for in every scene we have either metaphors elaborated at length, or shreds and patches of various ones in posterous combination.

*Valdez.* Ever upon the watch  
To mark the gestures of the queen, and strike  
Into Don Philip's breast the poisoned dart  
Of jealousy, she burns to do us service;  
'Tis thus that from the dross of human nature  
Our Alchymy extracts the golden ore,  
And makes our riches from vile dirt.

*Lacero.* 'Tis well  
If these your covered mines are safely laid:  
I fear some counterplot may make them burst  
On our own heads; the king is prudent, *knowing*,  
And scarcely will be brought to see the guilt  
Of his own son; or if he fire an instant,  
Returning tenderness may make them peace,  
And leave us stranded on the shore.

*Valdez.* Fear not;  
The king has got a demon: 'tis suspicion;' &c.—p. 7.

Thus, after the mines are laid, and the guilty priests fear they will burst over their heads, (not under their feet,) let us suppose that they *are* fired, and what is the consequence? not that the devoted victims are blown up, or blown down, but that they are left 'stranded on the shore!' The same sort of taste has crowded every page with images and epithets, most of them incongruous with themselves and inconsistent with each other.

'King and prince  
Stand in such close relation, 'twere not safe  
To thrust a stranger's hand between the joints.'—p. 26.

'My present trouble  
Has made a fracture in my mind; its thoughts  
Flow out unchecked.'—p. 32.

'If these conditions, as you think, convey  
Destruction on their wings, accept them not.'—p. 99.

'For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,  
One still remained, and grew till it's tall plant  
Struck root in every fibre of my heart.'—p. 87.

‘Thus have I acted with a will entire,  
And wreath’d the passions which distracted others,  
Into a sceptre for myself.’—p. 87.

It is needless to proceed.

We have already given one or two tolerable passages: we sub-join another, which has the air of poetry. It is pretty, and naturally expressed.

‘But a few moments more, and all is over;  
Thanks be to Heaven! my life has not been happy,  
But short and void of crime! Had I been doomed  
To stay a longer space upon the earth,  
What strife, what struggles were prepared for me!  
Had I been fortunate, ’twere scarce with innocence!  
Had I been innocent, why then not happy!  
I was a summer plant, that prematurely  
Bloom’d in the early spring.’—p. 117.

But we must conclude. In tragic poetry, some little may be done by intensity of feeling without power of intellect; but nothing by power of intellect without intensity of feeling. In both these qualities we consider this writer to be mainly deficient. We do not mean to say that he has not his fair share of understanding, or that his feelings may not be lively enough to give harmony and pleasure to domestic intercourse. Were the noble author a young man emerging into literary life, it would be our duty to warn him against engaging too seriously in a pursuit to which his powers appear so inadequate. It is a dangerous and ambitious maxim of Machiavel, that men who wish to perform what appears impracticable, should imitate skilful archers, who aim higher when the butt is remote, not that the arrow may reach the pitch of their aim, but that it may stretch to the distance of their object. But neither Machiavel, nor any person of less sagacity and experience, would recommend a man to point his arrow at the heavens, who had not strength enough to bend the bow.

ART. V.—*A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and adjoining Provinces; with the History, and copious Illustrations, of the Past and Present Condition of that Country.* By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. K.L.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1823.

IT has been remarked that the affairs of India, which at one time commanded so large a share of the public attention, are now scarcely mentioned, as if their interest had altogether ceased. There may be some truth in the observation, if limited to those parliamentary discussions which once threw so brilliant a lustre around the events that occurred there. So far, however, are we  
from

from considering the silence on India affairs in the House of Commons (with the exception of a dry debate on the periodical renewal of the Company's charter) as any indication of their declining interest or importance, that we rather look upon it as the strongest proof that could be given of their good management and growing prosperity; for we may be well assured that, if the smallest opening was afforded for complaint against the ruling powers in this distant and magnificent appendage to the British empire, it would not long be overlooked, or suffered to remain unscrutinized.

Several reasons, however, might be assigned for this apparent unconcern with regard to what is passing in India. In the first place, we have no longer any European rival on the soil to dispute our empire—our recent conquests, though not less brilliant than those of former days, have been achieved with less misery and less crime—fewer and more moderate fortunes have been poured into the united kingdom by individuals from the treasures of eastern despots; they are no longer extortions under the name of presents, but the slow accumulation of years, the just reward of long and painful service. We may add too, that a more correct knowledge at home of the real characters of those princes, over whose fate a false glare was frequently thrown, forbids the same degree of sympathy as formerly to be excited in their behalf.

The calm, however, of which we are speaking, is undoubtedly owing, first, and principally, to the absence of any flagrant abuse of power to call for the interference and investigation of the British parliament; and next, to the increasing prosperity, happiness and tranquillity of every part of India to which the British authority has been extended; for which we are indebted, in a high degree, to the personal character of those servants of the East India Company to whom the internal affairs of the country are entrusted. The exertions employed by these gentlemen, individually and collectively, almost without an exception, to ameliorate the condition, and to improve the moral and intellectual capacities of the numerous people committed to their protection, by the only means likely to prove effectual, are above all praise; nor is the zeal which they manifest in this meritorious service more remarkable than the sound judgment which they exercise in their proceedings, and the ability and the diligence which they display in making themselves and their employers acquainted with the minutest circumstances relating to the country and the people among whom they are resident. Placed in arduous and responsible situations, at a distance from all advice and consultation, the servants of the Company exemplify, in a very remarkable manner, what the human mind is capable of performing when left to depend solely



on its own resources and unassisted energies. Science, politics, statistics, language, manners, every subject, in short, that can elucidate the nature of the country, and the state and condition of its inhabitants, enter into their communications with their respective presidencies; all of which are regularly transmitted to their employers, and carefully lodged in the records of the East India House—where they are most liberally thrown open to every one who may be disposed to make a proper use of them.\*

We have now before us a work of very considerable importance from the pen of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, who is too well known as a soldier, statesman and author, to require from us any eulogium. We shall only, in reference to the latter capacity, observe, that his ‘*Memoir on Central India*’ is in every respect worthy of his former productions. It is not his style, which, however, is unaffected and nervous; nor his arrangement, which, perhaps, is capable of some little improvement; nor the clear and copious manner in which he has elucidated his subject, that we so much admire; as the thorough knowledge he displays of the character and habits of the people he had to deal with—of their good and bad qualities—their religious prejudices—the bearing of their political connections, and its influence on the peace of India—the condition of the several classes—and, above all, the ability and judgment, the patience, the good humour, and unremitting personal exertion displayed in turning that knowledge to the benefit and satisfaction of all the parties concerned; in spite of the many serious obstacles that presented themselves, in the conflicting interests, the jealousies, the hatred, the odious vices, the bigotry and superstitions, of such a heterogeneous mass of people as, perhaps, was never before brought together.

Sir John Malcolm, in the year 1818, after assisting in subduing, and then in settling the claims of, the rebellious and turbulent chieftains of Central India, was appointed by the Marquis of Hastings to the military and political command of that district; and the result of the information collected during the four years he filled that station, is contained in the two volumes, of which we propose to give some account. The manner in which he executed the important trust is thus summed up in a General Order of the Governor-General in council.

‘By a happy combination of qualities which could not fail to win the esteem and confidence both of his own countrymen and of the native inhabitants of all classes; by the unremitting personal exertion

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\* To this praiseworthy and judicious liberality, we owe the inestimable compilation of Mr. Hamilton, which, in two large quarto volumes, contains a more full, detailed and faithful picture of the whole of India than any former work on the subject, and from the notice of which the magnitude of the subject alone has hitherto deterred us.

and devotion of his time and labour to the maintenance of the interests confided to his charge, and by an enviable talent for inspiring all who acted under him with his own energy and zeal, Sir John Malcolm has been enabled, in the successful performance of the duty assigned to him in Malwa, to surmount difficulties of no ordinary stamp, and to lay the foundations of repose and prosperity in that extensive province, but recently reclaimed from a state of savage anarchy, and a prey to every species of rapine and devastation.' •

The first volume contains the histories of the province of Malwa; of the Mahratta invasion; of the families of the Puars; of Scindea; of Holkar, and the remarkable events at his court; of Ameer Khan; of the nabobs of Bhopul; of the progress and annihilation of the Pindarries; and of the Rajpoot princes and chiefs of Central India,—all of whom, for the last thirty years, sometimes in combination, but more frequently opposed to one another, have oppressed, pillaged and laid waste, this fine and fertile province and the adjoining countries. An outline of this central part of India will not detain us long.

That part of the Peninsula which Sir John Malcolm comprehends under the name of 'Central India,' extends from  $22^{\circ}$  to  $25^{\circ}$  north latitude, and from  $74^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$  east longitude; but the province of Malwa, lying between the Vindhya mountains and those of Mokundra, and between Bhopul and Dohud, is little more than a square of 150 English miles or an area of 22,500 miles. It is an elevated table-land, from whose southern buttress, the Vindhya mountains, seven or eight large rivers run to the northward, till they join the Jumna or the Ganges. The general elevation of the surface above the level of the sea may be taken at 2000 feet, and above the valley of the Nerbudda (which skirts the southern base of the Vindhya chain) at 1,700 feet. The central latitude and longitude (of Mehidpoor) is about  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. and  $75\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  E.

The surface of this elevated plain is varied by small conical hills, and is well adapted for cultivation, being capable of irrigation from the numerous streams flowing into the larger rivers; it has a rich productive soil, and enjoys a mild climate, alike conducive to the health of man, and the liberal supply of his wants, and even luxuries. In the rainy months of June, July, August and September, the range of the thermometer is exceedingly small, seldom falling lower than  $70^{\circ}$  night and morning, or rising higher than  $76^{\circ}$  or  $77^{\circ}$  at noon. In December, January and February, the weather is cold, and the thermometer has been seen as low as  $28^{\circ}$ . The hot season which succeeds is comparatively mild, and of short duration; the nights are invariably cool and refreshing, though the thermometer by day is sometimes as high as  $98^{\circ}$ .

All the varieties of grain common to India are produced in Malwa, as are also the sugar cane, tobacco, cotton and indigo; but the poppy (for the extraction of opium) may be considered as one of its principal vegetable productions, not less than 350,000 pounds of that pernicious drug being annually procured from it. The forests abound in fine timber, particularly teak; and all the animals, wild and domestic, that are common to India, are found here. The breed of horses is not much esteemed, nor is the soil favourable for the camel.

Some of the cities and towns, of which there are about thirty principal ones, have been much celebrated in ancient and modern history; 'and many,' Sir John Malcolm says, 'deserve the notice of the antiquary, from the remains of architecture, sculpture and inscriptions to be found amid their ruins.' 'Oojein,' he adds, 'which may still, from its superior magnitude, be deemed the capital of this province, has, perhaps, more undoubted claims to remote antiquity than any inhabited city in India; it being not only mentioned in the sacred volumes of the Hindus, but in the *Periplus* of the Erythrean sea, and by Ptolemy.' Sir John tells us that its name occurs in Hindoo manuscripts 850 years before the Christian era; and that *Puar*, a Rajpoot prince, (supposed by some to be the Porus of Greek history,) subsequently established his dynasty here, which continued upwards of a thousand years. About the commencement of our era this city was the seat of Vicramaditya, a prince whom all Hindoo authorities agree in describing as a great encourager of learning and the arts. An epoch, common to a great part of India, called Vicramajeet, dates from his reign, which commences fifty-six years before Christ.

Undoubted traces of the ancient splendour of Malwa, under the Hindoo government, every where appear. 'The city of Dhar,' Sir John says, 'still presents, in the ruins with which it is surrounded, the history of the invasion of Timur: the materials of its finest temples seem to have been appropriated to build palaces and mosques for its new sovereigns.' Those immense piles, the embellishments bestowed on many of the cities, the numerous armies kept in their employ, the extraordinary degree of pomp and luxury which they displayed, prove the great resources and wealth of the province. Our author states that, according to respectable testimony, 'seven hundred elephants, in velvet housings, walked at the coronation ceremony of a young prince, through the streets of Mandoo;' a city, whose magnificent ruins may still be traced over an extent of ground thirty-seven miles in circumference.

The Rajpoots or native Hindoo princes, who boast their descent from the sun and the moon, and who are flattered by their countrymen

countrymen with the extra epithet of 'the sword of the Hindoo faith,' were not easily subdued; broken as they were by their own dissensions, yet every individual was a soldier, who preferred death to disgrace; and though ready to be the servant, scorned to be the slave of any monarch upon earth. They are told, in their most sacred works, that a soldier has no superior duty to that of fighting; that he is the favourite of God, and that if slain in battle he will obtain Heaven; if victorious, he will enjoy a world. To attempt a change in the sentiments and habits of such men, and more particularly to induce them to abandon their ancient religious faith, was a task which Aurungzeb conceived, in the pride of his heart, he should be able to accomplish; and for which he had recourse to the most unjustifiable means. 'Few,' says Sir John Malcolm, 'yielded to his persuasion or threats; but the remainder were visited, as a punishment for their obstinacy, with the extortion of heavy taxes and fines.' Such conduct naturally kindled a feeling of indignation among the whole of his Hindoo subjects; and a record has been preserved, in which a bold appeal is made to the emperor by Jeswunt Singh, the raja of Joudpoor.

'After recalling to his memory the opposite conduct of Ackber, of Jehangire, and his father Shah Jehan, and reprobating the attempt to collect a revenue upon the consciences of men, or to vex the devotee and anchorite with a tax upon his belief, the Hindu prince observes, "If your Majesty places any faith in those books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not of Mahomedans alone. The Pagan and Mussulman are equal in his presence; distinction of colour are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temples it is in his name that the voice calls to prayer; in the house of images, the bell is shaken:—still he is the object of our adoration. To vilify, therefore, the religion, or the customs of other men, is to set at nought the pleasure of the Almighty."—vol. i. p. 52.

This insane and bigoted conduct of Aurungzebe led to the utter overthrow of Malwa. The attempt made to change their religion; the oppression and injustice which overthrew their temples to establish the edifices of another faith; and which raised a revenue on their belief, as insulting as it was oppressive, led them to the desperate resource of welcoming freebooters to their homes, and thus to become the authors of their own, as well as their oppressors' ruin, which was finally accomplished, by the introduction of the Malhattas, whose invasion they encouraged and supported. Of these extraordinary people and of their great leader, Sevajee, and also of those freebooters, the Pindarries, our journal will be found to contain very correct and ample information.

tion.\* We shall, therefore, only observe here, that until the year 1817, when Sir Thomas Hislop advanced to Mahedpoor, the subversion of all authority, the confusion, and the excesses of the troops of Scindea, Holkar, and the inferior rajas, had reduced the whole province to such a state of misery and desolation, that nothing but the powerful arm of a British force, and the wise conduct and councils of those left to settle the disputes of the contending parties, could possibly have succeeded in restoring the blessings of peace, and rapidly advancing it to a state of considerable prosperity.

This happy change applies in a more peculiar manner to the dominions of Holkar. For twenty years they had afforded no regular resources, enjoyed no settled government, and the name served only as a pretext to plunderers for committing every species of excess and crime. As Sir John Malcolm observes, every tie was dissolved but that of opinion; a respect, almost sacred, for the person of their prince, was the only sentiment which, throughout these scenes of confusion and violence, appears to have been participated by all; and his name, though a minor, was the only rallying point left: it was literally here that 'the king's name was a tower of strength.'

On our author devolved the arduous and delicate task of conciliating the conflicting interests and reducing to a state of order the anarchy which prevailed throughout the whole of this fine country; and, that which was necessarily of all others the most difficult, inspiring confidence in the good faith of the British government, without which it would have been impossible to make them believe that the measures pursued were for their own advantage, and free from all interested motives. Sir John's account of the heterogeneous population of this portion of India is extremely curious; and it is not the least important part of his labours to have ascertained not only the numbers, but the residence, of a great proportion of the various plundering classes, who have for many years past devastated the country, and been the worst enemies to the prosperity of Central India. In the dominions of Holkar, Scindea, and the Puars, these regular marauders amount to about 90,000 souls; the Rajpoots, in the territories of Holkar and the Puars, to 70,000, being about one-eighth part of the population. In Scindea's dominions they are calculated at one-sixth; but the jealousy of that prince raised obstacles to taking a census of the population, which the two former readily allowed. The minister of Holkar, indeed, was so forcibly struck with the utility of the information thus obtained, that he

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\* Vol. vi p. 111.—xii. p. 198.—xiii. p. 218.—xviii. p. 466.

observed to Sir John Malcolm, ‘you have given me a knowledge which I can only describe by saying, that I feel like a man who has been couched for a cataract in his eye; it is light after darkness.’ From a correct enumeration of fourteen districts containing a fair proportion of thinly and well-inhabited tracts, the number of souls was about ninety-eight to a square mile, which Sir John thinks may safely be taken as a scale for the present reduced population of Central India. Of the very diversified materials which compose this population, and of their character and peculiar habits, we now proceed to give some account.

Of the *Mahomedans*, who subdued Central India in the thirteenth century, little need be said, as the proportion of their number to that of the Hindoos is only as one to twenty-one and a half; and these are mostly the descendants of degraded Hindoo converts, knowing little more than the name of their professed faith; seldom frequenting any place of worship, and more observant of Hindoo usages than their own; the women almost invariably paying their devotions at some Hindoo shrine in the neighbourhood.

The Hindoos, as in all parts of India, are divided into four great castes, but are here chiefly distinguished from each other by nations and classes. The *Mahratta* conquerors are divided into Brahmins and Sudras; the princes being of the latter and inferior caste, while the former, from their religious superiority, may be considered as the efficient agents and instruments of government. Sir John estimates their numbers at 8000, of whom about one thousand are devoted to religious duties, and the remaining 7000 constitute that active and abstemious body of men of business, who conduct the affairs of government, and are the most industrious and intelligent, both of the higher and lower classes of merchants and clerks. Exempt from ebriety and idleness, though very subtle and often unprincipled, they are almost all of decent demeanour, industrious and persevering; and thus they become the real masters, though the nominal servants, of the rulers by whom they are employed.

The *Mahratta* females, both of the brahmin and sudra castes, have great personal influence, even in affairs of state, when married to princes or chiefs; if the wives of men of rank, they have usually a distinct provision and estate of their own, enjoy as much liberty as they can desire, seldom wear a veil, and give feasts and entertainments to their friends on births and marriages. Though not beauties, they have generally soft features, and an expression that denotes quickness and intelligence. They are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the management of the horse always constitutes a part of their education. This freedom  
from

from restraint has produced, particularly in the profligate courts of Holkar and Scindea, examples of shameless licentiousness in some of the Mahratta princesses; that of Holkar, however, can boast of a princess of talent, virtue, and energy, which 'made her,' says Sir John, 'a blessing to the country over which she ruled, and has associated her memory with every plan of improvement and just government in the province of Malwa.'

Alia Bhye was the mother of Mallee Row Holkar, who, originally of a weak and unsettled intellect, became at last insane, and died about nine months after he had mounted the musnud. This high-minded woman took upon herself the reins of government, which she conducted for thirty years in undisturbed tranquillity. It was her custom to sit every day in open durbar, transacting business; she heard every complaint in person, and was always accessible; she investigated with unwearied diligence the most insignificant causes, when appeals were made to her decision. She built forts, constructed roads, and tanks, and caravanseras for the benefit of travellers. The treasures of Holkar which came into her possession were appropriated to the purposes of charity and good works. The hours gained from the affairs of state were all given to acts of devotion and charity; and a deep sense of religion strengthened her mind in the performance of her worldly duties. She used to say, that she 'deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power.' There is scarcely a place of Hindoo pilgrimage from the Himalaya mountains to Cape Comorin, that does not attest her bounties. She daily fed the poor; and on particular festivals gave entertainments to the lowest classes. During the hot months of the year persons were stationed on the roads to supply travellers with water; and at the commencement of the cold season she gave clothes to a great number of her dependants, and to infirm people. It is even said that the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the river shared in her compassion.

'An event occurred in the latter years of Alia Bhye, of too interesting and afflicting a nature to be passed over in silence. The melancholy death of her only son, Malee Row, has been noticed. She had, besides, one daughter, Muchta Bhye, who was married, and had one son, who, after reaching manhood, died at Mhysir. Twelve months afterwards his father died, and Muchta Bhye declared immediately her resolution to burn with the corpse of her husband. No efforts (short of coercion) that a mother and a sovereign could use, were untried by the virtuous Alia Bhye, to dissuade her daughter from the fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered her God, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Muchta Bhye, although affectionate, was calm and resolved.—  
"You are old, mother, (she said,) and a few years will end your pious life."

life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed." Alia Bhye, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the persons by whom she was held. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented.—vol. i. p. 190.

‘It is pleasing to find,’ observes Sir John Malcolm, ‘that her devotion, although it forbade her to infringe what usage had sanctioned and rendered holy, had not subdued, in this admirable woman’s mind, the maternal feelings of humanity.’ After her husband’s death, who was killed before she was twenty years of age, she always dressed in plain white clothes, according to the usage of Hindoo widows, and remained, amid every temptation, unchanged in her habits or character. Even flattery appears to have been lost upon Alia Bhye. A brahmin wrote a book in her praise; she heard it with patience, observed that she was undeserving the encomiums bestowed on her, ordered it to be thrown into the Nerbudda, and took no further notice of the author. Sir John Malcolm remarks, that a female without vanity, and a bigot without intolerance, form an extraordinary picture; but the facts which he has collected respecting this extraordinary woman, rest, he assures us, on grounds that admit of no scepticism. ‘In the most sober view,’ he says, ‘that can be taken of her character, she certainly appears, within her limited sphere, to have been one of the purest and most exemplary rulers that ever existed; and she affords a striking example of the practical benefit a mind may receive from performing worldly duties under a deep sense of responsibility to its Creator.’

Alia Bhye died at the age of sixty, in the year 1795, leaving no heir to her fortune and power; and from her death commenced the reign of those destroyers of the house of Holkar, who ruined the fair prospects which her wise and just government had opened to the inhabitants of her dominions.

The *Rajpoots*, with their numerous tribes and branches, form  
a very



a very great proportion of Central India, of which, in ancient times, they were the invaders and conquerors. The pride of rank and caste is most strongly imprinted on this race. For instance; a chief of the Puar family was restored to the Dhar, the seat of his ancestors; but as he returned in the character of a retainer of a Mahratta prince, and as his family had, while in the Dekkan, eaten and intermarried with Mahratta Sudras, 'the consequence was, that though the Puars have been and now are, high in rank and power, the poorest of the proud Rajpoot chiefs, whom they count among their dependents, would disdain to eat with them, or to give them a daughter in marriage.' The Rajpoots live mostly by the sword or the plough; even the husbandmen have arms in their houses, cherish the martial habits of their ancestors, and eagerly listen to the Bhiâts (or bards), who visit their villages, and preserve their genealogies. The military classes are, in their dress, manners and usages, distinct from the other inhabitants, and their features and shape denote them a superior race. They wear round their necks an embossed figure of a horse and the sun, some of gold, others of silver; it is their personal deity, receives their daily adoration, and is considered as so indispensable, that the poorest Rajpoot makes it the first present to his infant male offspring. The female children are frequently put to death; this horrible custom, however, appears to be limited to a few Rajpoot chiefs of high rank and small fortunes, who, from despair of obtaining a suitable marriage for their daughters, are led by an infatuated pride to become their destroyers. Sir John says this unnatural practice is greatly on the decline in Malwa; and the abhorrence, which he always expressed at the inhuman custom, and his refusal to see those who had been guilty of it, will probably have the good effect of eventually putting an end to it there altogether.

The female Rajpoots are strictly secluded; they are actuated by the same spirit as their husbands; always ready to brave danger, and to sacrifice their lives in the support of family pride. The affecting story of Kishen Kowur, princess of Odeypoor, who was prevailed on to drink poison, in order to bring about a reconciliation between two contending princes, is well calculated to awaken our sympathies and to rouse our indignation. The heroism displayed by this unfortunate princess, and by a brave Rajpoot, who resented her treatment, is equal to any thing we meet with in Roman history.

But with all their courage, their proud feelings, and their adherence to feudal usages, Sir John Malcolm informs us, 'the Rajpoots have ceased to be a nation.' Most of them appear, from despair, to have given themselves up to a life of indolence and sensuality; indulging in all manner of vicious habits, and intoxicating

toxicating themselves with strong liquors and opium, the latter of which they take both in its liquid and dry state to excess, in which the women join; it is given even to new-born children. 'The heavy leaden eye-brows of the men,' says our author, 'proclaim an usage which, so far from denying, they speak of as constituting the chief pleasure of existence.'

The Brahmins have little influence on the Rajpoots; their priests are the *Charuns* and *Bhâts*. The proudest Rajpoot looks to these mysterious beings, with a feeling of awe, for solace in adversity, and for increased joy and exultation in prosperity. By keeping the registers of families, they are the conservators of the purity of the different classes; they are consulted in the arrangement of marriages; and they chant the praises of former heroes, to gratify the pride and rouse the emulation of their descendants. The Charun's chief power is derived from an impression that it is certain destruction to shed his blood or that of any of his family, or to be the cause of its being shed. A Charun becomes the safeguard of travellers, and the security for merchants, and his bond is preferred to that of the wealthiest bankers.

'The Charun, who accompanies travellers likely to be attacked by Rajpoot robbers, when he sees the latter approach, warns them off by holding a dagger in his hand, and if they do not attend to him, he stabs himself in a place that is not mortal, and taking the blood from the wound, throws it at the assailants with imprecations of future woe and ruin. If this has not the desired effect, the wounds are repeated; and in extreme cases one of the Charun's relations, commonly a female child, or an old woman, is made a sacrifice. The same process is adopted to enforce the payment of a debt to himself, or a claim for which he has become security. It is not unusual, as the next step, to slay himself; and the catastrophe has been known to close in the voluntary death of his wives and children.'—vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

The *Bhâts*, as the chroniclers or bards, share power and sometimes office with the Charuns, but seldom sacrifice themselves. If any one offends a Bhât, he fixes the figure of the offender on a long pole, and appends to it a slipper, which, with a song, sufficiently proclaims the infamy of the object of his wrath: this symbol usually travels the country till the offender or his friends purchase the cessation of the ridicule, and the curses thus entailed. It is not in the power of the prince, much less of any other person, to stop a Bhât, or even punish him for such a proceeding; he is everywhere protected by that superstitious awe, which is found sufficient in many cases to controul even despotism itself.

The classes who claim kindred to the Rajpoot tribes in Central India are very numerous; but of these illegitimate or half-castes the *Sondies* are the principal. They are not very rigid observers  
of

of Hindoo customs, except in refraining from the flesh of buffaloes and cows; they drink strong liquors, and use opium to excess. Robust and active, rude and grossly ignorant, they are despised and dreaded by the other inhabitants, who consider them as outcasts. The women, imitating the manners of the men, are bold, and addicted to every vice; many of them are skilled in the management of the horse, and some have acquired fame in the defence of their villages, or in the field, by their courageous use of the sword and spear.

The *Soucars*, *Shroffs* and *Bunnias*,—the bankers and merchants,—are found in all parts of India; as are also mendicant priests, and the various artificers and labourers of the Sudra caste; all of whom, here as well as elsewhere, follow the usages and professions of their fathers. Every one, even the village barber, the washerman, and the sweeper, has his *Bhât* or bard, who preserves his genealogy, and gratifies his vanity with the tales of his ancestors. Quiet and industrious as they are disposed to be, they had been driven from necessity, in the general prevalence of anarchy and misrule, to become freebooters and robbers. Sir John Malcolm states, however, that on the earliest opportunity they returned cheerfully to the restraints and habits to which they were born; and resumed the peaceful occupations which they had been, for a time, compelled to abandon.

The *Mewatties*, an ambiguous race, half Mahomedan and half Hindoo, who are not only robbers and assassins, but the most desperate rogues, as Sir John calls them, in India; and the mercenary *Fatans* and *Arabs*, hired by the chiefs to defend them against the Mahrattas and Pindarries, have been completely expelled from Central India, to the number of 6000; an act which rendered the British power extremely popular among the peaceable inhabitants. Of that extraordinary tribe known under the name of *Pindarries*, we have given so detailed an account, on a former occasion, that it will only be necessary here to state that this worst part of the late population of Central India may, as a separate community, be now considered extinct.\*

The *Bheels*, who inhabit the wild and mountainous tracts which separate Malwa from Nemauf and Guzerat, are said to be a distinct race, insulated in their abodes, and separated by their habits, usages and forms of worship, from all other tribes of India. In a Sanscrit vocabulary, at least seven hundred years old, the term *Bheel* denotes a particular race of barbarians living on plunder; which corresponds with the description of them in the ancient Hindoo poem, the Mahabharat. These people were the terror of Central India while under the government of Nadir

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\* Vol. xviii p 460.

Sing; but this chief being banished for a murder, and his son, a fine youth, who for three years had been carefully educated at Sir John Malcolm's head quarters, succeeding to his authority, there is now no part of the country where life and property are safer than amid the late dreaded Bheels of his father. The following incident, which occurred on the trial of Nadir Sing, is strongly characteristic of this race:

‘ During the examination into the guilt of Nadir Singh, when taking the evidence of some female prisoners, it appeared that the father and husband of one of them, a girl about fourteen years of age, had been instruments in committing the murder of which he was accused. She was asked if they put the deceased to death; “Certainly they did,” was her firm reply; “but they acted by the Dhunnee’s, or lord’s order.” “That may be true,” it was remarked, “but it does not clear them; for it was not an affray, it was a deed perpetrated in cold blood.” “Still,” said the girl, “they had the Dhunnee’s order.” The person conducting the examination shook his head, implying it would not be received in justification. The child (for she was hardly more) rose from the ground, where she was sitting, and, pointing to two sentries who guarded them, and were standing at the door of the room, exclaimed, with all the animation of strong feeling, “These are your soldiers; you are their Dhunnee; your words are their laws; if you order them this moment to advance and put me, my mother, and cousin, who are now before you, to death, would they hesitate in slaying three female Bheels? If we are innocent, would you be guilty of our blood, or these faithful men?” After this observation, she reseated herself, saying, “My father and husband are Nadir’s soldiers.”’—vol. i. pp. 550, 551.

The Bheels excite the horror of the higher classes of Hindoos, by eating not only the flesh of buffaloes, but of cows; an abomination which places them just above the *Chumars* or shoemakers, who feast on dead carcases, and are deemed so unclean that they are not allowed to dwell within the precincts of the village. The wild Bheels, who reside among the hills, are a diminutive and wretched-looking race, but active and capable of great fatigue; they go armed with bows and arrows, and are professed robbers and thieves, lying in wait for the weak and unprotected, while they fly from the strong. Ignorant and superstitious beyond all other classes, the command of their *Turwees*, or chiefs, is law; and to kill another, at their desire, or to suffer death themselves, is to them equally a matter of indifference. Fond of liquor to excess, their quarrels generally begin and end in drunken bouts; no feud can be stanchd, no crime forgiven, but at a general feast, which sometimes continues in drunkenness and riot for several days. The Bheel women are said to have great influence in the society, and to be industrious, orderly and humane. Sir John

says that, in the recent reform of a large proportion of the Bheels of Central India, the women acted a very prominent part, and one worthy of the character of their sex. The first step which he took was to raise a small corps commanded by their own chiefs; and 'before,' says he, 'they had been in the service one month, I placed them as a guard over treasure, which had a surprizing effect, both in elevating them in their own minds, and in those of other parts of the community.' This was judicious; but he did more than this—he took, as his constant attendants, some of the most desperate of the plundering chiefs; and the good effects fully answered the expectations which he had formed, by thus inspiring confidence, and exalting bold and courageous men in their own estimation.

Among the numerous tribes of professed robbers and thieves of Central India, the two principal are the *Baugries* and *Moghies*, both Hindoos of the lowest caste; their redeeming qualities are bravery, boldness, and expertness; they are 'true to their salt,' or to those who feed them, beyond most of the Hindoos; and so literally do they adopt the proverb, that they avoid *tasting salt* from the hands of any but their own brethren, that they may not be fettered in their darling pursuit of plunder. The *Gwarriahs* are a tribe who support themselves chiefly by stealing women and children, whom they sell as slaves; but this abominable practice has nearly been abolished wherever the British influence extends. The *Thugs* are bands of mendicants, chiefly Brahmins, pilferers, robbers and murderers; composed of all classes, even Mahomedans. They assume various disguises; sometimes seeking protection from travellers; at others, offering it; in either case the fate of those who trust them is the same.

'The Thugs have, concealed, a long silken cord with a noose, which they throw round the necks of their heedless companions, who are strangled and plundered. Their victims, who are always selected for having property, are, when numerous or at all on their guard, lulled by every art into confidence. They are invited to feasts, where their victuals and drink are mixed with soporific or poisonous drugs, through the effects of which they fall an easy prey to these murderers and robbers, the extraordinary success of whose atrocities can only be accounted for by the condition of the countries in which they take place.'—vol. ii. p. 189.

The desolation which ensued, from letting loose a population composed of such materials as we have been describing, will readily be conceived. Those only who resided in walled cities were safe from the ravages and massacres of these lawless banditti. The state of the unprotected parts of the country near the Vindhya range and the Nerbudda, where hundreds of villages were

were to be seen deserted and roofless, is described by Captain Ambrose, who had been detached by Sir John Malcolm for their protection: he observes that, in the year 1818, he had ascertained the names of eighty-four individuals and of the village they belonged to, who had been killed by tigers; these ferocious animals having literally usurped the country, and fought with the returning inhabitants for their fields. In 1819 several of the villagers were killed; but in 1820 scarcely one. It appears from authentic documents procured by our author, that in the state of Holkar alone, in the year 1817, of 3,701 villages, only 2,038 were inhabited; 1,663 were deserted, or, as the natives emphatically term it, 'without lamp,' a phrase that denotes the extreme of desolation. In 1818 the number of villages restored was 269; in 1819—343; and in 1820—508, leaving only 543 deserted, the whole of which there was every reason to believe would be re-peopled within three years.

In the year 1817 the revenues of Holkar were from four to five lacs of rupees; in 1820 they were close upon seventeen lacs; and the expense of collection was reduced from forty to fifteen per cent. His useless and devouring army, of 15,000 horse and 10,000 infantry in the year 1817, has been reduced to 3,000 horse and 200 infantry as a guard to his palace. The revenues of Scindea have increased about twenty-five per cent. and the expense of collection has been reduced fifteen per cent. His army in 1817 consisted of 13,000 cavalry, 26,000 infantry, and 396 pieces of cannon, besides Pindarries and local corps; he has now 9,000 cavalry and 13,000 infantry: similar reductions have taken place in all the minor states of Central India. Sir John Malcolm says, that since Holkar became one of our dependent allies, his court, by the able co-operation of his minister, Tantia Jogh, has been raised from a condition of penury and distress, to one of comfort and respectability; while Scindea, who had cherished the vain hope of extinguishing the British power in India, but who became the marked deserter of what he had deemed his nation's cause,—'has, in fact, without any formal obligations, subsided into a condition which places him in a state of dependence upon the British nation; and appears at present to look to it alone for relief from his embarrassments, and for that tranquillity which seems to be the principal object of his ambition.' In short, all the tribes of Central India have expressed sentiments of gratitude for our interference, and regard us as the restorers of their quiet and prosperity. Even the most vicious and depraved part of the community have become sensible of the blessings of a better course of life. 'These,' says our author, 'noted as the chiefs of plunderers, are now contending for rights belonging to their ancestors,

as hereditary cultivators; new villages are rising every where, and forests which, for many years, have been deemed inaccessible, are fast clearing on account of the profit derived from the timber required to build towns and cities.' Such have been the benefits bestowed on all classes in Central India, in consequence of the interference we were imperatively called upon to use in the year 1817.\* The rapid progress of the change, and the causes by which it has been produced, are thus explained.

'The campaign which had just terminated, was not an attack upon a state, or on a body of men, but upon a system. It was order contending against anarchy; and the first triumph was so complete, that there ceased, almost from the moment, to be any who cherished hopes of the contest being either prolonged or revived the victory gained was slight, comparatively speaking, over armies, to what it was over mind. The universal distress, which a series of revolutions must ever generate, had gone its circle, and reached all ranks and classes. The most barbarous of those who subsisted on plunder had found that a condition of continued uncertainty and alarm could not be one of enjoyment. The princes, chiefs, and inhabitants of this country, had neither national feelings, confidence in each other, nor any one principle of union. When therefore a government too strong to be resisted, proclaimed every district to be the right of its proprietor, on condition of his proving himself the friend of peace and good order, and when men found that the choice between such a course, and that of continuing the promoters of anarchy, was an option between its friendship or hostility, all concurred in submission'—vol. II. pp. 233, 234

And in conclusion of his remarks on this happy change, our author adds,

'It may be asserted that history affords few examples where a change in the political condition of a country has been attended with such an aggregate of increased happiness to its inhabitants, as that which was effected within four years in Central India, and it is pleasing to think, that, with the exception of suppressing a few Bheel robbers, peace was restored, and has hitherto been maintained, without one musquet being fired. It was viewed, from the first, as a work which force could never accomplish, and if there is one ground beyond all others on which hopes of continued tranquillity can rest, it is that of its having been established in the manner described.'—vol. II. p. 263

Infinitely varied as are the manners, habits, usages, and superstitious beliefs, among that immense population which is spread over the peninsula, as it is usually but improperly called, of India, if we examine them minutely they will all be found as so many ramifications from the same original stock, which have taken only some shades of difference in passing through a long succession of ages. Of their vast antiquity there can be little doubt, as all the great leading features of the four castes are noticed by the historians

rians of Alexander's expedition. The Mahomedan dynasties, during a continuance of eight hundred years, have effected but little change in the religious sentiments and superstitious observances of the Hindoo natives, though they produced a change in some respects among the inhabitants of the court or of large cities. In Central India, however, it appears that the few Mahomedans and half-breeds of that race have rather inclined to the faith and usages of the Hindoos generally, than the latter to theirs. It may not therefore be uninteresting to take a glance at the component parts which form the society of Central India, and of the state of their intellectual and moral character.

It appears from all the sacred Hindoo writers, 'that the soil belongs to him by whom it is occupied and tilled,'\* the monarch being entitled to a tax of ten per cent. for his support, and to enable him to provide for the protection of the cultivator; and this arrangement was not disturbed either by the bigotry of the Mahomedans or the rapacity of the Mahrattas, who understood and set a proper value on those ancient institutions, which secured the rights of the native population, and left to every village its own independent and distinct community, ruled by its own officers within its own limits.

Every state is divided into districts, each containing about thirty villages, over which is a *Zemindar* or *Mundlove*, whose duties are, to preserve the peace, protect the cultivators, collect the revenues, &c. for which he has a grant of land from the government, a per centage on the collections, a small due from each village, and also from each caste and trade, as, a blanket from weavers, oil from oilmen, a pair of shoes from shoemakers, and so forth. His *Register*, who keeps an account of the revenue, the measurement and allotment of land, has also his per centage and dues. The *Land-measurer* has a rupee from each village, and some small fees. These are the *district* officers.

As the head of each *village* is the *Potail*, who is generally hereditary. He also has a grant of land, and certain dues or fees from every article of produce and manufacture. Through him the rent and dues of the government are collected, and he is the medium of communication on all matters between the officers of the government and the villagers. Next to him is the *Putwarry*,

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\* It is the same in China, where the occupier and cultivator of a waste piece of land is considered as the proprietor. 'The right of the cultivator,' says Sir John Malcolm, 'to the property of the soil was never disputed, and where the extreme of violence, or a series of revolutions, either extirpated or expelled the original inhabitants from districts or provinces, the mere fact of occupation for two or three generations regenerated, to a certain extent, the rights of the cultivator, who claimed, as long as he could pay the government share, the field that his father had tilled as his own and as the inheritance of his children.'



or register of the village, who is also entitled to land and certain dues under the Potal. Every house, tank, tree, field, land-mark, is expected to be known by him, and his evidence is most essential in all disputes about land. The *Pursae*, or priest, officiates at births, funerals, marriages, and receives certain fees. He foretels good and bad seasons, and fixes the time for sowing, and undertaking all matters of importance; he is, however, but little respected, and is usually very poor. The *Chou-keedar* is the village watchman, who receives a trifling fee from travellers. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the barber, and the washerman of the village, have each their duties and privileges. All these officers and handicraftmen derive their subsistence from the cultivator of the soil; after the distribution of which, and the government share, the Ryot has still an ample store left for himself, as he has no other rent or tax to pay, and receives the gratuitous assistance of the other members of the community.

By a sacred regard to such institutions as these only could the desolate tracts in Central India, which had lain waste for so many years, have been repossessed by the descendants of their former occupants (with rare cases of dispute or difference) as if they had only been abandoned for as many days.

‘The rights of the native hereditary officers of a village are much respected in Central India; and never did a country afford such proofs of the imperishable nature of this admirable institution. After the Pindarry war, every encouragement was held out for the inhabitants to return to their desolate homes. In several districts, particularly those near the Nerbudda, many of the villages had been waste for more than thirty years. The inhabitants, who had been scattered, followed all occupations: many Potails, who had been obliged to leave their lands, had become plunderers, and remained at or near their ruined villages; some of their relations and friends followed their example; others cultivated grounds at a distance of several hundred miles from their homes: while a great majority went to the large towns, where they found a temporary asylum, and obtained subsistence by labouring in gardens or fields. But there is no people in whose hearts the love of the spot where they were born seems more deeply implanted than the Hindus; and those of Central India, under all their miseries and dispersion, appear never for a moment to have given up the hope of being restored to their homes. The families of each village, though remote from each other, maintained a constant communication,—intermarriages were made, and the links that bound them together were only strengthened by adversity. When convinced that tranquillity was established, they flocked to their roofless houses. Infant Potails (the second and third in descent from the emigrator) were in many cases carried at the head of these parties. When they reached their villages, every wall of a house, every field was taken possession of by the owner or cultivator, without dispute or litigation amongst themselves or with government; and

and in a few days every thing was in progress, as if it had never been disturbed. There was seldom any difficulty from the claims of other occupants; for local authorities, which appeared to hesitate at no means that promised profit, rejected the most advantageous offers from new settlers, while a hope remained that an hereditary officer or cultivator who had claims to the management or cultivation of its lands, was likely to return. The worst of these rulers are not insensible to the necessity of preserving from injury this admirable and well-constructed foundation of their civil government and revenue system.'—vol. ii. p. 20—28.

No public institutions for the instruction of youth exist, but private schools are found in every village of a hundred houses, in which a dialect of Hindoo, and accounts are taught. The Sanscrit is taught at Oojeen to a few Brahmin pupils, who also learn enough of astronomy to enable them to carry on the tricks of judicial astrology, and the routine of mythological rites and usages of their sect. For females there are no schools, such institutions being incompatible with the prejudices and customs of the natives. The dancing girls, however, are often well instructed, and almost all the principal Rajpoot ladies have sufficient learning to carry on their own correspondence. The great Hindoo festivals of India are observed with the same ceremonies here as elsewhere. That of *Hooly* is the joyous period in which every sect (even the Mahomedan cultivators) joins; it is the popular festival of the lower classes.

'During this carnival, which lasts four weeks, men forget both their restraints and distinctions; the poorest may cast the red powder upon his lord, the wife is freed from her habitual respect to her husband, and nothing but the song and the dance is heard. The festival extends to the lowest inhabitants, equal, if not greater enjoyments than to the higher; and for the last eight days the labourer ceases from his toil, and the cultivator quits his field, deeming it impious to attend to any thing but the voice of joy and gladness.'—vol. ii. p. 195.

The peasantry of Central India possess a pleasing simplicity of manners, expressing to their superiors what they may have to state with an openness and boldness surprising to those, who have witnessed only that distance between superior and inferior which a proud despotic race of Mahomedan lords have established in Hindostan.

'The peasants of Central India, both male and female, appear a remarkably cheerful race. They are particularly fond of singing: the men, after the labour of the day is over, will sit for hours in circles singing in chorus, or listening to some story, the subject of which is generally religious, and mixed with tales of their former princes, and the deeds of their forefathers. The women all sing; and it is usual to see them returning in groups from a well or river with water for the use of their families, chanting in chorus some favourite songs. At the vil-

lage marriages the women join in dances, and in every other scene of innocent merriment, with a liberty that is not exceeded by the usages of the same class in any part of the world.'—vol. ii. p. 198.

Female slaves are most abundant in Central India, some being sold by their parents, others stolen and imported, and others born of women in a state of bondage. The dancing-girls are all purchased when young. They are condemned to a life of toil and vice for the profit of others. The Rajpoot chiefs and Zemindars have from 50 to 200 female slaves, who are allowed to form such connections as they please, and take to themselves a large share of the profits of their promiscuous intercourse. Men slaves are rare, and are generally treated more like adopted children than menials.

The practice of *Suttie*, or self-immolation of widows and others, prevailed extensively during the power and influence of the Rajpoots. The Mahomedans used every effort, even that of force, to prevent it; but the Mahrattas, by a wise neglect and indifference, which neither encouraged by approval, nor provoked by prohibition, rendered this practice so rare, that in the whole of Central India there have not been above three or four *Sutties* annually for the last twenty years. That still more horrible practice, which prevails in the states of two or three petty Rajahs, of forcibly throwing numbers of unwilling females on the funeral pile, is altogether unknown in this part of India;—here indeed it appears, that no *Suttie* has taken place for many years, in which the parties were not voluntary victims, and acting against the advice and remonstrance of their friends.

Sir John Malcolm mentions two cases of self-inhumation; one of a man who said he was tired of existence; the other of one who had an incurable malady. A hole was made sufficiently deep to allow the head to be about a foot below the surface when the victim stood upright; the earth was thrown in gradually by the relations and neighbours till it reached the chin, when, at a signal given by the victim, the cavity was rapidly filled up. Self-destruction among men had sometimes been practised by casting themselves, during public festivals, from a rock at Onkar Mundattah, in the belief that they would be re-born Rajahs in their next state of transmigration. These victims were either insane from religious feeling too strongly excited, or men brought up to the continual contemplation of the sacrifice which they made.

‘The latter are generally the first-born sons of women who have been long barren, and who, to remove what they deem a curse, have vowed that their child (if one is given them) shall be devoted to Onkar Mundattah. The first knowledge imparted to the infant is this vow; and the impression is so implanted in his mind as an inevitable fate, that he  
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often appears, for years before he comes to the rocky precipice which overhangs the Nerbudda, like a man haunted by his destiny. There is a tradition, supported by popular belief, that it is incumbent to make a person whose life is saved after the tremendous fall over the rock, (which is more than one hundred and twenty feet,) Raja of the place, and it is farther stated, that this petty principality was thus obtained about one hundred and fifty years ago. To prevent, however, the possibility of the recurrence of such a succession, poison is mixed with the last victuals given to the devoted man, and its action is usually increased by stimulants before the dreadful leap is taken. There however, as at the pile of the Suttie, retreat is not permitted, and armed men are ready to compel the completion of the scene, as well as to finish any remains of life that may appear after the fall. Women sometimes, but rarely, sacrifice themselves in this manner.—vol. ii. p. 211.

The belief in witchcraft, common throughout India, prevails in an extraordinary degree in Central India, from the Brahmin to the lowest Bheel, and is generally fatal to those who are its objects and victims. The *Dhakeens*, or witches, are generally wrinkled old women, who, by the aid of their *Bheer*, or familiar, and by certain incantations, are empowered to inflict pains, diseases, and death, upon such as may have incurred their resentment. Their power exists only on certain days and at certain periods of the year: on the nights of these days, they are to be seen with their eyes glaring red, their hair dishevelled and bristled, their heads rolling about, riding upon tigers and other wild beasts. It is enough to incur the suspicion of being a witch, if a woman be old and haggard, or bad tempered; and if sickness attacks a family, or the cattle be stolen or die, such a one is almost sure to be seized, and to have red pepper stuffed into her eyes:—if this does not produce tears, the unfortunate creature is condemned to die. Sometimes the witch is tied in a bag and thrown into a pool, where, as not long ago with us, sinking is the only proof of her innocence. If by her struggles she keeps afloat, she is condemned to drink the water used by the leather-dressers, which is a degradation from caste, or to have her nose cut off, or to be put to death. Sir John Malcolm says that, within the last thirty years, above a thousand women have been put to death as witches in Central India, and chiefly by the ruling powers, all of whom are childishly superstitious on this point. He entertains sanguine hopes, however, of eventually crushing this inhuman practice. Mr. Wellesley, the resident at Indore, insisted on the accusers undergoing the same ordeal as the accused, which so amused and instructed the Dewan of Holkar that, though strongly imbued with this superstition, he determined to follow the same plan on all occasions.

As an instance of the extraordinary effects produced upon the inhabitants

inhabitants by persons desirous of working upon their passions and prejudices, Sir John relates the following anecdote.

‘The war with the Pindarries was then (1818) over, and the country was in a state of tolerable tranquillity, when a sudden agitation was produced among the peaceable inhabitants, by a number of cocoa-nuts being passed from village to village with a mysterious direction to speed them to specific destinations (usually to the chief local authority.) From beyond Jeypoor North to the Deckan South, and from the frontier of Guzerat to the territories of Bhopal, this signal flew with unheard-of celerity. The Pottail of every village where these cocoa-nuts came, carried it himself with breathless haste to another, to avert a curse which was denounced on all who impeded or stopped them even for a moment. No event followed to throw any light upon this extraordinary occurrence. Every inquiry was instituted, and persons were sent who traced the route of the signal for several hundred miles; but no information was obtained; and a circumstance which produced, for upwards of a month, a very serious sensation over all Central India, remains to this moment a complete mystery.’—vol. ii. p. 217—219.

Having taken this hasty sketch of the component parts and habits of the population of Central India, we proceed to the last and most important chapter in Sir John Malcolm’s work, on the ‘Condition and Administration of the British Power,’ which is applicable more or less to our possessions and influence in every part of India, on the general tranquillity of which our dominion must rest, as its only secure basis. He commences by observing

‘Our present condition is one of apparent repose, but full of danger. With the means we had at our command, the work of force was comparatively easy: the liberality of our government gave grace to conquest, and men were for the moment satisfied to be at the feet of generous and humane conquerors. Wearied with a state of continued warfare and anarchy, the loss even of power was hardly regretted; halcyon days were anticipated, and men prostrated themselves in hopes of elevation. All these impressions, made by the combined effects of power, humanity, and fortune, were improved to the utmost by the character of our first measures. The agents of government were generally individuals who had acquired a name in the scene in which they were employed: they were unfettered by rules, and their acts were adapted to soothe the passions, and accord with the habits and prejudices, of those whom they had to conciliate or to reduce to obedience.

‘But there are many causes which operate to make a period like this one of short duration; and the change to a colder system of policy, and the introduction of our laws and regulations into countries immediately dependent upon us, naturally excite agitation and alarm. It is the hour in which men awake from a dream. Disgust and discontent succeed to terror and admiration; and the princes, the chiefs, and all who had enjoyed rank or influence, see nothing but a system dooming them to immediate decline and ultimate annihilation.’—vol. ii. pp. 264, 265.

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This view of the subject he considers as applicable only to the countries under our immediate sway. That system of influence and controul, which our condition compels us to exercise over many of our allies and dependents, presents far more serious difficulties. So long as we govern through the agency of native princes and chiefs, he considers it the best policy to employ all our moral influence and physical power to strengthen, instead of weakening, these royal instruments of government; and if compelled by circumstances to depart from this course, he deems it obviously more prudent to assume at once and exercise the immediate sovereignty of the country, than to leave to such weak and degraded instruments any means of avenging themselves on a power, which has rendered them the debased tools of its own rule. The speediest death of such government is, we agree with him, the best for all parties. But this, it must at the same time be admitted, is the very greatest evil against which we have to guard. 'Increase of territory,' says Sir John, 'will, in spite of all our efforts, come too rapidly; but to be at all safe, the march must be gradual towards a crisis, which cannot be anticipated without alarm.' We have no retreat, as he justly observes, whenever our authority is in question; *en avant!* must here be our motto. We have no natural root in the soil, unassociated as we are in language, prejudices, habits and religion, with the people we have to govern. The foundation of our authority rests on opinion, and this compels us, at all hazards, to carry through every dispute and contest with the natives, whether of our own provinces, or of those under our protection, for our ascendancy cannot long exist if our strength be ever doubted.

The restoration of tranquillity to Central India, by our means, was at first recognized by all classes as a real blessing; but symptoms of jealousy have since occasionally shown themselves; and serious apprehensions as to the permanence of their present condition are predominant, from the first princes to the potails of villages. The very prosperity of the country may be expected to stimulate into action some of that restless spirit which has been repressed but not destroyed; an increased cultivation and improving trade will present objects of plunder, which had ceased to exist.

It requires, therefore, on our part, a delicate line of conduct, and wise and vigilant measures for the preservation of peace, and of that confidence in the well-disposed portion of the community, which an uniform system of easy comprehension, a clear and explicit avowal of our views and objects, a never ceasing exertion to calm and tranquillize the minds of the numerous princes and chiefs, and a rigid adherence to good faith, can alone inspire.

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‘It is upon the tone,’ says Sir John, ‘of those whom we employ, and upon the character of the intercourse we maintain with the rulers and people, that their tranquillity and prosperity will chiefly depend.’ It was under a conviction, he tells us, ‘that there is more to fear from a redundant zeal and activity, than from apathy or indolence,’ that he wrote his ‘Notes of Instructions’ for the assistants and officers acting under his orders, respecting the manner to be observed towards the natives in their official and private intercourse, the regulation of their conduct in all points where their interference may be necessary, the respect and indulgence to be observed towards their peculiar habits and customs, their superstitious and religious prejudices. If Sir John Malcolm had written nothing more than these ‘Instructions,’ we should have set him down as a man gifted with a comprehensive and superior mind. They evince so thorough a knowledge of the human heart, as well as of the singular people to whom they relate; they embrace such excellent rules and advice for the guidance of those who have the management of those people, that, in our opinion, the directors of the East India Company could not perform a more effectual service to themselves and their constituents, as well as to their servants in India and the inhabitants at large, than by making them the basis of a general system of instruction to all their residents at the various courts of the native princes. They are indeed most admirable in every part, but we have room only for the concluding paragraph.

‘There are, I fear, many omissions in these notes of instructions, but an anxiety to render them complete has already made them far longer than was at first intended. One of my chief objects has been to impress in the most forcible manner the great benefits which are to be expected from a kind and conciliating manner, and a constant friendly intercourse with those under your direction and control. It is the feelings and knowledge which such habits on your part will inspire, that can alone give effect to the principles of action that have been prescribed for your observance. You are called upon to perform no easy task: to possess power, but seldom to exercise it; to witness abuses which you think you could correct; to see the errors, if not crimes, of superstitious bigotry, and the miseries of misrule, and yet forbear, lest you injure interests far greater than any within the sphere of your limited duties, and impede and embarrass, by a rash change and innovation that may bring local benefit, the slow but certain march of general improvement. Nothing can keep you right on all these points but constant efforts to add to your knowledge, and accustoming your mind (as I have before urged you) to dwell upon the character of the British power in India, and that of the empire over which it is established. The latter, comprehending numerous tribes and nations, with all their various institutions and governments, may truly, though metaphorically, be viewed as a vast and ancient fabric, neither without shape

shape nor beauty, but of which many parts are in a dilapidated state, and all more or less soiled or decayed; still it is a whole, and connected in all its parts, the foundations are deep-laid, and to the very summit arch rests upon arch. We are now its possessors, and if we desire to preserve while we improve it, we must make ourselves completely masters of the frame of the structure to its minutest ornaments and defects: nor must we remove the smallest stone till another is ready, suited to fill the vacant niche, otherwise we may inadvertently bring a ruin on our own heads and those of others, on the spot where we too eagerly sought to erect a monument of glory.—vol. ii. pp. 474, 475.

In the government of Central India, so important to the peace of the whole peninsula, we accord entirely with Sir John Malcolm's views of placing there a person of high rank and known talent, as Lieutenant-Governor, with such powers and authorities (under the direction of the superior government) as would enable him to keep the machine in good order—to act with decision and promptitude—to proceed with calmness and patience in the reform of abuses—to view the habits of ignorance and error with indulgence—and, to use his own words, 'to exercise a controul which is most efficient when it is least seen, and which, in its operation, makes princes and chiefs regard with reverence and attachment a power that elevates when it has ample means of depressing, and which is so constituted that it can only be conciliated by their good or offended by their evil actions:'—and, as he justly observes, 'these objects may be attained through the operation of one authority; but they cannot through a multiplicity of agents.'

The rank and high name of the person by whom power is exercised always mitigates a sense of subjection; and they are peculiarly adapted to gratify the pride and prejudices of the natives of India. But the grand object to be obtained by vesting authority in one high and responsible officer, is the uniform and consistent system of government to be expected from him, and without which we cannot hope to tranquillize the minds of princes trembling for their sovereignty, of chiefs doubtful of continued independence, of the guardians of religion alive for the inviolability of their ancient rites and superstitions, and of all ranks and classes who may dread further encroachment and innovation. We entirely agree with Sir John Malcolm's position, as a first principle of government, that 'no system can be good that is not thoroughly understood and appreciated by those for whose benefit it is intended;' and that 'if founded on principles they do not comprehend, requiring forms and usages adverse to their habits and feelings, we shall experience no adequate return of confidence and allegiance.' As we never could have conquered India without the  
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assistance of the natives, and as by them alone we can hope to preserve it, the policy is obvious of associating ourselves with our subjects; and this, our author contends, may be done without lowering ourselves to their standard, but merely by descending so far from the real or supposed eminence on which we stand, as to induce them to accompany us in the work of improvement. On these principles he acted in Malwa, and there is perhaps no other instance in the history of the human race of so happy a change from a state of absolute misery and desolation, to that of order, tranquillity, and prosperity.

This brings us to the very serious question, how are our increasing territories in India to be governed? Are we, in the administration of justice, to be mostly guided by our own rules, principles and prejudices, or by those of the nations we have conquered? Sir John Malcolm is decidedly in favour of a leaning towards the latter, and gives the preference to the ancient native courts of Punjayet (or jury courts of five or more) to those of Adawlut, established by the Mahomedan invaders. Unfortunately, however, our early conquests were over Mahomedan rulers, and we continued the forms and usages of the courts of justice as we found them; but the Hindoos are universally against these courts, and particularly dislike the *vakeels*, or lawyers, who are unknown in their own punjayets, where justice rarely fails of being obtained with little or no expense to the parties concerned in litigation. In Central India, owing to the scanty population of Mahomedans, these courts have maintained their ground, and Sir John Malcolm bears testimony to their integrity and wisdom, adding, ‘there was no case of appeal from their decision which did not, on revisal, do credit to them.’ The Hindoos in all things are governed by opinion, and it is this which preserves the purity of the punjayet.

‘The members of the punjayet are selected by the general suffrage of their fellow-citizens; and whether in the lower or higher ranks, a person, who has once established a reputation for talent and integrity in these courts, is deemed a permanent member. It is a popular distinction, and becomes, therefore, a point of fame. A person is estimated in proportion as he is free from suspicion of being actuated by influence or corruption; and to have fame as a *punj* is an object of ambition to the poorest inhabitant of the hamlet as well as the highest and wealthiest citizen. To sit upon these courts is conceived a duty which every man is bound to perform. The members receive no pay.’ —vol. i. pp. 569, 570.

Perhaps it may be doubtful whether, in Bengal and those parts of India where the Mahomedan sway and population prevailed, the same degree of integrity and impartiality could be expected from

from courts thus composed; but we are decidedly of opinion that no change ought to be attempted in Central India, where there appears so little ground for complaint.

Indeed Sir John Malcolm deprecates all sudden innovation of any kind; and while a spirit of independence and of rational liberty breathes through every part of his work, he strongly inculcates a kindly regard towards the errors and prejudices of a people who have many good qualities to redeem them. To ameliorate their condition and promote their happiness are unquestionably the surest means of rendering our dominion permanent; and to effect this, experience is certainly preferable to zeal. 'We should look,' says Sir John, 'at the errors and revolting usages of parts of these great communities with indulgence and compassion; and, unfettered by that prejudice and self-pride, of which we accuse them, we should give to some of their qualities, habits and institutions, that admiration which they merit.' One of the greatest practical blunders we have yet made in India was the substitution of a plausible theory for ancient usage, in taking the land from the ryots, its rightful owners, and conferring it on the zemindars, the hereditary collectors of the revenue, under the specious pretext of creating a body of country gentlemen, who would improve the property, and secure to the government a permanently fixed rent. The fatal effects of this well-intentioned but ill-advised measure were soon apparent by the ruin of those it was meant to enrich, by the oppression and misery of the ancient occupiers, and the almost total neglect of agriculture.

The wisdom and sound policy of not irritating the Hindoo population by opposing or contemptuously deriding their usages and superstitions, are strongly pointed out in every part of Sir John Malcolm's book. He observes that such as have no foundation but ignorance must, by time and the effect of example, give way; and the natives will be prepared to receive as a blessing what, if too hastily obtruded, they will be too apt to consider as meant for their degradation and ruin; but their improvement, he contends, will necessarily be slow; and must proceed from themselves, influenced by our measures and example, but not thrust upon them. In this spirit he recommends that we should protect and encourage their own schools, which are found in every village. With respect to the character of the schools established by missionaries at and near the presidencies, there are various opinions; but Sir John Malcolm concurs with Mr. Elphinstone in thinking that nothing would be more dangerous than the extension of them into countries just emerging from anarchy, and where the English character is scarcely known.

The Abbé Dubois has just published a short account of the  
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state of Christianity in India. The life and attainments of this missionary singularly qualify him for the subject. He devoted himself for thirty years to the severe duties of his profession. At Mysore he lived *as the natives, and with them*, and submitted to every restraint and privation; in a word, he adopted the usages and prejudices of the inhabitants, as the early Jesuits were accustomed to do, in order to forward the views of his mission. No man was more respected by all ranks, and classes and castes; even the Brahmins courted his friendship, and the first English officers and residents at Mysore sought his acquaintance, and availed themselves of his superior knowledge and information—and this is his opinion.

‘The Hindoos are a people entirely different from all others. You may, if you chuse, exercise over them the most despotic sway; you may oppress them by every kind of tyranny; you may overload them with taxes, and rob them of their property; you may carry away their wives and children, load them with chains, and send them into exile:—to all such excesses they will, perhaps, submit; but if you speak of changing any of their principal institutions, either religious or civil, you will find them a quite ungovernable people, never to be overcome on this point; and it is my decided opinion, that the day when government shall presume to interfere in such matters, will be the last of its political existence.’\*

The mutiny at Vellore affords a striking example of the truth of the Abbé’s observation. The ostensible cause, it is true, was the introduction of some foppery into the dress of the native troops, such as changing the turban for a cap or helmet, and obliterating the mark in the forehead, which, being unnecessary innovations, were, in themselves, sufficiently annoying to a people attached to ancient usages—but they were also considered as the forerunners to a forcible change of their religion, and preparatory to their being made Christians. The government very properly used every means of setting the minds of the Hindoo population at rest on this subject; and though the influx of missionaries created some alarm for a time, the judicious measures of Lord Wellesley, in putting them under regulations and restraint, finally tranquillized the guardians of the ancient faith; since which the missionaries at or near the presidencies are said to be considered by them as perfectly harmless, because, though tolerated, they are not encouraged by the government. Their conversions, as they call them, are confined to the lowest of the population, or to those who, having lost their caste, are glad to resort to any means of obtaining food and fresh connections. If any man could hope to succeed in making converts to the Christian faith,

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\* Letters on the State of Christianity in India, p. 66.

it was the mild and unpretending Abbé; and what was the amount of his success in five-and-twenty years?—take it in his own words,—‘between two and three hundred converts of both sexes; of whom two-thirds were pariahs, or beggars, and the rest composed of sudras, vagrants and outcasts, who, being without resource, turned Christians for a time, and relapsed when any thing better offered:—and I am verily ashamed,’ adds the Abbé, ‘that the resolution I have taken to declare the whole truth on this subject, forces me to make the humiliating avowal, that those who continued Christians were the very worst amongst my flock.’

The Roman Catholic ritual would appear to be that of all others best calculated to make an impression, and to gain proselytes. ‘It has,’ as the Abbé well observes, ‘a *poorga*, or sacrifice; it has processions, images, statues, *tirtan* (or holy water), fasts, *tittys* (or feasts), prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, &c.—all which practices bear more or less resemblance to those in use among the Hindoos.’ Yet it failed altogether. What chance of success then have the rash, unconciliating evangelical missionaries, pouring forth, (says the Abbé,) in their blind zeal, anathemas and indiscriminate abuse both of the natives and to the natives? proclaiming, for example, ‘that the men are without honesty, and the women without chastity’—‘and that every mother among the tribe of Rajpoots puts her female child to death as soon as born.’ In answer to this last slander, the Abbé says, ‘I appeal to all the British officers of every battalion serving under the three presidencies, and I boldly defy them to quote a single instance of this horrid kind.’

Nor are their hasty versions of the Scriptures much calculated to raise the sacred writings in the opinion of the Hindoos. The language is low and vulgar, utterly destitute of the majestic simplicity of the original, and of our own excellent translation. A Vakeel attached to one of our corps, having in his possession a copy of these versions, was asked by the colonel what he thought of it? the answer was short.—‘Very ill written; much I don’t understand; some good stories, some bad; a great deal of nonsense.’ This opinion was, perhaps, natural enough in a Hindoo: the bad stories were, no doubt, the frequent mention of the sacrifices of heifers; the nonsense was the incorrect language of the translation, together with the reader’s limited knowledge and want of preparation for such a subject. So repugnant, indeed, is the slaughter of kine to the feelings of a Hindoo, that a Brahmin would feel himself defiled by having a book in his possession which mentioned it. An instance is related by Dubois of his having one day explained to his congregation the parable of the

Prodigal Son, in which the mention of killing the *fatted calf* gave such offence, that he was advised to leave that part out in future, otherwise the pagans would be confirmed in their opinion of the Christian religion being a low or pariah religion.

The Jesuits certainly contrived to manage these matters better, and cautiously abstained from translating such portions of the Scriptures as they knew would be injurious to their cause. Some of their translations are still extant, and are read and esteemed among the Brahmins as classical works. The late Mr. Ellis, of Madras, (a man of excellent taste, and deeply skilled in oriental literature,) once heard read aloud, by a native Professor of the College, in the Malabar language, the episode of the fight between David and Goliath, in which he said the route of the Philistines was one of the finest passages he knew in any poetry, and excited universal admiration among the native hearers.

Desirable as it would be, on every consideration, to introduce the Christian religion into India, we fear, if we may use the expression, that the *fulness of time* is not yet arrived, and that the present attempts are calculated rather to retard than hasten it. If effected at all, it must (as we have repeatedly observed) be gradually, and by the example and influence of the local government. It was a very natural question which a Brahmin put to one of the Serampore missionaries—‘Why do you not first convert your own countrymen, before you attempt to convert us?’ We have recently, it is true, appointed a bishop, and an archdeacon, and a few chaplains—but what are they among the millions of our subjects? As a matter of policy, as well as of duty, it might not probably be found injudicious to erect small but suitable chapels at every residency, with a good organ in each, and solemn music, to allure the natives to attend; it might happen that some who ‘went to scoff’ would ‘remain to pray.’

At all events, whatever degree of interference be deemed advisable, it should be committed to the judgment and discretion of the local government, who are best acquainted with the usages and prejudices of the natives, and with the safest means of correcting the errors and improving the condition of the vast population submitted to our rule; for we should never forget that the relation between that population and us is that of a conquered people to its conquerors, the former being about twice as many *millions* as the latter are *thousands*, and consequently that our dominion is solely upheld by opinion. Hitherto the improvement may have been slow, but it has been progressive and certain; the condition of the natives in every part of India to which our sovereignty or influence extends has been greatly ameliorated, and their happiness promoted by every rational means. We hope and trust

trust therefore that the local government will not be interfered with, in consequence of the restless spirit of a few ultra-philanthropists, the activity of whose benevolent feelings appears to expand in the direct ratio of geographical distance. These gentlemen are not satisfied unless the work of an age be compressed into the space of a day; they have no regard for consequences. 'We must not,' says Sir John Malcolm, 'be diverted for one moment from our object by the clamour of those who, from only half understanding this great subject, seek to interest popular opinion, and national pride and prejudices, on the side of systems of speculative reform and rash innovations, as crude as they are dangerous.'

In stirring the question of the *sutties* in the east, we are as far from impeaching the good intentions of Mr. Fowler Buxton, as we are those of Mr. Wilberforce for his zealous endeavours to effect the liberation of the blacks in the west; but we must be permitted to doubt the practical wisdom and discretion of both. The affairs of this world are not to be governed, nor the happiness of mankind secured, by intentions, however good, which militate against a sound and prudent policy. If, by a misplaced zeal, an insurrection should spread in one hemisphere, and a rebellion be created in the other, results, we regret to say, far from impossible, it would be but a poor apology to plead that no such calamities had been contemplated. These gentlemen, and those who think with them, ought to be aware, that the only effect of their interference would be to increase the evil which they meant to prevent; just as the victims rushed in greater numbers to fling themselves under the wheels of the Juggernath car, when we attempted to stop its career; whereas, since it has been treated with neglect, the priests are unable to procure a single sacrifice.

We say nothing here on the subject of what is called a *free press* in India, being fully persuaded that such a proposition, let it come from what quarter it may, will be entertained with just suspicion; and we earnestly hope that, so long as we have honest and intelligent rulers in that country, it will be sedulously protected from the certain and incalculable mischiefs which such an engine, in the hands of needy and unprincipled adventurers, cannot fail to produce. We entirely agree with Sir John Malcolm in thinking, 'that it is our duty to diffuse knowledge and truth;' but 'that it is also our most imperative duty to exercise our best judgment, *as to the mode* in which blessings shall be diffused, so as to render them beneficial.' We cannot better close these remarks than by quoting the concluding paragraph of his excellent work.

'Since we have obtained sovereignty over them, (the natives,) we  
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have greatly ameliorated their condition, and all rational means have been employed to promote their happiness, and to secure to them the benefits of good government. By premature efforts to accelerate the progress of the blessings it is our hope to impart, we shall not only hasten our own downfall, but replunge the natives of India into a state of greater anarchy and misery than that from which we relieved them. Let us, therefore, calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases, for cease it must, (though probably at a remote period,) as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge, we shall as a nation have the proud boast that we have preferred the civilization to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a moral monument more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed.'—p. 304.

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ART. VI.—1. *Orgueil et Vanité, Comédie en 5 actes, et en prose.*

Par M. J. S.

2. *La Fille d'Honneur, Comédie en 5 actes, en vers.* Par M. Alex. Duval, *Membre de l'Institut Royal.*

3. *Le Folliculaire, Comédie en 5 actes, et en vers.* Par M. de la Ville de Mirmont.

4. *Les Plaideurs sans Procès, Comédie en trois actes.* Par M. Etienne.

5. *L'Amour et l'Ambition, Comédie en cinq actes.* Par M. Ribouté.

6. *Valérie, Comédie en cinq actes.* Par M. Scribe.

7. *Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier, Comédie.* Par M. Scribe.

THE two walks of the drama to which we alluded in a former Article as being those in which the French had attained superior excellence, are operatic pageantry and light comedy. By operatic pageantry, we mean the entire spectacle—the show of the grand opera, for in some particulars they are surpassed by other nations. The decorations of the theatre, the mode of lighting, and ventilating it, the appearance of the audience, are superior in England; and it is the fault of the managers if better machinery is not employed in this country, which the French, when they wish to be sarcastic, call *le pays des machines*. In Italy and Germany the music is beyond comparison superior, for, indeed, nothing can be more inharmonious and grating, than the imitative screams of the vernacular opera, in a fit of pathos. But the excellence of the ballet is an ample compensation for the music of the tragédie lyrique. There is an *ensemble* and a precision in the whole business of the stage, which other nations have not attained, and a brilliancy of execution to which none but French dancers can, as yet, pretend. Their style of representation, indeed,

deed, does not generally belong to the great pantomimic art, or to the imitation of strong passions; though even these we have sometimes seen successfully attempted; but it is characterized by ease, gracefulness, and agility. The sports of the heathen gods, and the imagery of mythological lore, generally supply the subjects of the great ballets; and it is difficult to conceive any thing more enchanting in its nature than the species of poetry—the poetry of the heels—which the French have invented to embody these airy conceptions.

By ‘light comedy,’ we do not mean such as has been produced by the authors whom the French reckon among the most eminent dramatic writers, as Molière, Dancourt, Destouches, Dufresny, Regnard, &c. but by others of an inferior order, of an order, indeed, the members of which it would be almost held profanation in France, to admit farther than the portico of that temple in which the superior geniuses are canonized. What we have to say upon this matter will probably provoke the strictest animadversion of our neighbours; unless, indeed, their contempt of our bad taste, of our barbarism, our ignorance, our want of Atticism, of Parisianism, save us from their wrath.

Molière, who may be considered as the father of French comedy, possessed a deeper insight into human character than any other dramatic writer of France, whether tragic or comic. But he painted the follies, rather than the passions of men, and gave portraits of the relations which the intercourse of society engenders, rather than the native impulses of the soul. He was full of wit, sprightliness, and gaiety, and his spirit of observation turned all he saw to the profit of his comic vein: but here we think his praise must end; for he was not endowed with the powers of imagination and combination which constitute creative genius in its highest department. Molière might produce an *Avare*, or a *Tartuffe*, or an *Alceste*, or a *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; but, he could no more have created an *Ariel*, or a *Caliban*, have painted a *Falstaff*, a *Malvolio*, or a *Touchstone*, than he could have formed a new world. Nay, without going to the extreme excellencies of the art, and quoting the miraculous productions of a poet whom our national admiration almost ranks as supernatural, we will venture to say, that Molière never could have produced the single personage of *Sir Giles Overreach*; as for *Volpone* and *Mosca*, they were quite beyond his powers. With all his eminent qualities, Molière was depressed by the meanness of his position, and his genius bowed before it. He was as great as his nation and its mind gave him room to be; but it is not in a country where nature is curtailed, and every thing is sacrificed to manners, that even comedy can have its full scope. It is true,



a subjection to manners is less injurious to comedy than to tragedy; for the former still finds an ample fund for representation in the foibles of society, independently of the vast resource of characters and humours; while the latter has no treasures in reserve, but those which it can draw from passions and the heart. Madame de Staël is perfectly right, when she says, that the state of society in France was favourable to comedy; but it would be giving her assertion too much latitude, to allow that there is no higher species of comedy than that which is nurtured by such a state of society: we may think with her, that Molière is superior in his walk to the writers of other nations; but we cannot admit that his walk is the highest order of comedy, in poetry, philosophy, or general delineation of man.

The effect which national servitude to the tyranny of manners produces, is to efface the differences which nature established among men when she bestowed upon them an infinite variety of mind; and to wear down the diversified texture of society to an even if not a polished surface. The smallest asperity becomes a subject of remark and wonder, and often of ridicule. None, who pretend to appear in the world, dare to differ from its laws; and an affectation of compliance on the part of many who might very well be exempted from them, constitutes a principal distinction. But this distinction naturally must embrace classes rather than individuals. It must weigh upon the financier who would assume the flippancy of the courtier; upon the man of justice, who would imitate the gallantry of the man of the sword; upon the citizen, who would copy the nobleman; upon all who attempt to quit their situation in life for another, to which they are not suited. In systems of society where manners are paramount, these things hang together unavoidably; and the comedy which represents them must be the comedy of classes, not of individuals.

But where men have energy enough to shake off this species of oppression, and assume their native right to individual humours, allowing no class to legislate to character, the field of comedy is as uncircumscribed as the range of tragedy. It may ransack every heart, and expose its foibles, its weaknesses, its follies, all that makes it ridiculous or contemptible; and pursue in every single person the infinite combinations which these produce throughout the species, and which are precisely the elements that compose each particular disposition, and stamp individuality on every mind.

Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, has said, 'that in the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare, it is commonly a species.' This opi-

nion, which, Dr. Johnson delivered as a eulogium, would have been the most derogatory that could have been devised to the merit of our great bard, had it been true: but fortunately for those who admire his plays, it is altogether unfounded; and in order to give it either sense or justice, it must be reversed. The prodigious excellence of Shakspeare, that which raises him above every other poet, is, that all his characters are individuals. They do, indeed, belong to some class, and so do all men; but, besides the generic attributes which mark that class, each has his own peculiar qualities, which distinguish him from every other individual appertaining to it. Macbeth and Richard belong to the class of ambitious men, who would undertake any thing to gratify their ruling passion; but it is impossible not to distinguish each from the other by his individual characteristics. Shylock and Iago belong to the vindictive class; Othello and Leontes to the jealous; yet nothing can be more different than the details of those passions in each personage. Individuals in real life neither do nor can represent classes; and it would be a strange imitation which would give to the copy properties which the original could not possess. It is juster praise to say, that in the writings of some poets, a character is too often a species, whereas in those of Shakspeare it is always an individual. It is this close, this condensed mode of representing mankind, which gives such truth and vividness to all his conceptions; which makes us believe in the deception he practises upon us, and completes the illusion. He is the only poet who has observed the progress of nature in constituting moral genera and species; and in proceeding from them by more determinate characteristics, to varieties, and thence by shades still more defined, to individuals. A single passion or propensity constitutes the generic property. The addition of a second diminishes the numbers of persons to whom it can apply, and makes the picture more precise. A third and a fourth bring it still closer to the likeness of a single original, till, at length, an assemblage of qualities too minute and too exact to meet together in any other person in the same proportion and degrees, reduce it to the strict likeness of one only living sentient being. Thus it is, that men in real life are characterized as individuals, as distinct from all the race; and thus only can poetic individuality be delineated. A single passion or propensity, insulated from all others, is a mere abstraction; and to make men act as genera or species would be an incorrect mode of representing them. One only passion never did exist in a human breast, even the most absorbed by mania; and whether in reality or fiction, it must be devoid of moral interest. The poetry which does but describe, may, indeed, occupy itself upon genera and species; because the entire

world, with all its modes and beings, may be pictured by description; yet even descriptive poetry receives additional charms from the precision with which 'individual' objects are painted. But the poetry which acts, cannot for a single instant act otherwise than men do. The drama, whose business it is to set before our eyes the scenes of real life, must give those scenes as they occur in real life; as the operations of individuals, not of classes. So fatal is the opposite conception, that it has been a principal cause of failure to one of the brightest geniuses of the present times; and the limited success of Miss Baillie's tragedies—we speak not of her comedies—may in a great measure be attributed to the perseverance with which she disdained to extend the theme of her dramas. It is true that she could not remain strictly within the limits she had proposed to herself; but the attempt alone put shackles on her mind, and she voluntarily made herself inferior to what she otherwise was fully endowed to be. By individuality, we do not mean that the personages should be the copies of any existing individuals; but that their qualities should be so combined and concentrated as to be applicable but to one single ideal individual of the species.

If the principle upon which Dr. Johnson founded his eulogium of Shakspeare were correct, that dramatic personages which represent classes are preferable to those which represent individuals, the French stage would be the most perfect in the world. But the very defect of all French dramatists is, that, with vague and lax ideas upon the true principles of the art, they have attempted to express in their copies what never was known in the original, unless when the original itself was warped from the order of nature; and to show a single living, acting, thinking, sentient being, as if he were a thousand men, an abstract multiple of self. Even Molière had no just notions of character in this respect, but made his personages classes; and sometimes inscribed upon them epithets which could not properly belong to them. Alceste in *The Misanthrope*, is wholly misnamed. He is a morose sullen French humourist, as much out of vanity and dissatisfied self-love, as out of feeling; and never could have received such an appellation any where but in France, where every man, who, from whatever motive, does not skip along with the general rabble, is called a misanthrope. But how different is the Alceste of Molière, from the real misanthrope, the Timon of Shakspeare! The *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is a comedy founded entirely upon the peculiarities of two classes in society; and neither Mons. Jourdain nor Dorante possess any qualities which do not belong to the respective ranks. The former may be considered as the type of all French citizens, the latter

latter of all French courtiers of their times : but they have no individual characteristics ; and it is a misnomer to call the one Jourdain, the other Dorante. The list of the dramatis personæ might better have said, Un Bourgeois, Un homme de cour. The Avare is the type of his species, Miser ; but he is not sufficiently characterized by humours of his own to make him, if we may use the expression, concrete ; and he remains an ideal picture of the passion of avarice. The Tartuffe is infinitely preferable to Harpagon in this respect. He has an ambitious covetousness of fortune, not so much out of the wish of merely hoarding riches, as from the desire of possessing and using them ; and he employs his false devotions as a means of deceiving the wealthy master of a family. He is, moreover, amorously inclined, and would willingly accept of any *bonne fortune* that fate might throw in his way. Still, however, he never loses sight of the main object, but makes his love subservient to his grand design. In point of individuality, Tartuffe is the masterpiece of Molière, and of the French stage. Yet the sum total of passions and propensities, and humours, which Massinger has conferred upon his Sir Giles Overreach, without, however, producing either contradiction or confusion,—for in this the perfection of the art consists—certainly offers a more vivid picture of individuality, than even this chef-d'œuvre. As to the comedies which represent a single whim or habit, as the Irrésolu, the Distrait, the Glorieux, &c. they are the very quintessence of the fault which has robbed Miss Baillie of her just tribute of fame ; and beside their general want of action, interest, and relief of every kind, are completely dull and insipid, because they are pictures of abstractions, which their authors attempt to put in action. We are far from attributing this deficiency of Molière to his own intellect. He was fully adequate to paint what he saw, but he saw nothing but classes. His nation hardly contained an individual character ; all was rubbed down to smoothness. Every feeling and passion, every propensity, that is not generic, was effaced ; and all that was left him to copy were the lax and vague characteristics of ranks and classes, with the accidents which happen among them, not among individuals. All his lovers are alike ; all his young ladies minutely resemble each other ; all his valets have the same features of which Scapin is the caricature ; all his Sganarelles are one and the same man, if any of them can be called *one* ; and in them may be included his Georges Dandin ; but he drew them all alike, because his originals had ceased to be individuals.

The comedy of humours is the comedy of individuals. It is the true living concrete picture of man and of society ; and such it

it is in this country. The entire theatre of France could not muster such a number of individual characters well defined as the single English comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*; and certainly other poets, beside Ben Jonson, might be named in Britain, who, in the delineation of character, are much superior to Molière. But they drew from a large provision of models, profusely spread before them; and out of those original materials, they combined many unexpected and amusing personages, such as, even if they never did exist, were very well within the limits of probability; and thus, by fancy, enlarged the domain of comedy beyond the tangible world.

It is in good sterling dramatic wit that Molière is the most pre-eminent. In France, no person has come near him in this quality; not even Racine in his *Plaideurs*, who delights by another species of *vis comica*, not indeed inferior to it. The *Sganarelle* of Molière's *Cocu imaginaire*, is a perfect model of that kind of wit in which a comic author may indulge, to place his personage in the most ludicrous light, without making him the butt of his own sarcasms. The wit in which Beaumarchais abounds is not of so chaste a character, for it is generally delivered as wit by those who utter it; and Figaro is a *bel esprit* by profession, as well as a poet, a farrier, a varlet, a barber, &c. The admirable scene in the *Misanthrope*—to which by the bye the author of the *School for Scandal* was not a little indebted even while he surpassed it—is replete with the best kind of dramatic wit; and there does not exist a writer of any age or country who excels the French poet in this point, unless it be perhaps Sheridan. It must be remembered that Sheridan was the rival of Pitt, Burke, and Fox, in eloquence; and, in that quality, it was almost forgotten that he was the author of one of the best comedies in the English language.

The French author who, in drawing character, approached the nearest to Molière, was, perhaps, Lesage in his *Turcaret*, which, however, is composed of many reminiscences from his great master. Both indeed had the common defect of painting manners, not characters; and, consequently, of producing comedies of classes, not of individuals. But this is a defect which the French public would not even perceive; and we are not aware that any critics of that nation have made the remark. The comic writers who have excelled those of every other country in drawing characters are the English. The rich and fanciful Spanish theatre, though replete with more varied personages than the French, cannot yet vie with the British; and the German, which might be supposed to have had many resources, cannot be compared with our own. The long possession of political liberty—

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or, to speak more properly, the causes from which that liberty is derived—has developed in Britain such a variety of character, has produced so diversified a public, and stamped on every member of it such powerful features, that comedy has the widest field from which to choose; and our critics, imbued with great ideas, have prescribed but one rule in the imitation of nature; the only rule indeed which she herself would prescribe, ‘do not violate nature.’ But the rule of the French critics nurtured in the school of their nation seems to be, do not imitate nature; in the place of her greatness and her beauties, substitute art and artificial conventions; allow the soul no range, in order that it may be compassed in three hours; give passion no scope that it may always be polite; and bring all the actors of your drama into one spot, in order that the audience may suppose themselves really in the palace of Augustus, where persons, who never could have entered it, are conspiring against him; or in the chamber of Chimene, where the murderer of her father never should have been.

There is not a single stage into which the observance of the French unities—for we will not call them Greek—has been introduced, that has not suffered by the introduction and lost its native boldness and energy by the alliance. To begin with our own theatre, we will remark, that during the period when French literature had no ascendancy among us, our poets had no standard but nature, and allowed their genius to be cramped by no rules. The result was the most vigorous delineation that ever was attempted by any nation, and the truest picture of life that it ever entered into the conception of the drama to undertake. In the completion of these noble and comprehensive ends are sunk many trifling defects, many incongruities, many transgressions against what the French would call *les convenances*; and which are tolerated, not because we approve of all these blemishes, but because we find them amply compensated by a host of unappreciable beauties. This period continued till about the middle of the seventeenth century, when Charles II., returning from the continent, brought back the reign of pleasure and false taste of every kind. It had indeed been interrupted by the puritans, about twenty years earlier; but then it had the good fortune to escape innovation, and no diminutive substitute usurped its place. But the courtiers under Charles II. as if resolved to avenge themselves of the rigidity of the puritan faction which had preceded them in power, gave a loose to every species of immorality, and largely drew on foreign countries for a supply of vices which they did not find at home. A taste for dissipation became a proof of royalism; and the elegant depravity of the court of Lewis XIV. was imitated with all the awkwardness of affectation,

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by men of whom levity was not the natural characteristic. The theatre attracted a new species of public, not of persons who went there, as formerly, to hear the accents of nature, and look into the mirror of mankind; but who resorted to it as a place of mere amusement, if not worse. The dramatic art was soon lost under such patrons; and the scene became peopled by new creations unworthy of their predecessors. The worst quality of these productions was their coarse, undisguised, and unbridled profligacy; an indelicacy which women could not listen to unmasked, and an immorality in complete dissonance with the entire spirit and bias of the nation. But even when these did not prevail, the stage had lost its native thoughts and language. Dryden, strong and nervous as was his muse in other walks, had no talent for dramatic poetry. He deserted nature to make passion declamatory; and, prostituting his facility at rhyming, shackled the free measures of our tragic verse with an imitation of French jingle, more insupportable, if possible, when recurring at every tenth, than at every fourteenth syllable. He preserved no likeness to human creatures in painting their hearts; but throwing aside the sock and buskin, mounted both tragedy and comedy upon stilts; and he was the less able to resist the bad taste of his times, because he wrote for bread. Otway was endowed by nature with a genius far more true to pathos than the author of *Alexander's Feast*; but, like him, he frequently wrote for the stage in rhyme. The *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* are testimonials of his powers; and though we smile at Madame de Stael's assertion that, in the latter play, Shakspeare nearly found a rival, yet it ranks among the best of those who since his own time have approached the nearest to him. Lee, who was another contemporary of Dryden, also wrote in rhyme; but his mind was all exaggeration, and he was nothing when not extravagant. Yet his *Alexander* is more like the Macedonian hero than the *Alexandre* of Racine; and, in the manners of his other personages, he is no less superior to the French poet. Clytus never could have appeared upon the Parisian stage, for Lewis XIV. had no such old honest tippling courtier; and since the days of the Emperor Wenceslas, who astonished the French court by his inebriety, a drunken prince has not been publicly seen in France, except the Regent Duke of Orleans. The poet of those times, who, without excepting Otway, was the most natural and pathetic, was Southern, who with a little care might have stood next to Shakspeare in pathos, as many parts of his *Isabella* and his *Oroonoko* sufficiently evince. He was the last tragic poet of Britain who attempted to please without rule, and to copy nature unrestrained. The contemporary productions of Rowe and Addison were tame  
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and chilling, though more classical. *Cato* is the most frigid of all tolerable tragedies, and the personages—excepting perhaps *Cato*—are almost Frenchmen; so strongly had French originals taken possession of the mind of Addison. From that time the dejection of pathos became complete upon the English stage; and it has constantly proceeded to the present hour, with diminished interest. The breath of France has blighted British genius; and until all the doctrines of that school, which can do no more than dabble in the pettiness of nature, are discarded; until we frankly return to our own old principles, and feel again that our hearts, and the hearts of all who are men, are more romantic than classic, we shall not recover the vigour we have lost. Our comedy has declined, even more perhaps than our tragedy, by an imitation of France, in truth and strength; and, in morality, unquestionably much more. We do not mean that French comedy is immoral. It was from the affectation of French manners that our public became depraved; and our comedy took advantage of the prevailing laxity of morals to become licentious. Nothing, says Madame de Stael, is less like the English nation than English comedy. The manners represented by Congreve certainly did not predominate in his time; and nothing was more unlike his *Way of the World* than the world it is supposed to represent. From Ben Jonson, the true parent of legitimate English comedy, to this poet his first best descendant, there was not a man endowed with such powers for witty and appropriate dialogue. Wycherly, Cibber, Vanburgh, Farquhar, were lively and entertaining; but none of them possessed the true tone of comedy in the same degree as Congreve. Thrown out from the great field of nature, in which there is such ample gleanings, even when all appears to have been gleaned before, our comic poets have since wandered about in stray paths or lost themselves in wildernesses. A Mr. O’Keeffe indeed arose, and established the school of buffoonery; which, finding its way from the two act pieces whose broad mirth came to dry the tears which a Siddons had made to flow, into productions bearing a higher title, has entailed upon the public the disgraceful progeny to be found in the comedies—must we call them?—of Reynolds, Moreton, &c. and thus has swooned—for we hope she is not dead—the muse of Volpone, Kiteley, Bobadil, in the arms of farce, of Lingo, and of Domine Felix. The copyers of O’Keeffe are doubly reprehensible, for Sheridan was equally their contemporary; and the public which applauded him had shown itself worthy of the best efforts of comedy. It may be remarked, that among our dramatic writers a greater proportion of comic than of  
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tragic poets belong to Ireland, where wit is in some measure become a weapon of the weak to divert the anger of the more powerful.

A similar degradation of nature has taken place upon the Spanish stage by the introduction of French symmetries. The first attempt at dramatic composition was in Spain, as every where else, imperfect and barbarous; and Mingo Rebulgo was a still more extravagant production than Gannet Gurton's Needle. *Celestina* tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea, written at least in the middle if not in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was in twenty-one acts, and not intended for representation. The story is something like that of *Clarissa Harlowe*; and calculated to put female innocence upon its guard against the corruptions of the world. It is a novel in dialogue. Calisto becomes enamoured of Melibea, and conceives the project not of marrying, but of seducing her. Excluded from her house by her parents, he employs *Celestina*, an *entremetteuse*, to carry on the intrigue. She introduces herself into the family, corrupts the servants, has recourse to sorcery; and the parents of Melibea perceive the danger when it is too late. The catastrophe is most tragic. Almost all the servants of Melibea are murdered; as is *Celestina*, in the most barbarous manner. Calisto also is assassinated, and Melibea throws herself from a high tower. But the dialogue is still admired as particularly easy and natural. It is supposed to have been the work of more than one author. The *Eclogues* of *Euzina* were the favourites of the court; and the only dramatic productions held as a part of the national literature, when two parties sprung up as legislators in the province of the drama, the erudites and the moralists. The former, generally learned, but without imagination, were partizans of the drama of antiquity, and overwhelmed their country muse under the weight of Greek and Roman translations; and it is not their fault if such did not become the sole models of the Spanish stage. It is however remarkable, that not a single man of genius embraced this party. The latter would have moulded every thing according to the dramatic novel of *Celestina*, which they applauded for its moral tendency: and they also poured out numerous effusions in imitation of what they admired. But fortunately neither of these views of the drama satisfied the nation; and two poets arose, Naharro and Lope de Rueda, who, neglecting the theories of both these sects, struck out new lights of their own, and thus opened the course which the theatre of their nation has continued to run, most worthily, under the guidance of the great masters of the art, who have done honour to Spain. It is remarkable that Juan de

la Cueva wrote a kind of *ars poetica* for the very purpose of overthrowing the rules of the ancients, and setting aside many practices which, though excellent among them, are not suited to the spirit of the moderns. He insinuates that the ancient laws of the drama are not binding for moderns, and that they must be new moulded to the times. Thus while Shakspeare in England was instinctively putting in practice the enlarged views he had taken of the dramatic domain, a Spanish author, approving the taste of his nation, was erecting theatrical freedom into a principle, and maintaining it upon the true spirit of a more extended and enlightened knowledge of man than the Greeks could have possessed. The poem of Cueva, certainly the effusion of a much vaster mind than the art poétique of Boileau, became the dramatic code of his country; and is that which Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Argensola, Verues, Montalvan, Calderon, Solis, Moreto, Hoz, Molina, Rojas, Salazar, Amescua, Mendoza, Guevasa, Cabillo, Coello, Godinez, Tragoso, d'Alascon, Guillen de Castro, &c. constantly followed. These poets belonged to the brightest period of the Spanish theatre; and produced nearly all the three thousand eight hundred and fifty-two plays enumerated by la Huerta.

During the reign of the three Philips who preceded the house of Bourbon, the Spanish nation sensibly declined, and the establishment of Philip V. upon the throne gave a deadly blow to the literature of the country. Fastidiousness under many specious names, names baleful to every genuine feeling of exalted nature,—politeness, elegance, good taste, good company,—spread through the palace; and the courtiers of the foreign monarch dared not avow their attachment to their old poets, who were openly ridiculed, as was Shakspeare in England after the Restoration, and hardly defended even in secret. Luzan, a man of uncommon erudition, but of no taste or genius, undertook in his *Poetica*, or *Reglas de la Poesia* in general, to correct, as he thought, the literature of his country, by introducing Greek and French rules, and quoted the authorities of Aristotle, Rapin, Corneille, Crousaz, Lancy, and Madame Dacier, giving long extracts from their works in French, a very anti-national innovation. He embraced all the littlenesses of the French critics, narrowing every province of genius which he touched upon. He was just capable of pointing out defects, but had no comprehensive feeling for beauties. He could decry the sectaries of Gongora, who had introduced affectation among the Spanish poets; but he could not appreciate Lope de Vega or Calderon, with their disciples, whom he accuses of having violated nature in the unities of Aristotle. Some plays were translated from the French; and Augustin de Montiano wrote

two tragedies in the French manner, in which the unities are observed, and all that in the native theatre would have been in action, is in recital. He also exhorts his countrymen to adopt the same principles, and to do better than he has done. But since his days not a single poet of merit has made his appearance in Spain; and the establishment of the French school has afflicted that poetical nation with a dramatic paralysis, from which it has not yet recovered. Toward the end of the century indeed, the house of Bourbon, in Spain, having made itself Spanish, and French influence and example having worn themselves out, a counter-revolution commenced. It required no less, however, than a man of rank and weight, a member of the Spanish academy, and royal librarian, to overbalance all who had pretensions to good taste, and called themselves good company, for such were the party of the Gallicists. Vincent Garcia de la Huerta was distinguished as a poet; but, though he was gifted with an instinct of the beautiful, he had not sufficiently studied its principles to set himself in opposition to Luzan, as a critic. He was always impetuous, because he was always patriotic, when he had to contend with the critics of France; but in exercising his art he showed more timidity than genius, for he took a mezzo termine between the ancient drama of his country and that of the French poets, a union between which never can prevail, because the former is nature in her full attire, the latter is only that portion of nature which consists in turgid dignity. Consequently Huerta is as far removed from Lope de Vega and from Calderon, as Rowe or Addison from Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Marlowe, Webster, Ford, &c. Notwithstanding all his well-meant patriotic efforts, and his critical virulence, he could not redeem the Spanish stage from disgrace, and bring back the oriental boldness and luxuriance which he so much valued in the character and genius of his countrymen.

It is remarkable that Spain, most rich in excellent dramatic productions, is poor in epopeas; while Italy, poor in the drama, has been luxuriant in other walks of poetry; and hence it is, that the Italian dramatists of the French school, as Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, have not injured the vernacular theatre. Even in ancient Italy, the epic, lyric and didactic are infinitely superior to the dramatic, and above all to the tragic poets. Indeed, it is remarkable how much greater perfection the epopea attained among the ancients than the drama. The epopea draws entirely upon the imagination for its resources, and describes, but does not represent actions. The drama relies upon truth; and its perfection consists in representing, not in describing actions and passions. The faculty of imagination is more early developed  
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than the faculty by which we acquire knowledge of truth, and without which, there may be fanciful description, but there cannot be vivid and faithful representation.

The baleful influence of French example was also felt in the German theatre, which began, like all others, with religious subjects. There was a kind of *bouhonnisme*, characteristic of this nation, in their early stage, which is not to be met with elsewhere. Their plays were performed by honest citizens, little skilled in the art of assuming fictitious characters, and all their personages laid open their entire hearts without disguise. Opiz gave a new form to the German stage, and translated some Greek and Italian plays. Andreas Gryphius, who has been compared to Shakspeare, succeeded Opiz; but he is now forgotten. During the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, this branch of German literature was as barren as the rest, when Gottsched introduced French imitation, in which he was followed by Gillert, by Elias Schlegel, Cronegk, and Weisse, whose works are particularly excellent in the *genre ennuyeux*. The taste for French literature was at this time predominant throughout Germany; and the success it met with, only shows that though a congeniality with the national mind may make littleness of conception tolerable, yet when transplanted into another country by mere authority, not by nature, it cannot take root and flourish. Lessing, to whose labours in many walks of literature his country owes so much, was the first who spoke of Shakspeare with admiration, notwithstanding a lingering weakness for Aristotle, and a strong submission to Diderot. His *Mina de Barnhelm* and *Emilia Gallotti* were bold innovations; but Lessing was not born a poet. The two men who completed the emancipation of the German stage, and gave it a character of nationality, were Goethe and Schiller: but they took a wrong course, particularly the former, who created an ideal domain, which it would not be very easy to suppose peopled by rational beings, and dragged into it, *vi et armis*, the whole human race. A constant fault of the Germans is, a morbid longing after originality; and they think it shameful to tread a path in which the trace of man can be found. All their extravagance, all their dullness, all their dissimilitude with nature, proceed from the passion of doing or saying something—no matter what—that none ever did or said before them; and, in this, they make genius consist. Goethe seems to have spoiled great powers of intellect by his unceasing struggle to avoid a resemblance with all he had ever known; and to have studied men and their works only that he might learn the better how to be unlike them. Rather than enter into the world of realities, he resigned himself to be eternally blown about in

the uttermost limbo of improbabilities ; and thought himself superior to Shakspeare, who, exactly the reverse of him, brought even his ideal beings within the sphere of real existence. Goethe, like many of his countrymen, would have been greater had he not endeavoured to be so great. Schiller was more moderate and rational than the author of *Faust*. He attempted less ; still, however, he not unfrequently attempted too much. This was the epoch when Shakspeare began to be known and appreciated in Germany ; and no European language can so well translate his spirit and his thoughts as that which was the principal source of his own. The distance between Shakspeare and Schiller, however, is infinite ; and it may be doubted, whether, in real dramatic merit, the German author, considering his extravagances and other national defects, really ranks above Ford or Webster.

• There is still a character of infancy in the German theatre, which may very well surprize those who do not take into consideration the circumstances of the country. Servile imitation of the French delayed its early progress and development ; the fatal rage of originality turned it out of the course of reason ; and its best efforts are those in which it has endeavoured to copy nature, through the faithful medium of the British stage. One walk of the German drama, however, is much indebted to the French, and that is, the light comedy, in which the latter are super-eminent, and which has been often adopted in Germany, where manners and character, whether natural or not, make it less contrasting than it would be in England. It is, probably, the same desire of being unlike all the world, which has prompted the Germans, a moral people, to put sophistry into action, to excuse every species of immorality. The *Menscenhass und Reue* of Kotzebue, which, under various names, has had such extraordinary success in every language in Europe,—The *Stranger*—is a play of very immoral tendency ; but its sequel is still worse. The injured husband, to calm the uneasiness of his wife, informs her that, while she was living in adultery with another man, he had been living with a mistress, who had borne him a son ; and as there is not a syllable of truth in the story, the piece is called the *Noble Lie*. We remember to have seen a German play, entitled, as well as we can recollect, *Verbrechen aus ehre*—the crime committed out of honour ; in which a man, to pay a debt of honour, breaks open a scrutoire, and steals a sum of money, which he faithfully hands over to his creditor.

But it is not always necessary to wish to be original in order not to be moral ; and the stage the most chastened by imitation of the ancients, is not quite clear from this defect. But the same stage too has another imperfection, which, in a nation that lays claim

claim to superior taste and refinement, is the most extraordinary that could be imagined. It is the filthiest in Europe; and a large portion of its comic riches consists in allusions to, and representations of, absolute nastiness, such as we—though we violate the unities—should not dare to produce in a theatre destined for the lowest class of the people. The French, in return, allege, that the claim of English tragedy to greater interest than any other, is wholly founded upon its exhibiting objects of horror, and its immoderate use of racks, daggers, executions, murders, dead bodies, heads, &c. ; but that, in pathos, not dependant upon physical objects, Racine is superior to Shakspeare. It is worth while to examine how the matter stands, and to determine, whether our accusation or theirs be better founded.

The mere exhibition of physical objects seldom adds to the interest of an affecting story. On the contrary, it requires no small art to make them supportable; for if they were displayed alone, and without the passions which accompany them, they would never fail of exciting painful impressions. The bloody daggers which Macbeth, returning from the murder of Duncan, holds in his hands, would be shocking of themselves; and his taking them out of Duncan's room at all, would appear absurd in a man of sound mind, as they might lead to a discovery of his crime. But no sooner do they begin to disclose the state of his soul—to show his want of presence of mind amid the novelty of vice—his agonizing remorse, that dares neither to think nor look on what he had done—all that is uttered, all that is not uttered by him and Lady Macbeth, in that terrific scene,—give those daggers a moral meaning, which they had not before; and the disgust, which they would otherwise have inspired, is subdued into its proper feeling. The skulls with which, according to Voltaire, Hamlet plays in the churchyard, would, like all other skulls, excite disagreeable sensations; but as soon as they become subjects for him to moralize upon—when he sees the grave-digger 'jowling them to the ground,' and thoughtlessly singing—when he finds rolling at his feet the skull of that Yorick, who had borne him on his back a thousand times,—the heart must allow that those heads, disgusting as they at first appear, bring home to it more satisfaction, because they individualize the sentiment, than any vague declamations upon the terrors of the churchyard, and the humiliating changes after death. The racks and wheels exhibited in *Venice Preserved* are among the least interesting things in that tragedy. The parting between Jaffier and Belvidera, when he takes leave of her for ever, and goes out to die with Pierre, is the heart-rending event of the play; and, after it, the engines of death are nothing. Nay, deaths are not always tragic in them-

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selves. When Tybalt kills Mercutio in a duel, the exclamations of the dying 'Gentleman, the Prince's near ally,' usually excite merriment. But the murder of Mercutio is the cause of Romeo's banishment, of Juliet's sleeping potion, and of the entire catastrophe.

It is not thus that Molière and other French poets have employed the means with which we reproach them. They have made them principal agents in the scene; and drawn much comic mirth from their exhibition. In the *Malade Imaginaire*, for instance, when Argan, reckoning up the accounts of M. Fleurant, his apothecary, enumerates all the medicines he took in the last month, all the remedies which in polite English conversation have no name; when he asks Toinette their effects; when two or three times in the play he calls for his staff to make a precipitate retreat; when M. Fleurant appears on the stage, bringing in the great instrument of his art, for the purpose of administering its contents before the audience; all these are sources of comic effect, and never fail to exhilarate the audience, in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other incident in the comedy. The dispute between the two lovers, Eraste and Lucille, in the *Dépit Amoureux*, parodied by the servants of each, Gros-René and Marinette, contains language which, in this country, no rank in life could or would excuse on the theatre. They are giving back to each other their mutual presents.

*Gros-René.* J'oubliois d'avant hier ton morceau de fromage—  
Tiens—je voudrois pouvoir rejeter le potage  
Que tu me fis manger, pour n'avoir rien à toi.

*Marinette.* Je n'ai point maintenant de tes lettres sur moi,  
Mais j'en ferai du feu jusqu'à la dernière,

*Gros-René.* Et des tiennes tu sçais ce que j'en sçaurois faire,' &c.

Sganarelle, in the *Médecin malgré lui*, returning upon the stage, after a short exit, discloses the motive of his going out.—In short, the instances of extreme filth and indelicacy are innumerable in Molière, and are the pivots upon which no small portion of his comic power turns. One of the most celebrated pleasantries in the *Mercure Galant*, by Boursault, is an enigma upon a word which it is utterly impossible for us to repeat, but which is there expressed most intelligibly by an Abbé à la mode. The *Fourberies de Scapin* are particularly reprehensible in another point of view. They are a series of tricks practised by children upon their parents, with the assistance of two valets, one of whom had already been in the hands of justice. Some of these tricks amount nearly to robbery; and Léandre, after joining with his servant Scapin, for the purpose of swindling his father GÉronte, consents to permit Scapin to put him into  
a sack,

a sack, and beat him. But, indeed, the successful issue of all the contrivances of children, aided by valets and soubrettes, is the common intrigue of many old comedies. That which seems, however, to combine the defects of filthiness and immorality in the highest degree, is the *Légataire universel*, by Regnard; and we will present our readers with a sketch of it. *Géronte*, an old valetudinarian without children, has promised to marry *Angelique*, daughter to *Madame Argante*. He has a nephew, *Eraste*, besides two relations whom he has never seen, all of whom have views upon his inheritance. Certain infirmities of the most disgusting nature, of which *Madame Argante* is accidentally a witness, determine her to break off the intended marriage with *Géronte*; and she promises her daughter to *Eraste*, on condition that his uncle will declare him his heir. *Crispin*, valet to *Eraste*, in league with *Lisette*, *gouvernante* of the old man, undertakes to sicken him of his country cousins, and by personifying them grotesquely, accomplishes his purpose. But his last appearance, disguised as the widow of a Baron living in the Maine, who out of thirty law-suits every year loses twenty-five, throws *Géronte* into a lethargy, at the very moment when the notaire arrives to make his will in favour of *Eraste*. In this dilemma, *Crispin* puts on the dress of the uncle, stretches himself out on his couch, and thus, in the presence and with the consent and co-operation of *Eraste*, dictates a will, in which he takes care to bequeath *Lisette*, his intended bride, on the express condition of her marrying *Crispin*, two thousand crowns; and to himself, *Crispin*, an annuity of fifteen hundred francs, to the no small annoyance of *Eraste*, who is, however, content to submit; as, with the deduction of the above, he is finally named residuary legatee. *Eraste* had, moreover, stolen from his uncle, during his lethargy, a pocket-book, containing a large sum in notes, as earnest of his inheritance, and handed it over to *Angelique*, for the purpose of making his own conditions in case of accident. The old man recovers; the will is shown to him by the notaire, who, having no knowledge of the deceit, joins the nephew and servants in persuading him that it is really of his own dictating. His forgetfulness is attributed to his lethargy. He consents to all, and to the marriage of *Eraste* with *Angelique*, on condition of getting back his pocket-book and notes untouched; and thus all are made happy. The natural recompense of *Eraste*, *Crispin*, and *Lisette*, in real life, would be the gallows, for forgery. *Angelique*, the *ingénue* of the piece, might be pursued as a receiver of stolen goods, and *Madame Argante* as an accomplice, for both knew that *Eraste* had purloined the pocket-book. *Crispin* boasts that his first wife had been mistress to *Eraste*; and he marries *Lisette*, knowing, indeed,



by her own confession, that she had lived in the same capacity with *Géronte*, before his illness. We should not dare to sully our pages with any part of this play, except under the cover of a foreign language. *Géronte* makes love thus—

Oui, Madame, c'est vous, pour le moins je m'en flatte ;  
 Qui guerrirez mes maux mieux qu'un autre Hypocrate—  
 Vous êtes pour mon cœur comme un julep futur  
 Qui doit le nettoyer de ce qu'il a d'impur ;  
 Mon hymen avec vous est un sur émétique,  
 Et je vous prends enfin pour mon dernier topique.

After having requested of *Lisette*,

Ne vas pas leur parler, je vous prie,  
 Ni de mon lavement, ni de ma léthargie.

*Lisette*. Elles ont toutes deux bon nez ; dans un moment,  
 Elles le sentiront de reste assurément.

After a number of indecencies and indelicacies in the presence of his bride and her mother, he runs off the stage, exclaiming

Ab ! ab ! Madame, il faut que je vous dise adieu,  
 Certain devoir pressant m'appelle en certain lieu—

and returns,

Ma colique m'a pris assez mal à propos,  
 Je n'ai jamais senti à la fois tant de maux, &c.

A certain *Monsieur Clistorel*, an apothecary, a great personage in the play, descants, during a long scene, upon the mysteries of his art, the most in consonance with his name.—But enough of the beastliness of this refined people. We are ashamed of having dwelt so long upon them : neither should we have done so, had we thought that, without actual quotations, we could have been credited ; and we have not copied the hundredth part of what we might have done.

Our readers will suppose, perhaps, that the *Légataire Universel* is never acted now. On the contrary ; it is a stock play, and there is perhaps not one in the language that obtains more frequent representation, and more unbounded applause. It is rich in broad comic humour, and *Crispin* is the first of valets. Our immoral and indecent comedies have now become obsolete on the stage. *Congreve* is too incorrect for the present generation, and *Farquhar* too licentious. But during more than a century, without interruption, *Regnard* has delighted Paris, and all France is not yet become sensible to his extreme grossness. *La Harpe* says the *Légataire Universel* is the 'chef-d'œuvre de la gaité comique,' and 'jamais rien n'a fait plus rire au théâtre que ce testament'—that edited by *Crispin*. We do not think it would produce the same effect in  
 England.

England. He informs us also that it was founded on a fact then recent and well known; and another author\* assures us, that the same stratagem was very lately employed. We no longer wonder that the Newgate Calendars of both countries should be so out of proportion to their respective morality, since the crimes which, in England, would inevitably lead their perpetrators to the gallows, in France bring them only on the stage. What with us excites horror, is there admired as the master-piece of comic mirth; and felony is punished by ridicule.

Regnard is considered as the second comic author of France. 'Qui ne se plaît pas avec Regnard (says Voltaire) n'est pas digne d'admirer Molière.' In wit, however, and in philosophy,—though we have already expressed our opinion of Molière's philosophy,—he is much inferior. Indeed the comic writers of France have not taken a wider view of their art, than her tragic writers have taken of theirs. Both, by a predilection for artifice, have narrowed the legitimate extent of the drama, and imagined a nature peculiar to the stage, that is to say, a nature curtailed of all that is genuine. We lately said, that tragedy seemed to be a conception too vast for the minds of French poets and critics; we may now say the same thing of comedy, we mean of fair large comedy, which paints men as they really are in life, not as abstract genera and species, but as individuals endowed with all the humours and propensities which distinguish one mind from every other mind. This defect proceeds from their imperfect ideas of character, and the little scope allowed to the human heart, in the constitution of French society, to range unsophisticated, and follow its own native impulses, unappalled by the terrors of ridicule and the tyranny of fashion.

There is, however, one kind of comic painting in which the French, for truth and neatness of execution, surpass all the nations that have attempted any thing analogous; and that is, the portraiture of French society, such as it exists in almost every class from the highest to the lowest; and of all the little nothings which compose the daily intercourse of persons who place in that intercourse the chief pleasures of life. As an example of what we mean, we will mention 'Le Cercle, ou la Soirée à la mode' by Poinset, of credulous memory.† The Cercle represents a lady, Araminte, who is *at home* in the evening, and to whom a number

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\* See *Annales Dramatiques*, 1812.

† Poinset was persuaded by his friends that the King of France, struck with his merit, had created a place in his household on purpose for him, and that was, the place of fire-screen, to stand between his Majesty and the chimney; but that he must be able to support great heat; which the poor poet tried to accustom himself to every day, till his legs were covered with blisters.

of visitors pay their court; an *homme de robe*, a baron, an old militaire, a marquis (which title, by the by, is generic on the French stage for a coxcomb), a poet, an abbé, her physician, and two *petites-maîtresses*. It contains, in fact, no plot or story, but represents exactly what its title announces.—The personages act and speak perfectly in character. The baron is open and sincere, and does not conceal from Araminte her little foibles. The poet comes, by appointment, to read his tragedy to the ladies, who, upon his drawing his manuscript from his pocket, call for a card-table. The two *petites-maîtresses* are intimate friends of Araminte, and consequently lose no opportunity of turning her into ridicule. The abbé is an admirable picture of the abbé *petit-maître*; fluttering about from *toilette* to *toilette*, and who, as he says of himself, ‘*sans devenir la terreur des maris, fait quelque-fois les délices des dames.*’ When entreated to sing, he refuses; when neglected, he takes up his guitar, as it were par distraction, and hums a song; when applauded for it, he asks *est-ce que j’ai chanté?* The physician was copied from the fashionable Esculapius of his time: he enters into all the particulars of the health of the ladies, their *vapeurs*, their *nerfs qui se crispent*, and talks a little nastiness too. But the real hero of the *soirée* is the Marquis. He embroiders a chair for Araminte; a *falbala* for Ismene, and carries a work-bag in his pocket containing garters for Lise, and knots for Chloe. He is desirous of marrying the daughter of Araminte; but being informed that a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, but who had taken a strange folly in her head—that of marrying him—had inherited a large fortune, he abruptly quits the house to return to her. Araminte’s maid enters to announce that her canary bird had escaped, upon which melancholy event the company separates; and Araminte, learning the departure of the marquis, gives her daughter to Lisidor, who long had loved her. This little piece, in one act, is perfect in its style; its chief merit, however, turns upon the representation of society such as it once existed (1764) in the salons of Paris; and without some knowledge of what that was it cannot be justly appreciated. Another comedy, belonging to the same class, and of almost equal merit, is the *Gagère Imprévue*, by Sedaine (1768), once performed in this country under the title of *Lock and Key*; but the state of society in England did not allow it to be fully judged. There are also many comic operas, representing light traits and incidents of society, independently of the music, which are admirable. Such is *La Maison à vendre*, *Joconde*, and many of an older date; and many of the short pieces performed upon the minor theatres, as the *Somnambule*, *La Visite à Bedlam*, *Le ci-devant jeune Homme*; in a word, all the plays,

plays, in which some short story, some anecdote, some whim of society, or folly of the day, is pictured.

The praise which we bestow upon such theatres as the *Variétés*, the *Vaudevilles*, and the *Gymnase*, will stamp us at once as barbarians in the opinion of the French, and confirm the idea which they have, or affect to have, of English taste in general. But we cannot help it; we are not very anxious about their opinion; but we would willingly be understood by our own countrymen. We do not mean to say that the conceptions of such plays as are performed there are, in any respect, so great as those of the *Coquette Corrigée*, for instance, and those which in general occupy the *Théâtre Français*. But so many defects concur to lower our estimation of the great comedy of France, that we do not hesitate to place it, as a whole, infinitely below the little comedy—we do not mean the farce—of the same country. In the first place, even while we allow the conceptions of the former to be greater, we cannot avoid saying that they are woefully inferior to that which they would copy, man and nature; and the distance which separates the imitation from the original is so immense, that a painful wearisomeness generally accompanies us during their representation. In the little comedies the object, it is true, is not so ambitious; but the copy approaches so near to the prototype, which is itself so well calculated for representation on the stage, that we know of nothing which can be compared to it, of its own scale and dimensions, in the dramatic art. Secondly, the execution of those little comedies, though we are far from comparing their authors with the poets of high comedy, is generally so exquisite that nothing remains to be desired, and the pleasure they bestow is without alloy. The execution of the best comedies, on the large scale, is, in our minds, inferior to the subject; and while we admire the wit, the comic force, the mirth of *Molière*, we feel that something is wanting; and still more, do we feel the deficiencies of every other French author of the same class. And, thirdly, something must be allowed to the perfection of the representation. The actors of the French stage seem to follow the same ratio as the plays, and this may naturally be expected. The performers in the great comedy are not so excellent as those in the smaller pieces. Their conceptions may be greater, but they are more inadequate; and their execution, as a whole, cannot be compared with the execution of the little comedy, which comes as near to perfection as any little thing we remember to have seen. There is in the French minds an attachment to minutiae which precludes great thoughts, and all their greatness is squandered upon trifles. The same spirit pervades their drama. As they admit no such thing as small tragedy, they have remained

unsuccessful

unsuccessful in the walk; but as comedy is susceptible of various proportions, they have indemnified themselves in executing the light traits of society for their inability to paint the more deep seated, the grander, and the more diversified humours of individuals. The light comedy, of which we have been speaking, is the true national comedy of France; and if the French were wise, they would fling away the disastrous ambition of attempting any other. We must regret, however, that indecency, and the too natural expression of sensual love, sometimes renders those exhibited upon the minor theatres quite inapproachable to modest ears.

The style of dramatic painting which we have just now been praising on the French stage is wholly inapplicable to the state of society in England, and would not even be tolerated. We require larger traits, and more comprehensive views, even in our amusements, and our pastimes must partake of something serious and instructive. Whenever we pass those boundaries we run into caricature, and farce becomes our province. But even there we require individual humours, with strong delineation and diversity of character. French farce is mere caricature, without these, and sinks into buffoonery. Certainly, though we feel but ill-disposed toward O'Keefe for having lowered the tone of English comedy, and given rise to the modern productions of farces in five acts, we must say that there is not an author in France who understood that province half so well, and cultivated it with so much success, as he did. If the English know nothing between great comedy and farce, the French know nothing between little comedy and buffoonery. The only advantage which any foreign stage we are acquainted with, ever derived from the introduction of any thing French, is the adoption of the little French comedy in Germany. Many of the small pieces have been translated and performed with considerable success, and have served as models for original compositions of the same kind. The state of manners in Germany is such that, though this species of comedy might not have arisen there as an original production, it may very well be introduced and relished. An affectation of French habits, too commonly engrafted in some parts of Germany upon a national character very much the reverse of the French, may help to make it current where it otherwise would not have gained footing. It is remarkable that the national character of the Germans much more resembles that of the English than of the French; but their habits and manners are more an imitation of the latter; and wherever these have become predominant, German frankness and sincerity have retrograded.

At the present moment an incipient desire of change, vague  
indeed,

indeed, as most things in their beginning are, yet strongly pronounced; seems to reign among a certain portion of the literati of France, and the theatre has given expression to that wish. A new edition of a French Shakspeare, the basis of which is Le Tourneur's translation, is now appearing, and in it the mistakes of the former translation are said to be corrected. The prospectus to this publication contains opinions new in France, and which must displease the partizans of the present literature of the country.

'The name of Shakspeare,' it is said, 'begins to be naturalized in France, and soon, like that of Raphael, it will be held by us, not only as the glory of a foreign nation, but as the honour of a school become European. The tendency of the age is toward that literature which is, improperly, called Romantic; the object of which is to be national, and to paint for every people the recollections of its infancy' (a very inadequate idea, in our minds, of what romantic poetry is.) 'A taste for this species of literature became prevalent in France at a later period than in other countries, because, possessing a literature of another nature, less original perhaps, but full of brilliancy and glory, we protected it with jealous pride against every rival. But those ancient monuments, however admired and studied, are not sufficient for the progress of a nation ambitious of maintaining the glory of its ancestors, and compelled to draw from more abundant and diversified sources the materials of a literature worthy of being ascribed to its new destinies.'—This, indeed, is unusual language in French criticism.—'It is from the country of Shakspeare that this new impulse, to which we are disposed to yield, was communicated to us. The works of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott have spread the taste for romantic literature in France; but its true character must be sought for in Shakspeare himself. Shakspeare is not merely the painter of the times improperly called Romantic, he is the man of the period which he painted, and presents us not with traditionary recollections, but reflects the times themselves entirely in his poetry, always original. His rudeness is not a garb assumed by his personages, but the forms in which many sentiments were then expressed. His quaintness is the spirit of his age, sharpened by theological controversies. His simplicity is the simplicity of nature, and of truth, in every time and country; but as he penetrated into every condition of man and of society, nature and truth appeared to him as they were in the period near to his own: and he was historical as well as poetical, and, above all, instructive.'

We make no apology for this long extract, as it must interest an English reader to learn the opinion of the literary revolutionists of France concerning our great bard, and the chance there is that he may one day be appreciated in a country where, for want of large views, he so long and so invidiously has been styled a barbarian. Should this revolution succeed, it will be curious to see this island still the model of France—still copied, envied and admired—and still defamed. It is M. de la  
Martine,

Martine, who, in our opinion, deserves to be hailed as the first French poet who practised the reform, and as the founder of the new school in France.

The French are strongly possessed by the conviction that their literature, and, above all, their stage, reign paramount among the nations of Europe, and are admired by foreigners nearly in proportion to their civilization. This is one of the egregious illusions of their vanity. Their dramatic poets are, indeed, read by the persons who are familiar with their language; and no doubt admired by all who prefer unity of time and place to the human heart; who really are convinced that a piece of painted cloth is Trezene, and the patent lamps of the stage, the sun whom Phedre addresses. Fashion has done much to make their literature and their language, like their modes, current in the polished classes. But the people do not admire them, because the people in every country judge according to one principle, nature; and nature is precisely the thing which is banished from the French stage, the great productions of which remain sequestered in the closet of educated foreigners, but never boldly appear before the general public to prove the national taste, and their own consonance with the common feeling of men. It must be remembered that many circumstances have contributed to make that language the classic language of conversation in the polite circles of Europe. The influence and power of France; her early strength and politeness; her incessant watchfulness to increase her advantages by argumenta ad homines, in which words and manner have so much more effect than thoughts and matter; her intriguing spirit and address, always directed towards gaining to her party sovereigns, ministers, statesmen and cabinets, have made her tongue the current dialect of courts, and of all who would be thought to belong to them. It is with a view to assume a mastery over the minds of those who do not wield it with the same dexterity, that the French have so much studied the arts of conversation at home, and improved the vehicle by which familiar thoughts are familiarly conveyed; and persuaded foreign nations unused to it, that that vehicle which to themselves is natural, is the only proper idiom for diplomacy, and politics, and fashion. Present enjoyment in this, as in other concerns, is the object to which they sacrifice the good that must be wished for; and led on by ambitious feelings of national supremacy, more than by the impulses of poetry, they have adapted their language to the end which is dearest to their wishes. They may, indeed, win to their opinions living men, and inveigle by their sophistry the generation which stands in their presence, but they take no hold on posterity, and lay up none of the treasures of the immortality which they so much covet. Even in politics,  
diplomacy

diplomacy and fashion, they have taken none of the great means,—because they were not impelled by great purposes—to make their language general. It is not the dialect of the people in any country. It does not prevail beyond the precincts of palaces and congresses. No new nations have made it their own; no foreign literature has adopted it. After all their efforts it is confined to courts, and to the courts of Europe: In the east it is extinct. In the west it is hemmed within a single province, which, without being independent, is no longer under French dominion. In the southern hemisphere it has gained no footing; and all it has been able to accomplish in the north, is to establish itself in the capital of an empire which, newly entering into the pale of civilization, thought its own language too barbarous to be its bond of communion with enlightened Europe. If there should be a day on which nations must render up an account of the use they made of the means which nature had confided to them, to what deserts, once unpeopled, could France appeal, and prove by the idiom common there, that the men who inhabit them are her children? on what shores, once heathen, could she say that Christian prayers are uttered in her tongue? amid what people could she find a monument inscribed with her language to show that she had increased the number of beings who share the blessings of this world, and multiplied the generations destined to be eternally happy? where could she produce a French record to make men hope that in the fullness of her power she knew not what glory meant without benevolence? what part did she take in the cultivation of that new world which was discovered by the citizen of a small Italian republic—a world such as never did, and never can again, exercise the generous feelings of mankind? Where the children of England dwell, and where her language is spoken, the sun never sets; and from her loins has sprung the nation which, taught by her, has, of all that history records, employed the shortest time to rise to the greatest power and freedom. Spain too has given all she had,—her laws, her courage, and her generous character, which neither bigotry nor despotism could degrade, to districts wider than herself. Portugal, a province of that heroic peninsula, has founded empires twice as large as France herself. Even Venice, Florence, Genoa, may urge their disproportioned claim to some merit in the present state of that hemisphere, which a century or two must number among the most important habitations of man. But France is a nation without offspring. The curse of sterility is upon her, inflicted by her own selfish luxury. It has taken away from her the hope of progeny; of creating a race who might lisp her name; and to whom, in her decline, she might bequeath her renown and her enjoyments. If it be objected that England, Spain and Portugal



gal undertook discoveries out of ambition, and pursued them with violence, we shall urge no defence for the present but this:—Happy is it when the evils of our nature turn to good; and dear should we hold the passions which, even in their abuses, lead to human happiness! The vices which are followed by no compensations, which leave no traces but wretchedness, are the only scourges which present nothing but despair. Rare as such examples are, we assert, and upon no slight grounds, that they are more numerous in the history of France than of any of the nations who, by whatever means, have founded the future greatness of America; and that of all the men who have existed, the French are they who, in proportion to the means which nature and their state of social improvement have confided to them, have contributed the least to promote—and, perhaps, the most to injure—the general happiness and progress of their species.

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ART. VII.—1. *A Collection of rare and curious Tracts on Witchcraft, and the Second Sight, or an original Essay on Witchcraft.* Edinburgh, 1822.

2. *The famous History of Friar Bacon, containing the wonderful Things that he did in his Life, also the Manner of his Death; with the Lives and Deaths of the two Conjurers, Bungay and Vandermust.* (Reprint.)

**WITCHCRAFT** is not wholly disused in the British dominions; in one instance, at least, it has been recently practised, as we shall have occasion to mention; and the statute which still restrained the practice of the black art in Ireland having been repealed, those who choose to follow the profession may do so with impunity: provided nevertheless, that they keep in mind the law which enacts that any exertion of skill, by which fortunes are told or stolen goods recovered, may be punished as the act of a rogue and a vagabond. Marvellous, indeed, are the perils which attend the violation of this prohibition. Many a weird sister, who could sail to Aleppo in a sieve, has been fettered, without bail or mainprize, by the spells of the parish beadle; and many a wizard who, like Michael Scott of old, could bind the weary demons to their endless task of twisting ropes of sand, has been compelled by the Rhadamanthine Justice, to beat hemp for six calendar months in the house of correction.

We can now sport with these superstitions. They have ceased to alarm us: but they afford a direful exemplification of the calamities to which human nature may be subjected; nor can the history of witchcraft be contemplated without horror. As the rites of the Sect are noticed by the earlier schoolmen and divines, they appear incorporated

incorporated in a delusive dream, and connected with the relics of a more ancient Paganism. The beldames collect by night at the command of their many-named Queen—Hecate,—Diana,—Herodias, or Benzoria,—the fair Holda amongst the Teutonic races. • Away they scud to Palestine, vying with one another in their mystic course, for she who first can dip her hands in the River Jordan will become the mistress of the world. But in vain—the waters dry beneath their touch, and mock their expectations. Feasting and dancing, mirth and merriment, seem to be the intent of the nocturnal meetings of the initiated. Awkward and uncouth, the revelry possesses that fantastic character of wildness, compounded of sport and mischief, found in the personification of the Satyr of antiquity and in the Puck of the middle ages. Satan, however, does not appear.—If the evil spirit partook of the joy, his presence could only be inferred from the impossibility of • such a convention being held under the auspices of a good demon. But we find no trace of the worship of the fiend, ascribed to the *Sabbath* of the witches in later times. The belief was reprobated by the church, but not punished by the secular arm as a mortal crime. ‘Let no woman boast,’ it is ordered by Augerius, bishop of Conserans, that ‘she rides by night with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans, or with Herodias, or with Benzoria, accompanied by an innumerable multitude, for this is an illusion of the demon.’

Such was the argument usually employed against witchcraft until the fifteenth century. Bishops and confessors used every endeavour to convince the witch that she was deceived and cheated by the demon, but they did not burn her except when she was clearly a ‘heretic.’ When exhortations failed, they sometimes used more tangible methods. Vincent de Beauvais relates a story of a witch, who attempted to persuade her confessor, that she could pass through closed doors with her nightly *mesnie*. He called her into the chancel, and, shutting the door, belaboured her soundly with the handle of the cross. Get out, get out! mistress sorceress, he cried; and as she could not get out, he, at last, allowed her to depart, saying, ‘Now see ye not what fools ye are, believing in the emptiness of dreams?’ To such modes of dispelling delusion no objection can reasonably be raised. But an era of unutterable misery was fast approaching. The Manichæans, then secretly dispersed over every part of Christendom, but whose chief strong-holds were in the northern parts of Italy, and the eastern and southern provinces of France, were sought out with unsparing rigour. Denounced as witches and sorcerers, a new impulse was given to their opponents. The popular tales of the aerial flights so dear to Hecate and her daughters, were united to the doctrines of the most ancient and most plausible of heresies; and the

the Alpine vallies, the Lyonnais, Picardy, and the adjoining states of Germany, were desolated by the fury of the inquisitors and judges, both ecclesiastical and civil.

After the Reformation, these persecutions still continued in Protestant countries. It is not clear, that, according to the old English common law, witchcraft and sorcery, as such, were punishable. If, as was often the case, these delusions were combined with other crimes, treason or poisoning, or the lighter misdemeanours of fraud and imposture, then certainly the accusation enhanced the punishment. The usual authorities undoubtedly state that sorcerers were to be burnt; and the church might strive to condemn the heretic; but the case reported in the year book, 45 Ed. III. 17. seems to show that the judges of the courts of common law wished to proceed with mildness. 'A man was taken in Southwark with a head and face of a dead man, and with a book of sorcery in his male, and was brought into the King's Bench, before Sir John Knevett, then Chief Justice; but seeing no indictment was against him, the clerks did swear him, that from henceforth he should not be a sorcerer, and he was delivered out of prison, and the head of the dead man, and the book of sorcery were burnt at Tothill.' When the offence could be considered as heresy, then of course the witch might be duly punished. Yet executions upon this charge seem to have been of rare occurrence. And here we may be allowed to observe, that the Knights Templars, in chapter assembled, could have had as little power to burn Rebecca, as the Jews of York, in synagogue assembled, to burn Boisgilbert.

The earlier cases of the condemnation of witches or sorcerers, show that the crime, when punished, was treated as 'heresy.' But the statute 35 Hen. VIII. cap. 8. altered the law. It enacts that any person, after the day therein named, devising, practising, or exercising 'any invocations or conjurations of spirits, witchcrafts, enchantments, or sorceries, to the intent to get or find money or treasure, or to waste, consume, or destroy any person in his body, members, or goods, or to provoke any person to unlawful love, or for any other unlawful intent or purpose, or by occasion or colour of such things or any of them, or for despite of Christ, or lucre of money, dig up or pull down any cross or crosses, or by such invocations or conjurations of spirits, witchcrafts, enchantments, or sorcery, or any of them, take upon them to tell or declare where goods stolen or lost shall be come'—that then all and every person or persons offending as before is mentioned, shall be deemed, accepted, and adjudged a felon or felons, without benefit of clergy. This act is carefully worded, inasmuch as it only extends to witchcraft or enchantment practised with a criminal or unlawful intent. The clause respecting the demolishers of crosses is somewhat remarkable. In the

the preamble, this offence is stated to have arisen in consequence of giving faith and credit to the 'fantastical practices' which it enumerates. The statute 1 Ed. VI. cap. 12. repealed all felonies created by statute after the 23d of April in the first year of Henry VIII. But by the statute 5 Eliz. c. 16. enchantments and witchcrafts were again made cognizable by the common law, but with a graduation of punishment. Invocations or conjurations of wicked spirits, *witchcraft*, enchantment, charm or sorcery, *whereby death ensued*, were declared felony without benefit of clergy. Persons practising *witchcraft*, enchantment, charm or sorcery, to the bodily harm of any one, suffered imprisonment and the pillory for the first offence, and became felons without benefit of clergy for the second; but if these arts were merely used to discover treasure, provoke unlawful love, or to the *intent* of doing bodily harm, then the punishment for the second offence was forfeiture of goods and chattels, and imprisonment for life. In these statutes it is very observable, that the word *witchcraft* is used wholly in its *Saxon* sense, and there is some doubt whether the 'conjurations and invocations' could be extended to the popular notions of commerce and acquaintance with Satan; probably, for this reason, the act was repealed in the following reign, when the act (1 Jac. I. c. 12.) was passed by which it was declared, that 'one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, fee or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place wherein the dead body resteth; or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death.' Coke, in commenting upon the sorcerer's escape, remarks, with an appearance of ill humour, that the 'head and book of sorcery had the same punishment that the sorcerer should have had by the ancient law, if he had by his sorcery prayed in aid of the devil.' As the act is so penned as to make the mere taking up of a dead body, with the *intent* to be employed in witchcraft, a capital crime, it appears to have arisen out of the consideration of the case before quoted. A few passages from the delectable dialogue of King James will exemplify the temper in which he wished that the new law should be administered.

Epistemon replies to a question respecting the competency of accomplices as witnesses for the prosecution: 'The assize (i. e. the jury) must serve for an interpreter of our laws in that respect; but in *my* opinion, since in a matter of treason against the prince, barnes or wives, or never so diffamed persons, may of our lawe

serve for sufficient witnesses and proofes; I think surely, that by a farre greater reason, such witnesses may be sufficient in matters of high treason against God; *for who but witches can be proves, and so witnesses of the doings of witches?* Philomathes has now a slight suspicion that the witnesses may be deceived by raising up the semblances of innocent persons; but his scruples are removed by the following arguments.—‘God will not permit that any innocent persons shall be slandered with that vile defection, for then the Divell would find waies enow to calumniate the best; and this we have in proof, by them that are carried with the *pharise*, who never see the shadow of any in that court but of them that thereafter are tried to have been brethren and sisters of that crafte. And besides that, I think it hath been seldom heard tell of, that any of those persons guilty of that crime accused, as having known them to be their marrows by eyesight, and not by heresay, but such as were so accused of witchcraft, could not be clearly tried upon them, were at the least publicly known to be of a very evil life and reputation. And besides that, there are two other *good helps* that may be used for their trial. The one is, the finding of their mark, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their floating in the water. For, as in a secret murder, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer it will gush out blood; so it appears, that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof. No, not so much as there eyes are able to shed teares (threaten and torture them as ye please) while first they repent, (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime.) Albeit the *woman kind* especially, be able otherwayes to shed teares at every light occasion when they will, yea although it were dissemblingly like the crocodiles.’

\* Precepts like these seemed to meet with universal approbation; and the Scottish clergy, urged by mistaken zeal, and influenced by false explanations of the scriptures, persecuted the criminals denounced before them with all the alacrity of the Inquisition. The cruelty of the proceedings appears enhanced by the formality and precision with which they are narrated. The following account may be instanced:—

‘The town’s part of expenses disbursed, extraordinarily, upon William Coke and Alison Dick:

|                                             | £. | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| For ten loads of coals to burn them—5 merks | 3  | 6  | 8  |
| For a tar barrel, 14s.                      | 0  | 14 | 0  |
| For towes                                   | 0  | 6  | 0  |

For

|                                                                                         | £. | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| For <i>harden to be jumps for them</i> . . . .                                          | 3  | 10 | 0  |
| For making of them . . . .                                                              | 0  | 8  | 0  |
| For one to go to Finmouth for the Laird, }<br>to sit upon their assize as judge . . . } | 0  | 6  | 0  |
| To the executioner for his pains . . . .                                                | 8  | 14 | 0  |
| For his expenses here . . . .                                                           | 0  | 16 | 4  |

The depositions on the trial are very remarkable. Alison was the wife of William Coke, and it appears, from the depositions of many witnesses, that she was in the habit of wrangling with her husband. The speeches on these occasions are stated in the informations to be ‘tending to witchcraft.’ She would say, ‘thou hast put down many ships.’ ‘It had been gude for the people of Kirkaldie that they had knit a stone about thy neck and drowned thee.’ It appears that this luckless couple were poor and wretched. They would bitterly curse the fishermen and the mariners; and if the storm arose, or the enemy captured the vessel, they themselves thought that the Evil Spirit was obedient to their call. The tragedy was consummated by Alison’s declaration. ‘Being demanded by Mr. James Simpson, minister, when and how she fell in covenant with the devil?’ she answered, her husband many times urged her, and she yielded only two or three years since. The manner was thus—he gave her soul and body, quick and quidder, to the devil; but she in her heart said, God guide me; and then she said to him, I shall do any thing that you bid me, and so she gave herself to the devil in the foresaid words. This she confessed about four hours at even, freely, without compulsion, before Mr. James Simpson, minister, William Tennant, baillie, Robert French, town clerk, Mr. John Malcolm, schoolmaster, William Craig, and James Miller, writer hereof.’

In this instance the confession by no means passes credibility. But the confession of Lillias Adie, made before the minister and elders of Torryburn, in Fifeshire, shows a much more intense delusion. They exhorted her to declare the truth. She answered, ‘what I am going to say shall be as true as the sun in the firmament.’ Being interrogated whether she was in compact with the devil, she replied she had been so *since the second burning of witches in this place*,—an assertion well deserving of note.—All her statements were given with great accuracy and minuteness as to circumstances. The second time she saw the devil was at a meeting at the Barn rods, to which she was summoned by Grisel Anderson. Their number was about twenty or thirty; it was a moonlight night, and they danced some time before the devil came on a pony, and they clapt their hands and cried, *thou our prince, thou our prince!* with whom they danced about an hour. To these confessions she

steadfastly adhered, and she was accordingly executed in the year 1704, at Fairburn.

We are informed by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, that the last execution of a Scottish witch took place in Sutherland, A. D. 1722, the sentence having been pronounced by Captain David Ross, of Little Dean. This old woman belonged to the parish of Loth, and, among other crimes, was accused of having ridden upon her own daughter, transformed into a pony, and shod by the Devil, which made the girl ever after lame both in hands and feet—a misfortune entailed upon her son, who was alive of late years. The grandmother was executed at Dornock. After being brought out for execution, the weather proving very severe, the poor old woman sat composedly before the pile, warming herself by the fire prepared to consume her, while the other instruments of death were making ready. The witch-laws of England and Scotland were repealed in the reign of George the Second. Those of Ireland were allowed to remain upon the statute-book till the year 1821. In some parts of Europe they, perhaps, continue in force; in the year 1786, a servant maid was executed at Glarus, on the charge of having bewitched the children of her master, one Doctor Tschudi. One Steinylder, accused at the same time of being her fellow-wizard, hanged himself in prison.

In this country, however barbarous the law may have been, still the strict forms of our jurisprudence, administered by the highest judges of the land, contributed to keep these persecutions somewhat within bounds. Where these checks were wanting, the numbers persecuted, in consequence of the belief in witchcraft, almost pass credibility. In New England, in the year 1692, nineteen were hanged, one refused to plead and perished by the ‘*peine forte et dure*.’ Fifty confessed themselves to be witches, and were pardoned. One hundred and fifty were in prison, when the trials ceased, and informations had been laid against upwards of two hundred more; and this in a newly settled and thinly peopled colony! Wurtzburgh was the scene even of greater horrors in the years 1627, 1628, and 1629. In this short period upwards of one hundred and fifty victims perished. They included persons of every rank and station; many of the dignified clergy belonging to the cathedral, and some of the richest citizens. Neither age, nor sex could excite compassion. In a list drawn up by a contemporary, dated Feb. 16, 1629, and from which the following extracts are translated, he mentions twenty-nine *brandten*, or executions, and he adds, that many more took place.

‘ List of the witch folks (hexen leute) who were burnt at Wurtzburgh, in the years 1627, 1628, and the beginning of 1629.

In the fourteenth Brandt four persons :—

The old smith belonging to the court.

An old woman.

A little girl eight or nine years old.

A younger one, her sister.

In the fifteenth Brandt two persons :—

The mother of the before mentioned little girls.

Liebler's daughter, aged twenty-four years.

In the nineteenth Brandt six persons :—

Gæbel Babelin, the most beautiful girl in Wurtzburgh.

A student, who understood many languages, and was an excellent musician.

Two children out of the new minster, aged twelve years.

The daughter of Stepper Babel.

The woman who kept the Bridge-gate.

In the twenty-first Brandt six persons :—

The master of the Dietricher hospital, a very learned man.

Christopher Holtzman.

A boy aged fourteen years.

Two alumni, the little sons of Senator Stolzenberg.

In the twenty-second Brandt six persons :—

Sturmer, a rich cooper,

A strange boy.

The grown-up daughter of Senator Stolzenberg.

The wife of Senator Stolzenberg herself.

The washerwoman in the new buildings.

A strange woman.

In the twenty-sixth Brandt seven persons.

David Hans, a prebendary in the new minster.

Leydenbusch, a Senator.

The innkeeper's wife at Baumgarten.

An old woman.

The little daughter of Valckenbergh ; she was privately executed, and burnt on her bier.

The little son of the bailiff of the Senate.

Wagner, a vicar in the cathedral chapter ; he was burnt alive.

In the twenty-eighth Brandt after Candlemas, 1629, six persons :—

The wife of Kuertz the butcher.

Babel, daughter of Doctor Schutz.

A blind girl.

Schwart, a canon of Hack.

Ehling, a vicar.

Bernard Marck, vicar at the cathedral, he was burnt alive.

From these returns it appears that, unless in what are considered as aggravated cases, the judges had so much mercy as to content themselves with burning the dead bodies of their victims. Upwards of six hundred women were executed in the bishopric of Bamberg alone. The accusations bear the stamp of raving madness. Priests were convicted of baptising in the following form :—Ego non baptizo te in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti—sed in nomine Diaboli.—Parents devoted their unborn offspring to Satan ; and the babes were so imbued with witchcraft, that they instructed each other in the public streets ; and, according to the confession of the witches, upwards of three thousand assembled at their grand annual chapter or assembly, held on the



ave of St. Walburgha, on the Kreydenburgh, a hill near the city of Wurtzburgh.

The witches of Bamberg were also accused of poisoning men and cattle. They sprinkled venom on the grass of the meadows. This charge often appears in the witch trials; and it is hardly necessary to remind our readers of the double character of the *Venefica* of classical antiquity. Some credit has lately been given to these accusations. It is remarked by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe that, with all the compassion 'which the fate of so many unfortunate victims is calculated to excite, it ought not to be forgotten that many of these persons made a boast of their supposed art, in order to intimidate and extort from their neighbours whatever they desired; that they were frequently of an abandoned life, and addicted to horrible oaths and imprecations; and in several cases venders of downright poison, by which they gratified their customers in the darkest purposes of avarice and revenge.' The same reasoning is followed by the author of the Scottish novels, when describing the witches introduced in the *Bride of Lammermoor*; and we may readily agree that, to a certain degree, it is not incorrect. But at the same time, even the real and undoubted crimes of the witch must be estimated in conjunction with her real and undoubted wretchedness.

Important lessons, both in psychology and in jurisprudence, are afforded by the history of witchcraft. The trials furnish the most painful proofs of the fallibility of human testimony and the infirmity of human judgment. In every portion of these records the strangest difficulties arise. Witnesses are found, who, under the sanction of the most solemn oaths, give evidence of events and acts, at once absurd, inconsistent and impossible. According to the mere average of human nature, it is difficult to suppose that all the persons who so bore testimony, were malignant and perjured ideots. But, admitting that every witness who was ever examined upon a witch trial swore wilfully and corruptly to a falsehood, it is still more incomprehensible to discover the supposed culprits themselves making full and free declarations of the crimes imputed to them, and meeting death with penitence and resignation as the atonement of their sins.

Altogether, the subject matter of these accusations might seem to be appropriately described, in the quaint but energetic words of an old writer, as 'that which God would not do, the Devil could not do, none but a liar would assert, and none but a fool believe.' If such can be considered as the characteristics of the proceedings, it ought to appear strange that they were so long tolerated even in an age of darkness and superstition. And it is still more degrading  
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to the pride of the human understanding, to behold judges, who were not deficient in piety, good sense, or learning, imagine that they were fulfilling all the precepts of the law, by dooming the miserable and trembling aged sorceress to the stake and the scaffold.

Hutchinson, whilst arguing against the belief in witchcraft, was so perplexed by the tales which he refuted, as to adopt a singular line of argument—‘We have been apt to wonder,’ he states, ‘why the devil had forsaken our age, that we had no possessions amongst us, when in ancient times they had so many. But if they that have been thought to have been bewitched, have really been demoniacs, and the Devil by their mouths hath carried on his great work of false accusing and murdering innocent people, then we must own he hath done by craft, what he could not do, by direct temptation; and hath made those very men his tools, to carry on his plots, who verily believed that they had been destroying his works.’

Such was the reasoning of a very humane and learned, but enthusiastic writer. It is an attempt to save the credit of human nature. Without seeking to enter into the dread question of moral responsibility, we may in some degree extenuate, without excusing, the crimes of the persecutors, by ascribing them to virtual insanity. In considering the actions of the mind, it should never be forgotten, that its affections pass into each other like the tints of the rainbow: though we can easily distinguish them when they have assumed a decided colour, yet we can never determine where each hue begins. It has been said that

‘Great wit to madness nearly is allied,  
And thin partitions do the bounds divide.’

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The truth of this observation may be extended beyond the letter of the observation. Madness is almost undefinable. Right reason and insanity are merely the extreme terms of a series of mental action, which need not be very long. Much of the evidence in the witch trials was given under the influence of the positive though undefinable madness, arising from panic fear united to bitter hatred. And there are too many historical instances which prove that delusions perfectly equivalent in moral absurdity and wickedness, may be excited by terrors which have no affinity to those inspired by witchcraft.

As to the confessions made by the witches themselves, it is known that, in very many instances, they were obtained upon the rack. Such declarations of guilt require no explanation; but it is too evident that confessions of guilt were frequently wrung out of the sufferers by the agonies, more lingering, yet perhaps equally severe, of continued vexation and persecution. ‘I went once,’ says Sir George Mackenzie, ‘when I was Justice Depute, to examine some

women that had confessed judicially; and one of them, who was a sickly creature, told me, under secesie, that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but being a poor creature, who wrought for her meat; and being defamed for a witch, she knew she should starve, for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging; and that all men would beat her, and bound dogs at her; and that therefore she desired to be out of the world: whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness what she said.—‘This species of torment again leads to insanity. Wretchedness and oppression, disorganizing the body as well as the mind, will make even wise men mad. At length the witch became wicked in thought, though not in deed. The hatred of the world placed her out of the pale of society. Detesting and detested, she sought to inflict those evils which she could not effect; and half conscious of a delusion which she could not overcome, she became reckless of her own miserable life, yielding to the frantic despair which compelled her to wish to believe that she was in league with the powers of hell. But these horrors are not the peculiar consequences of superstition. They are in no wise the exclusive attributes of barbarous times.

Dreadful as the cruelties may have been which were thus perpetrated under the name of the law, we are still compelled to acknowledge that *superstition* only assisted in producing them. It was only one of the influential causes; and other causes and pretences equally potent may exist even in an age of *reason*. When the contagion of fear and hatred is at its height, the mysterious love of destruction which is always lurking in human nature, acquires fresh strength as it proceeds. Its effects have been exemplified within our recollection. The wide wasting and insane persecutions which, two hundred years ago, would have taken the shape of the proscription of witchcraft, have been renewed in our enlightened times with greater violence. The executions, the massacres, the noyades, the fusillades of the French Revolution were urged by the same moral madness which, in the preceding age, had occasioned the persecutions of so many alleged votaries of Satan. They differ in name; but they are precisely the same in kind. Bloodshed always causes bloodshed. There is a state of morbid excitement, during which the contagion of murder spreads with as much certainty as the plague; and the individuals composing a nation may be exalted into a paroxysm of moral frenzy, possessing as little controul over their actions as the raving maniac. The instruments of evil may occasionally share our pity with the victims; but those who are anxious for the welfare of society, will dread the ‘*philosophy*’ of the disciples of Robespierre and Marat just as much as the ‘*superstition*’ which is taught in the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

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It would be easy to show that, in peculiar instances, the belief in witchcraft had a physical basis in that preternatural state of the body and of the mind which is produced by the use of potent herbs and intoxicating drugs, the accompaniments of magic even from the earliest age. This is eminently the case with respect to the witchcraft of the Scandinavians. Odin was said to have first revealed these dangerous secrets; and he taught the Asi to boil the demon cauldrons of the Vani. Whilst the body of the Trollquind, or Sorceress, was outstretched on the earth, her soul was floating in far distant lands; or in a state of feverish dream, excited by the maddening narcotic, she poured forth her oracles in verse, unconscious of her strain, and without effort or premeditation. Of the influence and employment of medicated potions for such purposes there is sufficient evidence, and the Kubla Khan of Coleridge, composed, if the expression may be allowed, under circumstances perfectly similar, is an extraordinary and authentic instance of the energy arising from this morbid excitement of the mind.

The Runic Hecate has been familiarized to the English reader, by her introduction in one of those works which at once command an unchallenged pre-eminence in our national literature. In the 'Scottish novels,' every tint of the landscape has received colouring from nature: no personage is brought into action who has not been really heard and seen—we can hardly except the White Lady of Avenel. And therefore, no surprize will be excited when it is stated that the prototype and namesake of Ulla Troil now lives, and commands the powers of the air in the distant Shetlands. About three years ago, a Stranger, though not unknown, sailed to these still vexed islands, from the main land of Scotland, and Norna then sold him a wind, unwitting that she was conversing with a far mightier magician than herself.

Warton observes, that the enchantments of the Runic poetry 'are very different from those in our romances of chivalry. The former chiefly deal in spells and charms, such as would preserve from poison, blunt the weapons of an enemy, procure victory, allay a tempest, cure bodily diseases, or call the dead from their tombs; in uttering a mysterious form of words, or inscribing Runic characters. The magicians of romance are chiefly employed in forming and conducting a train of deceptions. There is an air of barbarian horror in the incantations of the Scaldic fablers, the magicians of romance often present visions of pleasure and delight; and, although not without their terrors, sometimes lead us through flowery forests, and raise up palaces glittering with gold and precious stones. The Runic magic is more like that of Canidia in Horace, the romantic resembles that of Armida in Tasso. The operations of the one are frequently but mere tricks,

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in comparison with that sublime solemnity of necromantic machinery which the other so awfully presents to the spectator.'<sup>6</sup>

The parallel so presented is pleasing, but it is deficient in correctness. The historian of poetry has not attended strictly to the line which divides the fiction of fable from the fiction of reality. In the poetical romances of the earlier portion of the middle ages, in the geste and in the lay, the agency of supernatural beings is not of frequent introduction. In *Amadis de Gaul*, and in the lives of his followers and progeny, wonders increase upon us. We fully agree with our good friend Don Quixote, that there is not a greater pleasure in this world than to see before us an immense lake of burning pitch, boiling and bubbling, and full of serpents, dragons, and alligators, and to hear a dolorous voice issuing from the midst thereof, summoning the knight to plunge into the flaming waves, or to be considered as unworthy of participating in the delights of the seven castles of the seven fairies. But the marvels of these romances—and it is to them that Warton seems chiefly to allude—are by no means authentic: they are merely poetical machinery. Nobody ever believed in them, and they are quite unconnected with the orthodoxy and practice of the black art. More trustworthy authorities are the invectives of the divine and the sentences of the lawyer. From these sources a correct and minute detail of the superstitions in question may be collected; and when examined, they rather tend to destroy the idea of any marked distinction between the 'enchantments of Runic poetry,' and those of the Scandinavian stem which prevailed amongst other nations, though the belief was necessarily modified by the circumstances under which it was received.

Magic assumes a more creditable shape than the superstitions which are usually associated with its name; it was knowledge; and many of those whom Naudé has vindicated from the charge, would probably have considered themselves rather honoured than disgraced by the imputation.

The magical colleges of Spain enjoyed a species of classical reputation. In these our western parts of Europe, they appear to have been the successful rivals of Dom Daniel, the great Alma Mater beneath the sea. Toledo and Salamanca and Simancas were alike celebrated or defamed for the instruction which they imparted in unhallowed lore. The schools were held in subterraneous chambers. Martin Delrio had seen the entrance of the awful cavern at Simancas, which was not closed until the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the entire subjection of the Ishmaelites rendered it unnecessary to temporize any longer with the powers of darkness. The doctrine delivered at Simancas, however, was not Goetic Magic, or that which is vulgarly termed the  
Black

Black Art, but the high and pure Theurgy which repels all converse with the evil demon.

Theurgical magic, the magic which seeks its converse with the Power, the Intelligence, and the Angel, might have been first diffused in Spain by the sectaries of the Gnostic doctrines, who appear to have found numerous adherents in that country during many centuries. After the Moorish conquest, it extended its empire. The Castilian was subdued into respect for his hereditary enemies. He bowed to their imaginary wisdom as well as to their real knowledge. Nor did these pursuits fail to find the highest patronage. Alfonso the Wise thus ordered that the book of King Piccatrix the philosopher should be rendered into Latin, out of the Saracen tongue. At his command the translation was made in the year of our Lord 1256, and in the year of the era of Alexander 1568, and in the year of the era of Cesar 1295, and in the year of the Arabs 556. We are informed by bibliographers that even in the last century very large prices were given for this Encyclopedia of magic, by persons who thought it would certainly enable them to evoke any spirit whom they chose.—The work, however, has little originality. *Arbatel*, and the *Clavicula Salomonis*, both of which are comparatively common books, though less extensive, are nearly as curious in all material points. King Piccatrix was a mere compiler, and he confesses, conjurer as he was, that he made the book from the works of two hundred authors, amongst whom we find the honoured names of Abentaria, Empedocles, Queen Folopodria, Tinliquiz Zadilair, Zatrac, Mercury of Babylon, Hermes Trismegistus, Alforz, Alphila, Adam, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, and the great Geber Abenhayen. Those, however, who have not ready access to the volumes of the before-mentioned sages and magicians, may satisfy themselves with the treatise of Piccatrix.—It will be useful to the student who, without much research or labour, wishes to acquire a compendious and practical notion of the art and mystery of talismans and astral magic, whilst the general reader may receive it as an authentic record of Arabian superstition. There is no reason whatever to doubt its imputed origin. Many of the magical planetary seals appear to be Cufic monograms, and the whole theory involved by the invocations of Piccatrix, and the other tomes of the same nature, is in conformity with the astral theurgy of the Semitic nations. Michael, Gabriel, Samael, Raphael, Uriel, Zadkiel, and Satiel, move in the planets and inform the celestial spheres. They were adjured and bound by holy names; and aloes and sandal wood and fine spices were burned in the censer. Purified by fasting and by orison, clad in white linen, armed with the elemental sword, shielded by the Pentacle of David, the Master entered the circle of characters

characters traced on the consecrated ground, and the threatening prayer was read aloud which bound the planetary king to descend from his orb, and obey, or at least assist, the gifted mortal.

The Latin invocations are intermixed with words and phrases in other languages, Greek, and Hebrew, and Chaldee; some there are which cannot be easily recognized, but which may possibly be Egyptian. The Egyptian name of the sun,  $\Phi PH$ , is often found on the Gnostic or Basilidian gems, which owe their origin to sectaries, whose religious opinions were analogous to the doctrines recorded in the magical treatises of a much later date. The visionary shapes whom we are taught to evoke in the magical treatises do not belie their historical character. Many of the hideous monsters engraved upon the gems correspond with the description of the genii of the planets. The angel of Saturn may be peculiarly recognized—Tall of stature, with an awful aspect, four faces frown around his head, on each knee is seen a human countenance, but black and glaring. His motion is like the tempestuous blast, earth shakes beneath his tread. The talismans of the middle ages always retained a close affinity to their prototypes, and the seals continued to be armed with the imagery of the supposed disciples of Babylon. A very curious talismanic ring of this class was lately found near St. Albans, and is now in the possession of Lord Verulam. The gem is a red stone, upon which is engraved a lion grasping the head of some animal; above is a star. The ring is of silver, and two inscriptions in concentric circles surround the stone—*ECCE VICIT LEO. SIGILLVM IOHANNIS DELAVAL.* The characters are of the reign of Edward I. or his successor. The magical figures engraved on the stone are copied from prototypes of much older date; three have been published by Chifflet in his *Essay on the Basilidian Gems* (pl. vii.)

An anathema had been denounced against the vain and presumptuous pursuits of magic. When assembled in public, and debating in the college, the Doctors allowed of no distinction between Celestial and Goetic magic, between the invocation of a good demon and the compact with an evil one. But the restless aspirations of ardent minds would not be obedient to the decree. And many a sound theologian, who exclaimed loudly in the chair against these heresies and errors, would seek a secret communion with beings descending from other spheres. But to justify himself to his own conscience, he endeavoured to fancy that he was not acting in repugnance to the faith and doctrine which he owned. The rites of Christianity were secretly and silently blended with the magical ceremonies of the Eastern tribes, and the spells of the middle ages exhibit a strange confusion of the practices of the church

church and the Platonic cabala. The sign of the cross alternates with the pentalfa, and the names of the Evangelists are added to the angels of the stars. Holy water which chased away the demon, also assisted in consecrating the hallowed Eumen and the Periapt. The lustration was in direct disobedience to the ritual whence it derived its power; but with equal perverseness, the sacrifice of the mass was thought to perfect the charm which subjected the thaumaturgist himself to the dread penalty of excommunication, and deprived him of the benefit of the sacrament.

It is somewhat singular to observe how rapidly these abuses gained ground in the ages approaching to the century of the Reformation. Ecclesiastical ceremonies during that period were the invariable accompaniments of magic and demonolatry. No spell could be cast without a priest; images were baptized in the font and placed upon the altar for the purpose of striking the victim whom they represented with disease and death. There were few of the magicians of Catharine of Medicis who were not in holy orders. The Calvinists of France owed little charity to popery, or to the reigning dynasty, and their credulity has sometimes exaggerated the charges; but in the main, they are not to be denied. The causes which induced these perversions of doctrine, also converted the saint into a being whose character assimilates with the attributes of the Agathodemon of a classical age; whilst the prayers addressed to the canonized martyr or confessor echo the voice of the magic lay.

Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the three kings of Cologne, appear as favourites in this system of magical hagiology.—Their names were inscribed in phylacteries, which were worn as preservatives against sudden death. But the same names also constituted the potent charm which revealed the fatal hour. It was thought, that if, on new year's eve, these names were written with blood upon the forehead, the person thus seeking the painful foreknowledge, would see himself reflected in the mirror, under the semblance in which he was fated to expire.

When these orisons, the comfort of fond and dotting age, were in the vernacular tongues, they were almost always couched in rhythm, if not in verse, muttered or sung by the crone, and spelt by lisping childhood. The following, perhaps in the language of the thirteenth century, was used to staunch blood:—

Longes þe knyht him understod  
To Cristes syde his spere he sette  
þer com out water an blod.  
In þe nom of þe vader astond blod!  
In þe nom of þe holi gost asta blod!  
At Cristes will ne driple þe na moro!

A happy



A happy and lucky day was secured in France by a rhythmical invocation, which we notice on account of its relation to another article of popular belief in that country, namely, that whoever saw the image of St. Christopher, was preserved during that day from misfortune:—

Seint Jehan et son agnel  
 Seint Christofle et son fardel  
 Seinte Marie et sa brassee  
 Me doint bonne et eureuse journee.

No sanction has been given by the Church of Rome to these 'superstitious observances,' which, on the contrary, were severely and sincerely reprobated by her prelates. But the corruptions of which Rome approved, could not fail to induce others which she condemned; and the boundary between legitimate hagiolatry and forbidden saint-worship was so faint that such censures would possess but little real influence amongst the uninformed and illiterate vulgar. The feasts of the saints became associated with many magical observances obviously derived from the times of heathenism. Both among the eastern and the western nations, the eve of Saint John, on whose morrow the sun completed his highest course, was deemed the fitting time for those mystic rites which combat the evil spirits and give an insight into futurity. In after-times the pure and splendid Artemis herself could no longer be addressed by the maiden of France or England; it was therefore necessary that the invocation should take another form, and the 'moon was charmed,' at the hour when the silver beams of the newborn crescent first shone forth, by the name of Saint Lucia or Saint Agnes.

Love-charms were sometimes dispensed by beldames of no ambiguous character. Philtres, in most cases, were evidently poisons, and the persons who dispensed them, though innocent of sorcery, were not undeserving of the punishment of the law. Sympathetic magic compelled the desired object to appear, unwilling, perhaps, and unconscious of the power which attracted him. One of the most amusing episodes in the most amusing of romances is founded upon this belief. Pamphila, ignorant of the deception practised by her attendant, burns the tresses which she supposes to have belonged to the Bæotian youth. The three wine sacks, whence the hair was cut, become filled with feeling and with life; they rise, they obey the irresistible spells of the Thessalian sorceress, and stumble with blind alacrity through the street, until they arrive at her door. Here Apuleius meets them, and mistaking the goat skins, thus animated, for as many midnight robbers, he attacks them with all the valour of the knight of La Mancha, until his sword has laid them low. It is rather sorrowful than amusing to find that another

version of this old story was produced as a charge against the luckless Doctor Fian. Daphnis was also compelled to appear really and corporally at the bidding of Hecate; and the magic of Thessaly, transmitted from age to age, yet lurks by the village fire-side. The task allotted to the *Lynx* is now performed by the 'Dumb Cake;' the method of composing it, may be found in Mother Bunch. Some difficulty, however, must be encountered in making this charm stand firm and good, as rather a painful duty is imposed upon the three spinsters who blend the ingredients. If they speak one word during four-and-twenty hours, the spell is broken. In Scotland, the stories which are told respecting its effect, have all a fatal catastrophe. They tell you, that the bridegroom thus conducted by the infernal powers, enters the opened door at midnight, and looking earnestly at his intended spouse, casts some weapon on the table, and then vanishes. A marriage, of course, takes place, and the wife must keep the murderous token with fearful care. If she parts with it, his love is lost; and if it is discovered by the husband, and according to the story, he always discovers it, then the magical necessity compels him to plunge it in her breast. A moral might be fancied to lurk in this idle legend. Supposing it to be an apologue—and it possesses as good a right to be so considered as the fables of classical antiquity—an intelligible lesson is conveyed. The bearer is warned to distrust an affection raised by fraud or guile; and to consider that no passion can produce a durable happiness, unless it fairly arises from the heart.

The wily Tregetour must take his rank amongst the natural magicians. When he played in the hall, and cast the balls in the air, and pierced his body with the innocuous sword, the guests eyed him half with delight and half with horror, nothing doubting that some minor fiend, if not Zabulon himself, assisted in the sport and deceit. Originally, there is no doubt that the juggler was a real magician. In the laws of Edward and Guthrum, the *pyglen* is associated with the witch and the murderer, against whom are denounced the pains of banishment or death.\* Bodin is loud in exclaiming against the famous Trois Eschelles,—he must not be identified with the expert finisher of the law in Quentin Durward—who was guilty of the diabolical trick of slipping the rings from off a golden bracelet, which nevertheless remained entire. It is said that Trois Eschelles confessed that he performed this and other feats of a like nature, at the court of Charles IX., by the help of an evil spirit, to whom he had sold himself, and he was condemned to die. A pardon was granted; but the juggler relapsed, and

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\* It is probable the English word juggler is derived from the Saxon *pyglen* and not from the French *jongleur*.

was afterwards executed. There is reason, however, to suppose, that like many other sorcerers of the middle ages, his punishment was not wholly unmerited, and that, though he may have been innocent of magic, he understood too well the art of poisoning.

It is not difficult to understand, that in a credulous age, the tricks which now amuse the countryman at a fair, would assume the most portentous colouring. The stages of similar mystifications may be often guessed, and sometimes discovered. The following instance is rather remarkable. When Charles the Fifth entered Nuremburg, the celebrated Regiomontanus exhibited the automata which he had constructed:—an eagle of wood, *placed* on the gate of the city, rose up and flapped its wings, whilst the emperor was passing below; and a fly, made of steel, *walked* round a table: all this is sufficiently credible. A few years afterwards, we find the chroniclers relating that the wooden eagle *sprang from the tower and soared in the air*; and that the steel fly *flew three times round the emperor*, and then alighted buzzing on his hand.

We here obtain an exemplification of the manner in which all matters interesting to the imagination are affected by the imagination. One little circumstance is forgotten, another receives a slight tinge of a more decided colouring. The narrator is rather glad to excite amazement, the listener is not displeased to be filled with astonishment, and adventures and incidents, neither very strange, nor very inexplicable, become imperceptibly and unanswerably invested with the attributes of wonder.

Baptista Porta, Cardan, and other writers of that class, have given us copious treatises on *secrets*, but they do not elucidate the processes of the old jongleurs. Many of their tricks appear to have been performed by the mere vulgar processes of dexterity and confederacy. There are instances, however, in which marvels seem to have been effected by physical science, by those who really and truly claimed the honours of magic and wonder-working. Amongst the Pagan Teutons and Slavonians, steam assisted in causing the votary to tremble before the god Puster, who, in England, in after-times, acquired the homely name of *Jack of Hilton*; that is to say, a metal idol was constructed on the principle of the *Ælopile*, which puffed and roared tremendously as soon as the fire was lighted beneath it. Many a fiery dragon was evidently a firework. Gunpowder was known to a chosen few, long before it was applied to the art of war. In the treatise *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, falsely ascribed to Albert the Great, but which belongs to his era, the mode of making rockets is described. And, indeed, the process could scarcely fail to be imparted to some of the merchants and pilgrims who, either directly or indirectly, had intercourse with  
India,

India, although they might not chuse to make a public disclosure of the secret.

In the middleages the Philosopher was not ignorant of the power of the uncombined lens. Perhaps the telescope was also known, and refraction and reflection would often call the ghost from the tomb, and raise the sheeted dead. That the 'Phantasmagoria' was really applied for such purposes, even when knowledge acquired more popularity, is satisfactorily evinced by one of the 'relations' in Richard Bovet's 'Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloisters,' a work inscribed by the learned author to Dr. Henry Moore, in a dedication which vouches for the veracity of *all* the particulars in this collection. Bovet published his book in 1684, and it appears that about sixty years before, Mr. Edmund Ansty of South Petherton, had occasion to return home by night from Woodbury Hill Fair, a mart well known in the west country. Coming to a place not far from Yeovil, noted by the name of Outhedge, his horse rushed very violently with him against one side of the bank, snorting and trembling very much, so that he could by no means put him on his way, but he still pressed nearer to the bushes. At length Mr. Ansty heard the hedges *crack* with a dismal noise, and perceived coming towards him in the road, which is there pretty wide, *a large circle of a duskish light, about the bigness of a very large wheel, and in it he perfectly saw the proportion of a huge bear, as clearly as if it had been by day light!*—(The italics are not ours, they are Bovet's, and mark his horror.)—The spectre passed near him, and as it came just over against the place where he was, the monster looked very *gashfully* at him, showing a pair of very large flaming eyes; as soon as ever it was gone by, his horse sprung into the road and made homeward with so much haste that he could not possibly rein him in, and had much ado to keep the saddle.—'The old gentleman,' Bovet continues, 'is lately dead, but there are many of the neighbours, of good reputation, that have often heard him relate this passage, and, upon inquiry, can witness the truth of it.' Yea, and it also witnesses, that about the year 1620 some mischievous English scholar was well acquainted with the construction of the magic lantern; so that the story may be considered as a contribution towards the 'History of Inventions.'

Some profitable knowledge might possibly be derived from a scientific investigation of the feats even of the juggler. It is not unimportant to the metaphysical inquirer to study the extent of the empire gained by the mind over the muscles and organs, which, in ordinary cases, are not obedient to the will. It is useful to ascertain how much may be effected by mere slight of hand and dexterity, and to consider the wonderful quickness and suppleness to which the

human body can be made to attain by dint of early practice, of perseverance and of labour. Many of the common tricks which make the vulgar stare, are not always clearly comprehensible to the philosopher. Science is founded upon experiment; and the experiment in the booth may be turned to as good account as if it were performed in the lecture room. We have often wondered that these inquiries have not excited more attention, and that so few endeavours should have been made for the purpose of solving the riddles which are daily propounded to us. Without multiplying examples, it will be sufficient to notice the faculty of Ventriloquism. This art, trick, cheat, or by whatever other name we may chuse to call it, is acquired apparently with facility, by very illiterate men. The deceptions which arise from it are so perfect as to baffle the ear and the understanding. The *Ob* is heard amongst us season after season, and yet there is no one of the learned men of this great city who can give any satisfactory explanation of the witchery.

The Northern necromancy is by no means of a spiritual description. In Scandinavia they know of no ghosts but vampires. The apparition of a dead man is termed a *Gienganger*, that is to say, a *revenant*, one who 'gangs again.' In consequence of this idea, the Scandinavian assailed these unwelcome visitants by charms which are equally terrific to the living, by process according to due form of law. In the *Eyrbyggja Saga* there is an account of a troop of vampires who take possession of a house, and sit every evening by the fire. An action of ejectment is brought, witnesses are examined, and a verdict given against the dead, who severally depart when judgment of ouster is pronounced against them. A practice wholly similar prevailed in Germany: the vampire was quelled either by driving a stake through the corpse, or by burning it to ashes; but it was necessary to apply to the magistrate for a decree authorizing such operations, which he pronounced, after hearing witnesses. In our late barbarous laws of suicide, we trace the same ideas; and a perusal of the vampire stories will leave no doubt that the *practice* of driving a stake through the corpse, and burying it in the highway, a practice which rests wholly upon tradition, inasmuch as there is no ancient *written* legal authority to support it, has been adopted solely for the purpose of preventing the body from rising again. It is a mere superstitious observance, quite unsupported by any proper voucher.

Natural magic, as another branch of occult science was termed, found patrons amongst those who shunned pursuits apparently more unreal, but not in fact more fanciful and unfounded. The root and the herb, the bird and the beast, the fruit and the flower, were supposed to be endued with powers and virtues never verified

fied by experiment, but never disproved or marked as falsehoods. Gather the herb which the Latins call *Salvia*, but which, in the Chaldee tongue, bears the name of Colerican, and bury it in a vessel of glass, and a wonderful serpent, Albertus assures us, will be generated by the decaying herb. If the reptile is cast into the fire, the loudest thunder will be heard to roll: place its ashes in the lamp, and the delusive light will fill the dwelling with more monsters than ever crawled in the Libyan desert. Petaphylon, the herb of Mercury, heals wounds, and calms all agony of mind. But it possesses other virtues. He who bears it about him when he seeks a favour of a king or an emperor, will never be refused; for it will bestow all the persuasion of the Deity of Eloquence. It is not alone the lustre which gives value to the diamond. Let it be placed beneath the pillow of the sleeping woman, and she reveals her love or her infidelity. But these effects are only to be produced by attending to the planetary hour, when the star and the sign coincide in calling forth the energy of the material form, placed in the nether world, but corresponding and obeying its influential cause in the sky.

Pliny affirms that magic was wholly derived from medicine. There might be more truth in the converse of the proposition; but it matters little in what manner it be received, so close was the affinity between either science. In the ancient world, as yet amongst uncivilized nations, the physician acted as the magician. Thus they prospered. They had a cheap, perhaps a salutary materia medica. We speak with respect and submission, but perhaps it might be a good time both for the physician and the sick man, when the place of pills and potions was supplied by spells and charms. The mysterious prescription was applied to the outside of the patient, instead of finding its way within. *Ananazipta*, scrawled upon parchment, cooled the fever; *Abracadabra*, chased away the ague. An hexameter from the *Iliad* allayed the agony of the gout, and the rheumatism yielded to a verse of the Lamentations.

Such vestiges of the magic of the Anglo-Saxons as have been preserved in our days, are almost wholly pharmaceutical. The lungadlc, or consumption, the pock, the gout, the dropsy, all were ordered to yield to the roots and plants of the field, assisted by verse and song, and spell. And in the witch verse which excited the indignation of Reginald Scott, we think that the rhythm and echo of the oldest time may yet be recognized:—

Hail to thee, holy herb!  
 Growing in the ground,  
 On the mount of Calvarie  
 First wert thou found.

Thou art good for many a grief  
 And healest many a wound.  
 In the name of sweet Jesu  
 I lift thee from the ground.

Medicaments of this class would possess peculiar aptitude when administered to complaints attributed to the direct intervention of evil demons. How was the *Elf*, the nightmare, who oppressed the troubled dreamer, to be chased away? Holy verses, the gospel, and the psalm, were to be written on the sacred patina. Water was to be brought by the purest hands from the running stream, but in deadlike silence. Thyme and valerian, and dodder, and fennel were to be infused, and, with the decoction, the words were to be washed off from the hallowed dish. Hallowed wine being added thereto, the mixture was to be borne to church. Penitential psalms and masses were to be sung, and the potion was then to be administered. Here, again, we have the remedies of the heathen blended with the doctrines of Christianity.

Astrological physic effected a species of compact between these fancies and sober reason, or at least with as much reason as was then compatible with therapeutics. A decent and decorous protection was thereby afforded to the dignity of medical science. The draught failed to relieve the sufferer, and he was quieted by the great soother of all evils. The patient died, but the Doctor lost no credit. He looked wise, and proved that, had the leaf been pulled upwards, according to his command, in the quartile of the reigning planet, the malady would have been quelled; whereas the careless apothecary plucked it downwards, and in sextile. Neither he nor any body else understood much of what he meant, so that it answered nearly as well as talking about idiosyncrasy and contagion. Friar Bacon wished to teach his contemporaries that the true regimen of health consisted in attending to meat and drink, to sleeping and waking, to rest and exercise, to the quality of the air, and lastly, to the affections of the mind: but the multitude who wished to be healed, no less than those who wished to heal, despised those vulgar and intelligible precepts. A physician of the Baconian school would seldom have touched a fee. In one shape or another, the physician still has continued to pour drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less. Whilome, the apothecary filled his boxes and his jars with the specifics of Bus-sorah and Alkahira. These are forgotten. An hundred pestles striking in an hundred mortars in terrific and deadly concert, no longer astound the bystanders whilst the theriacle is preparing. Vipers are not seethed to restore the health of the fading beauty. The bezoar has lost its reputation; and magisteries of pearls and rubies have become worthless and despised. Medicine, from its  
 very

very nature, must always bear something of an empirical character; it will only acquire certainty in proportion as it rejects opinion, and until its professors shall have learnt to trust only to that which has been tried; then alone will they have ceased, in effect, to employ the equivalents of the magical formulæ of Serenius and Aetius. Yet much of the old lore must always remain. The physician must still minister to the mind, under pretence of prescribing for the body; and clothe, in the shape most persuasive to the fancy, the medicine supposed to be adapted to the disease.

Having on various occasions, during the last ten years, addressed our readers upon themes more or less connected with the 'superstitions of the middle ages,' it is now time to cease:—we shall therefore conclude the subject, by stating some of the causes which give value to these hallucinations. Their history is not to be read as a series of idle or amusing tales of wonder; nor should we neglect them as a mockery of the human mind. If we shrink from these contemplations with contempt, we lose the useful lessons of experience. The failings of the human understanding are inseparably commingled with the truths which we have gained.

Superstition appears in its rudest guise, when created by the fears, the hopes, and the opinions of the childhood of the human race. However visionary or unfounded, these are rendered intelligible even by their imbecility. Obscure and innate perceptions of immortality may glance across the mind of the savage; yet in his philosophy he is wholly bounded by the material world. An undefinable horror leads him to fear that the departed may revenge their wrongs upon the living. By self-inflicted pain and suffering, he endeavours to avert the anger of the unseen malignant being whose eumity he dreads, or he wishes to obtain the protection of this evil intelligence, by casting upon another the mischiefs destined for himself. Strange, fantastic and unmeaning rites are cherished as the means of satisfying the innate longing after the forbidden knowledge of futurity. But these superstitions result from uninstructed weakness: they are not matured into a system, nor united to sounder knowledge.

We shall not seek, as some have done, for the seat of the primeval learning of mankind. To guess the wisdom inscribed on the columns fabled to have escaped the overwhelming deluge, will avail us nought. Neither can we trace the first impulse given to the human intellect. Yet we know that the faint though steady light which beams from Caucasus, has been denied to Atlas and the Andes. It can be discerned that the truths of mathematical science were comprehended at a very early period, at an age not very remote from that great catastrophe remembered by all nations, and which is recorded in the characters of nature on the entire surface



of the globe. The reasoning powers were highly cultivated ; but men reasoned too much, and rested in abstraction. At the age when the great commonwealth of western Europe assumed its consistency, learning had scarcely varied from the character of the primeval age ; it was wholly speculative : magic, astrology, and all the vanities of occult science commanded at that period a credit nearly universal. Such was the shape which learning assumed, according to the received theories, that superstitious abuse was almost the necessary concomitant of the knowledge then possessed by mankind. Let us consider the system of the world created by their contemplative philosophy. Floating in space, the empyreal heaven embraces the crystalline orb, studded with blazing constellations, and the primary source of the energies of the *hyle* of earth, and of the subtler frames of the lower heavens. Above the middle air in which our globe is suspended, the spheres of water and of fire radiate their elemental virtues. Planets roll on in mazy cycles and epicycles, darting their power on the sublunary world ; motion, vegetation, sense, and instinct, flow from these beams. All things live, though in different stages of being ; all are parts of one glorious frame, connected and linked into a unit by the pervading vitality. All properties of earth and of its kind are emanations from the guiding stars ; no object has a solitary existence : astral fire glows in each gem concealed in the dark caverns of the mine ; the plant drinks the sanative dews sprinkled from the aqueous heavens. Wise in ignorance, the instinct of the bird and the beast, undeluded by self-will, becomes the manifestation of the directing energies. The soul of man alone is delivered from direct subservience to the machinery of the universe, yet he moves in harmony with it ; and though his freedom is uninfluenced by the wandering fires of the sky, yet they rule his veins and nerves, and connect themselves with the operations of the subtle archæus which first caused his heart to beat and his limbs to grow.

This system spiritualizes the material world, by bringing all its operations into connection with the functions of those incorporeal beings, the belief of whose existence was never questioned. Nature seems to exist only by a perpetual manifestation of the power of unembodied intelligences. Sympathies and antipathies breathe a species of obscure sensation into the dull mould itself ; and the effects of these theories are inconceivably heightened by the prevailing doctrines of metaphysical theology.—Soaring above those inquiries, which are within the grasp of the human mind, men sought to pass the ‘flaming bounds of space and time :’ they

‘————— reasoned high  
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate ;  
Fix’d fate, free will, fore knowledge, absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.’

‘ Vain

'Vain wisdom' resulted from these fruitless labours. Examples afford better illustrations than general characteristics: for the delineations of the 'philosophers' of the middle ages, let a single portrait be selected. And in order to estimate the extent and still more the errors of their learning, it is sufficient to consult the works of Roger Bacon the Franciscan; he who attained that credit which no man living ever had, and who was deemed to have unlocked all the secrets of art and nature. Great men and wise men partake of certain of the faults of their age, in a much greater degree than their inferior contemporaries. Some epidemics seem to single out the strongest individuals in preference to the weaker crowd. The lofty mountain, on whose summit the light of the sun is seen to stream whilst the vale below remains involved in darkness, often attracts the vapours which float above the lesser and surrounding hills.

Friar Bacon, anticipating the mode of investigation perfected by his great namesake, declared that experiment was the test of truth. Argument and experiment, he observes, are the two modes of gaining knowledge; argument may compel us to admit a position, but until the mind is convinced by experiment, it will never rest satisfied. The learned vulgar of Bacon's era being completely ignorant of experimental science, he states that he is sensible that he cannot persuade others of its utility, unless by showing its efficacy and virtue. Experimental science alone, he declares, can ascertain the effects to be performed by the powers of nature, or by human art; that science alone, he continues, enables us to investigate the practices of magic, not with the intent of confirming them, but that they may be avoided by the philosopher, in the same manner that logic teaches us to search out sophistry.

Bacon, thus determined to consider the properties of material substances as matters of fact, and not of belief, easily ascertained that many of the opinions 'which writers assert, and which the vulgar believe, were wholly false.' 'They suppose that the diamond'—he continues—'cannot be cut but by the help of the blood of a goat, and philosophers and theologians abuse this opinion;' but the Friar, by entering the workshop of a lapidary, easily convinced himself of the possibility of severing the gem without having recourse to occult qualities. And he gives other instances in support of his general position.

Experimental science, which thus taught Bacon to discern the falsity of the marvels of magic, enabled him to discover that many wonderful effects 'which seemed as magic to the multitude,' were really producible by mere physical causes. Concealing one of the potent ingredients in a mysterious anagram, he declared the qualities of that composition whose flame and sound would equal the

lightning and the thunder. He acquired a distinct and accurate idea of various properties of light; of the structure and operation of the eye; and his chapters on perspective indicate his acquaintance both with the theory and the construction of the telescope and the microscope. Amongst the wonderful instruments of art, the diving-bell is also enumerated: and with an obscure prophetic presentiment of the progress of science, he maintains that the vessel shall be steered by one man with greater velocity than if she was impelled by the toiling crew, and that man shall make himself wings like the bird, and be seen soaring through the liquid air.

Whatever positive additions Bacon might have been qualified to make to the general fund of knowledge, these were, in his opinion, of comparatively trifling importance. Again anticipating Lord Bacon, he wished to furnish the means of improvement. He states the discoveries to be effected by science, for the purpose of winning protection for science itself; thus, to recommend his most favourite studies, he shows the necessity of the reformation of the calendar. Addressing his arguments to the Roman Pontiff, as the head and representative of Christendom, they are directed to prove the necessity of cultivating practical knowledge, and the exact sciences, in addition to abstract speculation. Deploring the ignorance of the Latin world, he earnestly advocated the study of the Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. A proficiency in these unknown tongues was intended to facilitate the acquirement of the mathematics, which he designates as being the key of all the useful sciences. Bacon felt that his labours could not produce an immediate diffusion of knowledge; his zeal was therefore directed to excite a thirst for knowledge. He wished to rouse the spirit of inquiry, to give an impulse to the human mind; conscious that if a beginning was made in the good work, it would proceed, without stop or stay, in the after-time. And exhorting the Pontiff to plant the root, to dig for the spring, to lay the foundation, he represses the idea of attaining, in his own age, that consummation which he sought to effect for futurity.

Judgment and ardour appear hitherto to have been admirably combined in Bacon. It might be expected that a mind thus constituted would instinctively reject all unreasonable belief. A firm persuasion that all real knowledge was to be acquired only by actual experience ought to have repressed all extravagant credulity; this was not the case: like 'the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,' his character involves, in appearance, the most singular contradictions. Roger Bacon, the philosopher, derided the fictions of magic. He would have smiled at the glassy globe of King Riance; and instead of seeking a vision, he would have shown how the sun-beam was deflected in the crystal. Yet he maintained the possibility

possibility of framing a spherical astrolabe, which, displaying all the circles of the heavens, should turn round its axis in self-impelled and perpetual motion. Bacon declares that the 'experimental investigator' may discover the means of perfecting the machine by considering those things which are influenced by the movements of the heavens. He adduces the following examples. The elements circulate by celestial movements; the tides of the sea ebb and flow, and the brain and marrow wax and wane according to the phases of the changing planet; herbs also open and shut with the appearance and disappearance of the sun; and many other motions are directed either wholly or partially by the movement of the heavens. 'Let the sage, therefore, attend to these considerations, as he best may understand them, and hence he will gain instruction, enabling him to frame this machine which will be worth a king's treasure, and become the fairest spectacle of science.'

These wild speculations are found in a chapter entitled 'On the Productions of Experimental Science.' In the same chapter, his sound and sensible aphorisms respecting the regimen of health, are followed by an elaborate dissertation on the possibility of attaining antediluvian longevity. According to Bacon, the sage pursuer 'of experimental science' profits by the intuitive wisdom of the crow, the serpent, and the eagle, whose inborn knowledge teaches them to find the means of retarding the termination of their existence. This knowledge was given to the brute for the profit of man; and therefore the wise have ever closely watched the lower animals, for the purpose of stealing their knowledge of the powers of herbs and stones and metals. At Paris, Bacon relates there was lately a Sage who sought out the serpent's nest, and selecting one of the reptiles, he cut it into small pieces, leaving only as much undissected membrane as was sufficient to prevent the fragments from falling asunder. The dying serpent crawled, as well as it could, until it found a leaf whose touch immediately united the severed body; and the Sage, thus guided by the creature whom he had mangled, was taught to gather a plant of inestimable virtue. No medicament is of so much efficacy, Bacon asserts, in prolonging human life, as the flesh of the dragons of Ethiopia. The Moors, by a secret art which they possess, attract the dragons out of the caverns in which they hide. The huntsmen are prepared with bridles and saddles, and after securing the dragons, they mount them, and vex them by the quickest and sharpest flight. The Moors do so in order that the rigidity of the dragon's flesh may be mortified and its hardness abated, just as boars, and bears, and bulls are hunted by dogs and driven before they are killed for food.

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When we peruse these, and other marvels which he has in store, Bacon, instead of the predecessor of Newton, appears as the cozening conjurer, the associate of Friar Vandermast and Friar Bungay, the master of the merry Knave Miles. His scientific dignity vanishes, and we consider him as the ignorant hero of a barbarous tribe, destitute of any worth except a blind and puerile curiosity.

Bacon relapsed into the errors of his age, whenever he could not exercise the wisdom which taught him that experiment was the test of truth. But the mistaken judgment which he thus evinced resulted from the circumstances under which he was placed. He could not always bring the assertions of others to the test, nor wholly refuse to yield to mistaken analogies. Many tales were told in the volumes whereon he wasted his midnight oil, which he dared not disbelieve until they were disproved by experiment. Whilst the wonders propounded to him for his acceptance remained unsubjected to this trial, his readiness in receiving them, absurd as it may seem, did not result from imbecility or dullness. Phantoms surrounded him on every side, and though he held the spear of Ithuriel in his grasp, still, when the delusions floated beyond its reach, he could not avail himself of its disenchanting power.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the interminable varieties of natural energy, but with little practical knowledge of the births of distant realms, the 'philosopher'—we must not deny the name to him—was thus easily misled by the fallacies of his general argument. If the magnet attracted the heavy iron, why should it be deemed impossible for the ætites to exercise an equal influence over gold? The stone, if it exists, has no such power; and we are inclined to blame the ancients for the mistake: but let it be supposed that Lavoisier, placed in a situation in which he could not try the experiment, had been informed that the apposition of a certain number of plates of zinc and copper would reduce his elemental alkali from the state of an oxide into a metal, he certainly would have given as little credit to the tale as to the dreams of Albertus Magnus. We know not the cause which lights the ineffectual fire of the glow-worm. Those who contemplated the fairy light of the insect might easily believe that in eastern climes the costly carbuncle shone with greater brilliancy. Griffins, winged serpents, hippocentaurs, and all the other dire creatures acknowledged by the mythic zoography of Greece and Arabia, retained in fancy an existence equally excusable. The Philosopher did not venture to limit the plastic power of nature; and here again his acceptance even of exaggerations and fictions might in some measure be justified. If a drawing of that strangest birth of Australasia, the *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*, had been presented to Lin-

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næus without any proof of the existence of the animal, would he have failed to exclaim that such an anomalous compound was wholly irreconcilable to physiology? He would have been indignant at the attempted imposition, and would have determined on placing the uncouth monster in the same cabinet with the Griffin's claw and the Unicorn's horn, which so long adorned the Treasury of St. Denis. Time, the slow revealer of all secrets, has since enabled us to make even a further deduction from the chapter of fabulous animals, and the existence of the Unicorn is as little problematical as that of the rhinoceros.

Imperfect as the state of science may have been in the middle ages, it had yet advanced sufficiently to afford an indication of the power of knowledge. The bark was launched from the shore, and the mariners knew that the voyage must continue until the vessel reached a fairer clime; but instead of limiting their expectations to the fruits which the earth brings forth, they dreamt that they should discover the Garden of the Hesperides. Driven beyond its bounds, an undue estimation was formed of the force and tendency of every science. The Chemist would make gold; the Astronomer search out the astral characters of the book of fate; and the Physician avert the lot of mortality.

In the earlier part of the seventeenth century the inquirer began to obtain a knowledge of the great secrets which had hitherto been concealed: the telescope was pointed at the heavens, and skilful operators took their place in the laboratory. The gross absurdities of the preceding age were therefore discarded by the learned, but at the same time, in place of these errors, they created others of their own. The first mists of the dawning were dispelled—but other clouds were again drawn out of the teeming soil by the beams of the rising sun. More was expected from science than science could bestow, and more was ascribed to nature than nature could perform. The acute Van Helmont and the philosophic Digby compounded the armatory unguent; Bacon, the Chancellor, admitted the existence of the magical power of the will, the delusion which in our days has taken the name of animal magnetism; and Kircher advocated the truth of palingenesis. These delusions were again inevitable. The improvement of the world is destined to proceed in similar cycles; the youth of every individual is distinguished by the same characteristics; and it is ever so with every nascent era of the human race. As far as we can read the history of each generation, the fathers witness in their children a renewal of their own childhood. Whenever a new light bursts upon the eye, it requires some time before the organ can discern clearly amidst the unaccustomed blaze.

Superstition, or undue belief, though in a less terrific aspect,  
still

still haunted the study and the schools, but knowledge continued to advance in an increasing ratio, until a new period opened upon the world. Without any formal refutation, astrology and alchemy ceased to obtain belief; occult qualities were no longer sought; and natural magic and spagirical art became the objects of derision: but the enthusiastic 'reveries which men now acknowledged as such had been the precursors and causes of sound sense and rational investigation. Before one truth can be ascertained, lives must be worn away in fruitless conjectures. At length the waste of learning had earned its reward,—had turned to profit. Boyle grasped the impassive air; Newton told the strength of the unseen chains which link the planets in their orbs, and revealed the order of creation. What was the consequence?—the fervid enthusiasm of a youthful age again appeared.

An undue estimate was again formed of the powers of science. Acute and well-informed men were now inclined to hope that the 'new philosophy' would 'fill the world with wonders.' Their expectations passed all measure. Glanville thus exclaims in his *Scep̄sis Scientifica*, a work addressed to the Royal Society. 'The glorious undertakers wherewith heaven hath blest our days will leave the world better provided than they found it. And whereas in former times such generous free-spirited worthies were as the rare newly-observed stars, a single one the wonder of an age, and this last century can glory in numerous constellations. I doubt not but that posterity will find many things that now are but rumours verified into practical realities. It may be, some ages hence, a voyage to the southern unknown tracts, yea, possibly, to the moon, will not be more strange than one to America. To those that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into the remotest regions, as now a pair of boots to ride a journey. And to confer, at the distance of the Indies, by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as to us in a literary correspondence. The restoration of gray hairs to juvenility and renewing the exhausted marrow, may, at length, be effected without a miracle. And the turning the now comparative desert world into a Paradise may not improbably be expected from late agriculture. Now, those that judge by the narrowness of former principles and successes will smile at these paradoxical expectations. But questionless those just inventions which have, in these latter ages, altered the face of all things, were as ridiculous to former times in their naked proposals and mere suppositions. To have talked of a new earth to have been discovered had been a romance to antiquity; and to sail without sight of stars or shores by the guidance of a mineral, a story more absurd than the flight of *Dædalus*. That men should speak after their  
tongues

tongues were ashes, or communicate with each other in different hemispheres before the invention of letters, could not but have been thought a fiction. Antiquity would not have believed the almost incredible force of our cannons, and would as coldly have entertained the wonders of the telescope. In these we all condemn antique incredulity. And it is likely posterity will have as much cause to pity ours. But yet, notwithstanding this streightness of shallow observers, there are a set of enlarged souls that are more judiciously credulous. And those who are acquainted with the diligent and ingenious endeavours of so many true philosophers will despair of nothing.'

Such an effervescent belief in the powers of 'philosophy' may perhaps be considered as injudicious as the reveries of Friar Bacon, and in its origin it is wholly of an analogous character; but it gradually subsided, and the 'wonders of the new philosophy' were reduced within the limits of possibility. Other wonders, however, were achieved; and the truths discovered by the founders of the Royal Society received a bolder application, by that generation which is now sinking into the grave. Following the first traced path, the mysteries of nature have been further unfolded. The fire which thunders in the clouds has been proved to lurk in the translucent amber: resolved into its elements, the wave consumes into the gases which severally warm the blood and bear the aeronaut aloft; and the chemist learns to imprison the subtle vapour which destroying animal life, yet feeds the green leaves of the plant and crystallizes in the diamond.

These discoveries were made in an age emphatically called 'the Age of Reason. New principles had now been adopted: the creed of Boyle, of Newton, and of Locke was rejected by 'Philosophy' as an anile 'superstition;' and men were taught to worship no deity but nature, and to acknowledge no wisdom but their own. Yet they were not sceptics, they believed too much, and confided too much. The consequences of undue belief and indiscreet zeal again instantly manifested themselves; and whilst every 'superstition' was denounced by the 'Philosophers,' they unwittingly indulged in the wildest delights of credulity. There was much sincerity in their enthusiasm. Minds, even of grave and sober cast—men who professed that they obeyed no other dictates than those of reason—joined in every word and sentiment uttered by Condorcet, when he proclaimed aloud the *infinite perfectibility* of the human race, emancipated from all former evils produced by 'fanaticism and tyranny,' and an age of *reason*, when wonders were to be produced, such as the believers of the age of *superstition* hardly hoped to perform. One of the efficient causes of the Millennium of philosophy thus prophesied, was to be the invention  
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of a universal language, which, daily acquiring more 'extent and perfection, will define all matters cognizable by the human mind with such precision, as to render any error next to impossible.' As for the 'perfectibility of the human race,' 'will it be absurd,' inquires Condorcet, the sturdy antagonist of the dreams of superstition, 'to suppose it to be susceptible of an indefinite progress?—that the time will arrive when death will be the effect only of extraordinary accidents or of the destruction—which will gradually become more and more tardy—of the vital forces?—and that, in effect, the duration of the middle period between birth and this destruction, has in itself no assignable term?—Certainly man will not be immortal—but the distance between the moment when he begins to live and the mean era when naturally, without accident or sickness, he feels the *difficulty of being, may it not perpetually increase?*' . . . . . ' *may it not continually come nearer to an unlimited extent without ever reaching it—or acquire, in the immensity of time, a greater extent than any determinate quantity which may have been assigned as its limit? In the latter, its increase will really be infinite in the most absolute sense, since there is no term at which it ought to stop.*' Such was the belief of one of the teachers of modern republican philosophy, and shared by no small portion of his school!

Extremes are ever fated to meet. In the age of superstition—an age of confident faith—every difficulty was solved, and every doubt was silenced, by appealing to the mysterious influence of spirit, and by attributing all the operations of nature to the immediate workings of the great First Cause, and to the direct action of those immaterial beings who might be deemed the ministers of Infinite power. By excluding from consideration the machinery through which Providence guides the material world, a wild and enthusiastic system of credulity was formed, wholly derogating from Supreme might and goodness, and humiliating to those by whom it is received. This we justly call 'superstition,' and it is justly reprobated. But the very increase of knowledge, which dispelled these errors, has ended in bringing new perplexities upon mankind. The confidence which it has imparted to the pride of human intellect has 'cheated us into another species of credulity no less mischievous and degrading. Bounded by the tangible and sensible elements of creation, *philosophy* will recognize no cause of vitality except what can be dissected by the scalpel, or distinguished by the test, or breathed from the retort; no being, except matter.

Having adopted this train of reasoning, it has been the earnest endeavour of the French, the great leaders of modern Materialism, to relieve us from any consciousness of incorporeal existence, and

and to dispel the belief of any immortality. With respect to the 'human animal,' these philosophers 'deny that any traces of such an agent' are to be discoverable in the phenomena of life; and having traced the functional powers to certain elementary formations, which they term tissues, and being wholly unable to carry these investigations farther, they consider these tissues as the elements of their science, exactly as the chemists consider certain substances elementary, subject to the correction of ulterior discoveries. And thus, as similar opinions have been long since expounded in the quaint verses of More the Platonist, these philosophers have proved, that

. . . . 'our soul can nothing be but blood,  
Or nerves, or brains, or body modified.  
Whence it will follow that cold stopping crud,  
Hard mouldy cheese, dry nuts when they have rid  
Due circuits through the heart, at last shall speed  
Of life and sense, look thorough our thin eyes,  
And view the close wherein the cow did feed,  
Whence they were milk'd; gross pie crust will grow wise,  
And pickled cucumbers philosophize.'

It is not necessary, in this place, to enter into a minute detail of the doctrines which the French philosophers and their English disciples have promulgated under the name of physiology. Consistent in their avowed object, they are uniform in their prime intent and meaning.

Do we ask whence the breath of life is given to us?—the Savant will answer that he doubts whether it will be possible to remove the veil of nature completely; yet he thinks that it will be in our power to begin to clear up the difficulties which 'prejudices and charlatanism,' arising out of '*certain opinions*,' have endeavoured to multiply. His mode of dispelling these prejudices is by advocating the old doctrines of equivocal generation.

'Experience teaches us that there is no known vegetable substance which, being placed under proper circumstances, will not give birth to peculiar animalculæ, into which mere moisture is sufficient to transform it, and that almost instantaneously. Here we have full proof of that nature which is usually called inanimate, being connected by an uninterrupted chain with animated nature. We see unorganized elements combine themselves, in order to produce different organized bodies. And life and feeling arise from the products of vegetables. Therefore, unless we suppose that life is dispersed every where, and only disguised by the exterior circumstances of bodies (which would be equally contrary to the hypothesis) we must necessarily confess that—*moyennant certaines conditions*—inanimate matter is capable of organizing itself—of living and of feeling.'

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The above may be received as specimens of the modes of belief denominated 'materialism.' We appeal to them with confidence, because it is with confidence that they have recently been adorned, adapted, copied, repeated, and retailed as the means of assailing the 'religious opinions of the dominant caste.' The term of 'scepticism' which has been applied to the propagators of these doctrines is incorrect: surely they are not sceptics; they hesitate not for want of belief in their own creed. Is it not even difficult to defend them from the charge of 'superstition?' Are not such 'philosophers' somewhat more ready to admit the marvellous, than is consistent with their cautious 'philosophy?' Implicit faith is well exemplified in the pages of those who demonstrate the progress of the monad evolving itself by its own will and energy, until the speck floating in the pool became necessarily fish, bird, beast, and man. The share of credulity possessed by any necromancer, who imagined that he could raise the ghost of the departed, is not perhaps much more yielding than that of the sectators of the Savant Cabanis, who rests his main argument respecting the materiality of life, upon the belief, *that the bookbinder makes the book-worm!*\*

In making these observations upon the doctrines of 'materialism,' it is by no means our intention to discuss them, or to make any observation upon their tendency. We must content ourselves with remarking that, as now promulgated, their teachers do not seem likely to perform their promises. It is to be feared that they will not accomplish any speedy emancipation of the human race from the accompaniments of superstition; from fanaticism, intolerance, and bigotry. The Savant may be in the right; but no Pontiff ever expected a more implicit obedience from his hearers, or required a more unbounded confidence in his assertions: his intentions may be liberal and kind; but no inquisitor ever hated more intensely, or persecuted with more bitterness: his doctrines may be true; but they cannot be received, without

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\* In order that we may not be accused of misrepresentation in quoting this stupendous assertion, we add the passage in its original language.—'Or maintenant, quelles sont ces conditions? Sans doute, nous les connoissons encore très mal. Mais sont-elles, en effet, de nature à rester toujours inconnues? Il est difficile de le penser, lorsqu'on voit que l'art peut créer des races particulières d'animaux: c'est-à-dire, par des altérations déterminées qu'il fait subir à certains corps, y développer de nouveaux principes de vitalité et faire naître, en quelque sorte à plaisir, des êtres qui n'ont point dans la nature d'analogie connue — Par exemple, les anguilles du vinaigre, *les vers qui rongent les cartons et les reliures de livres*, &c. &c. toutes espèces qui se forment exclusivement dans les matières, produites elles-mêmes par les seules combinaisons des arts.'—If we had space we would extract a few more of the marvels of belief exhibited in the various authors from whence the true philosophy of life is to be derived. Due observance being made for the tone of the times, they would form a perfect parallel to the magical wonders on which we have treated.

the utter prostration of the human intellect. They who tremble before 'all that the nurse and all the priest has taught,' do not believe more than is required by the superstition of 'materialism.'

An obligation is thus imposed upon us of giving only a qualified assent to the loud and triumphant assertions of the Philosophers respecting the 'knowledge' of our 'enlightened age,' or of the destruction of 'prejudices' and 'false opinions.' Rapid as the progress of science has been, and with every probability of its continuing to proceed with accelerated speed, the universal law of compensation will continue to balance the improvement of the human understanding by some equivalent failing. Whatever advance may be made by the human mind, its faculty of comprehension will always remain fixed by the same limits. Whenever it labours to pass its narrow boundaries its powers are reduced to nought; and no light afforded by our unassisted wisdom can dispel the clouds which press around us. 'Mystery,' as it has been well observed, 'is only imperfect knowledge: and if we are ever tempted to imagine that we display our wisdom by rejecting those mysteries for which the world affords no testimony, let it be recollected, that no creed presents such bewildering mysteries as the book of nature. But in the same manner as he who stands by the side of a precipice, seems strangely urged to cast himself into the depth below—so does every human discussion of the inscrutable difficulties offered by the mere fact of existence too often tempt us to seek those dark and dangerous inquiries, in whose dreary and unfathomable void intellect is confounded, and happiness lost for ever.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Substance of the Debate in the House of Commons on 15th May, 1823, on a Motion for the 'Mitigation and Gradual Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions; with a Preface and Appendixes containing Facts and Reasonings illustrative of Colonial Bondage.* 8vo. pp. 284. London.
2. *An Appeal to the Religion, Justice, and Humanity of the Inhabitants of the British Empire in behalf of the Negro Slaves in the West Indies.* By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. 8vo. pp. 77. London.
3. *Negro Slavery; or a View of some of the more prominent Features of that State of Society as it exists in the United States of America and in the Colonies of the West Indies, especially in Jamaica.* 8vo. pp. 118. London.
4. *Declaration of the Objects of the Liverpool Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery.* 25th March, 1823. London.

5. *A Review of some of the Arguments which are commonly advanced against Parliamentary Interference in behalf of the Negro Slaves; with a Statement of Opinions which have been expressed on that Subject by many of our most distinguished Statesmen.* 8vo. pp. 32. London.
6. *Thoughts on the Necessity of improving the Condition of the Slaves in the British Colonies, with a View to their ultimate Emancipation; and on the Practicability, the Safety, and the Advantages of the latter Measure.* By T. Clarkson, Esq. Second Edition, corrected. 8vo. pp. 57.

THE slave trade on the coast of Africa and the condition of the negroes in our sugar colonies have more than once engaged our attention, and formed the subject of essays of considerable length in our Journal. Of these, one of the latest was the disquisition in our Number for October, 1821, in which, while we did justice to the efforts of government to put a final stop to that traffic, we lamented that their endeavours should be so feebly seconded by some of our continental neighbours, and directly counteracted by others. The Spanish, the Portugeze, and in some measure, the French flag, have long been rendered instrumental in carrying it on, with the aggravation that the helpless victims of it are treated with more cruelty than when their conveyance took place in British vessels, and when the hardships of the middle passage were softened by the enactments of parliament. There is, we fear, too much reason to apprehend that the abuse of the continental flags is not yet at a close, but our limits do not permit us to resume the subject at present; we must trust, for the final extinction of this odious commerce, to the zeal of the abolitionists and the exertions of our ministers, while we direct the attention of our readers to a less forbidding theme—to the negroes settled in our colonies, their actual condition, and the prospect of its amelioration. That prospect has happily brightened of late years, in a manner that affords the hope of an early cure for many of the evils of a system which, though not so harsh as is commonly supposed, every friend to improvement must desire to see progressively improved, and eventually succeeded by one better suited to the enlightened character of the age.

It is now fully seven years since the attention of parliament was called to the condition of our negroes, by discussions which placed in rather a conspicuous light the opposite views of the West India planters and the protectors of the Africans. The object proposed by the latter was to register officially all the negroes employed in our colonies, with the view of preventing the clandestine

destine importation of negroes from Africa. The planters, conscious that no such importation had taken place, felt no objection to a census and registry for such a purpose; but apprehended that the abolitionists had in the measure an ulterior object,—a view to emancipation,—or, at all events, that the negroes, who are exceedingly alive to whatever holds out to them a promise of indolence, would misapprehend the intention of the act, and attempt to assert by violence those privileges which they supposed it intended to convey to them. These fears were but too soon verified by the attempt at insurrection that followed the discussions, but which, fortunately for the tranquillity of our colonies, took place in Barbadoes, the strongest of our settlements in point both of the regular military and white inhabitants. The warning thus given, led government, without relinquishing the measure of the registry, to pursue it with caution, and to leave its execution in most of the islands to the local administrations. The result was that the tranquillity of the colonies remained undisturbed, and that the opposition of the planters to the Registry bill was withdrawn.

Such was the state of the West India question during six or seven years; but about twelve months ago, the advocates of the abolition of slavery became impatient to accelerate the execution of their plans. The success of Mr. Wilberforce in the great question of the African trade, inspired them with confident expectations, particularly as the public had, by this time, in a manner forgotten the admonition afforded (in 1816) by the insurrection at Barbadoes. The abolitionists accordingly re-commenced their efforts with all the ardour of men whose imaginations are kindled by the hope of accomplishing a favourite object, and who are strangers to the coolness and deliberation inspired by an accurate knowledge of circumstances. They assailed the public through a variety of channels, in pamphlets, reviews, magazines, constantly pursuing the plan of flinging odium on the treatment of the negroes in our sugar colonies, and of rousing in their behalf the sympathy of the public. In this they were seconded by other causes; by the indignant feeling excited in the majority of our countrymen by the mere name of slave, as well as by the remissness of the West India planters, who have not for many years taken the trouble of laying before the public an account of the actual condition of their negroes, and of the degree of comfort enjoyed by them. The abolitionists made consequently a great impression as well on the public at large as on those on whom the question of change more particularly depended, the members of our legislature. There arose a general eagerness to carry some decisive measure, without much consideration of the means or calculation of the hazards.

What, under these circumstances, was the conduct of the West India planters, resident in England? They evinced a deference to public opinion greater, perhaps, than would have been shown at a period of calm, deliberate discussion. They agreed to the propriety of adopting regulations in the colonies, which, though judicious in the main, might not have been made so soon or to such an extent, had it not been deemed a matter of the last importance, to satisfy the public that the planters were sincerely desirous of ameliorating the condition of their negroes, and might safely be trusted to carry into effect the measures proposed for that purpose. The result was, that the discussion of the subject in the House (15th May) passed without a division; in the understanding that the execution of the measures in favour of the negroes should, in the first instance, be left to their masters on the spot, but that government was pledged to prevent all unnecessary delay, and to call for the interference of parliament, if requisite, to stimulate the proceedings of the colonists.

Such being the vote of the House, the next step in the prosecution of this important matter rested with Lord Bathurst, as colonial minister; and a very full dispatch or letter of instructions was forwarded by his lordship in July, to the governors of our West India settlements.

In what way, it is natural to ask, were these votes and resolutions viewed by the planters and others resident on the spot?—As in a considerable degree premature and theoretical; as discovering an imperfect knowledge of the condition of the negroes in regard, on the one hand, to the comforts which they enjoy, and, on the other, to the general indolence and ignorance which prevails among them and must render the adoption of the measure in contemplation a work of time and difficulty. Representations to this effect have, we understand, been already made from Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the lesser colonies, while Demerara has sent her comment in a different tone. The time is therefore now arrived for a comprehensive and deliberate consideration of the subject. This we shall attempt in the following pages, and begin it by cursorily passing in review the various publications of the abolitionists, and the debate in the House of Commons. We shall then endeavour to give, what ought long since to have been given, a sketch of the actual treatment and condition of the slaves in our colonies; and conclude by an anxious inquiry into the practicability of effecting improvements in the system of colonial labour, without hazarding the property of the planters or the welfare of the negroes.

Without further preamble, we proceed to examine the principal publications on the side of the abolitionists. Among these,  
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the first place is due to Mr. Wilberforce's 'Appeal to the British Public,' and the anonymous pamphlet entitled 'Negro Slavery.' Mr. Wilberforce's 'Appeal' is of a mixed character, containing a greater condensation of matter than is common on the part of men accustomed to the diffuseness of public speaking, though by no means entitled to rank among argumentative compositions. It is made up, in a great measure, of general allegation, and must, in plain terms, be pronounced almost equally defective in correctness of reasoning and moderation of language. Accustomed to contemplate Mr. Wilberforce in the light of a calm inquirer and deliberate arbiter, it is with no little reluctance that we offer this censure on a production which comes from a person of so benevolent a disposition. But what other opinion can be expressed on such assertions as (p. 31.) that the 'negroes in our colonies are inferior to the savages of Africa?' or, (p. 42.) that 'it is a rule with the colonial legislature to discourage manumissions by exorbitant fines'? West India planters are in the habit of maintaining that their negroes enjoy even a larger share of comfort than the labouring classes in Europe, an assertion which, as we shall have occasion to observe presently, is in part correct, in part otherwise; but Mr. Wilberforce, instead of treating it in that qualified manner, and showing, in a few plain sentences, that no enjoyment of physical comfort can counterbalance the absence of civil rights, declares abruptly 'that the proposition is monstrous, and implies a total insensibility to the native feelings and moral dignity of man.'—To several of the specific charges made by Mr. Wilberforce against the treatment of the negroes, answers have been given by persons resident on the spot; and to the general tendency of his arguments might be made one comprehensive rejoinder, viz. 'that for such evils emancipation is not the cure.' We will not, however, dwell longer on an ungracious topic, or descant on a publication so much at variance with the mild character, which we are desirous to attribute to this veteran friend of humanity. If we cannot express ourselves favourably of his pamphlet, we can at least seek an indirect relief for ourselves and our readers, by pointing their attention to his speech;\* in which we recognize all his accustomed moderation, and are led to ascribe the deviation from it in the present publication less to his own feelings than to the influence of over zealous friends.

The accompanying pamphlet, entitled 'Negro Slavery,' has been composed with much more skill and deliberation. The author, who is understood to be Mr. Macaulay, makes it a rule to abstain from declamation, and is at pains to avoid the odium of a direct attack on our planters. With this view he begins with

\* Debate on the Mitigation of Slavery, 15th May, p. 36.



an account of the situation of the negroes in Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, citing from the travels of Fearon, Hall, and others, a number of examples of hardship to the slaves and injury to the masters. From America he passes to the West Indies; after a preamble, in which he disclaims the aid of the ardent abolitionists, and fixing on Jamaica, as 'the most improved of our settlements, and selecting in that island the estates of affluent and liberal planters, he proceeds to urge that, even under these favourable circumstances; the negroes make a very slow progress in religious and moral instruction. His principal arguments are, that they ought to be allowed additional time both for these purposes and the culture of their provision grounds; that the mode of punishing by flogging is subject to abuse; and that in regard to the care of their health, a good deal yet remains to be done, whether we look to the treatment of invalids or the rearing of children. He enlarges also on the hardship of separating negroes from their connexions, or from the spot to which they are attached, when circumstances lead to the sale of an estate. On the whole, this pamphlet, though by no means impartial, in as much as it keeps in the background the arguments favourable to the planters, is entitled to considerable attention, from the ability with which it is composed.'

The 'Declaration of the Objects of the Liverpool Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery,' admits that a considerable time must elapse before the negroes can become fit for a state of freedom; but urges that the change will be beneficial to the planter, because 'the cautious economy of the freeman will be found to consume much less than the wasteful profusion of the slave.' It argues farther that we need not apprehend that general indolence or neglect of work will be the consequence of emancipation; because the children of negroes will then become more numerous, and the parents will not fail to exert themselves for their support. In these views we, in some measure, concur with the Liverpool Society; our objections to their 'Declaration' relate to other points, such as their silence in regard to the main question of indemnity, and their determination, somewhat peremptorily expressed (p. 11.), to pursue their object, whatever may be the loss inflicted on the planter.

The 'Review of the Arguments for the Interference of Parliament,' is useful chiefly as a record of the opinions of the leading speakers on the slave trade during the last thirty years. The object of the author is to show that not only Pitt, Fox and Mr. Canning, but Lord Melville, and other members of parliament equally friendly to the West India planters, contemplated the eventual freedom of our negroes as a consequence of the cessation

tion of the importation of Africans. Another principal object in this pamphlet is to urge that the fears entertained by the West Indians, from the discussion of the question of emancipation, are carried too far,—a point to which recent events give an unfortunate contradiction.

The pamphlet of Mr. Clarkson is entitled to a more ample notice. This indefatigable opponent of slavery regrets that history, either ancient or modern, should cast so little light on the transition which has taken place in the lower orders, in almost all countries, from servitude to freedom. Enough, however, has, in his opinion, occurred in the present age, to justify a favourable anticipation of the conduct of the negroes when admitted to the rights for which he contends. In Trinidad and Sierra Leone, we have, he says, evidence that the blacks, when left to themselves, do not sink into absolute indolence; and even the tremendous example of St. Domingo becomes, when described by him, divested of a great part of its terrors. From this appeal to past events, Mr. Clarkson proceeds to the practical question of the measures necessary to prevent injury from emancipation. This leads him into very interesting ground; to a recapitulation of the regulations of Toussaint as to the wages of the negroes, the mode of preventing idleness, and of punishing offences. The plan pursued by the late Mr. Steele of Barbadoes, is then analyzed (p. 81) at great length; and Dr. Dickson's ingenious but ill-digested volume on the 'Mitigation of Slavery,' is ransacked for arguments on such points as the 'inefficiency of negro labour when conducted on the present plan,' and the 'superiority of the Javanese and other eastern nations, who cultivate sugar with less aid from manual labour and more from machinery.'

Such is the substance of Mr. Clarkson's arguments, and none can desire more cordially than ourselves that the result so eagerly anticipated by him may be found practicable. But if we are called on to say how far his reasoning can be received with confidence, or himself regarded as an impartial adviser, we must pause, and refer to those passages in his publication (pp. 5, 18) which are disfigured by loose assertion, as well as to his studied silence in regard to the increased comfort of the negroes, although proved by the testimony of almost every respectable clergyman at present in the West Indies.

We come now to the consideration of the Debate of the 15th May. Mr. Buxton, taking the lead, which advanced years no longer permitted to Mr. Wilberforce, began by contending that the danger of such discussions was much overrated by the West India planters, and that the negroes were not likely to be roused

to insurrection by debates in parliament. How greatly he was mistaken in this, has but too clearly been shown. We turn with more satisfaction to the declaration which follows; viz. that, with all his ardour in the cause, he would be content with measures of very gradual operation—with steps calculated to conduct us, by a slow process, to the decline of slavery, and to its eventual disappearance by a natural death.

Mr. Wilberforce contended that the danger arising from discussion was not so great as that which arose from a continuance of the present state of things. He drew a contrast between the increase of negro population in Georgia and Carolina, and its stationary condition in the West Indies; ascribing the latter, not, as has often been done, to an inferiority in the number of females, but to abuses inherent in the system. His favourite object, the conversion of the negroes into a free peasantry, would, he thought, prove greatly to the advantage of the planters; but in the adoption of measures to that effect, he had found the colonial administrations hitherto extremely tardy, even when the propositions proceeded from men connected, like Mr. Bryan Edwards, with their own body.

These animadversions on the West Indians called up Mr. Charles Ellis, who maintained that our planters were not responsible for the evils of slavery; the importation of negroes from Africa having commenced before our sugar cultivation had existence, and having been carried on more with a view to promote the navigation and manufactures of the mother-country, than the interest of the colonies. Before renouncing the present system of slave-labour (he said) the negroes must be rendered fit for the enjoyment of freedom; our first duty therefore is, not to emancipate, but to improve them.—But, is it true that the colonial administrations have failed to exert themselves in the work of improvement? Twenty-five years ago, added Mr. Ellis, I certainly flattered myself that these administrations would have made greater progress; but they have had many difficulties to contend with, and the list of their successive acts shows that, in Jamaica in particular, they have not been idle. That during the present age the condition of the negroes has been greatly ameliorated, may be asserted without fear of contradiction; as well as that the great majority of the planters will co-operate cordially in giving effect to the recommendations of government for their further improvement.

Notwithstanding this declaration, Mr. W. Smith, who followed Mr. Ellis, repeated the complaint of Mr. Wilberforce, that the measures of the colonial administrations for the improvement of the negroes had been very tardy, particularly in regard to religion. This remark induced Sir George Rose to rise, and enter, at considerable

derable length, into the progress of religious instruction on his West India estates. Considering clergymen of the Church of England too highly educated for the ignorant negro, he applied to other missionaries, and had the satisfaction of finding very favourable effects produced by them on the habits of his black population. In one estate, out of 120 males ten only were found to require punishment in the course of a year, and out of 120 females not more than one:—an encouraging example, certainly, of the power of the Christian doctrine over uncultivated but not perverse minds.

Mr. Marryat, adverting to the delicate question of admitting negro evidence in our courts of justice, took occasion to mention the commencement made in that respect in Dominica; while, in regard to another point, the general treatment of the negroes, he cited a number of favourable testimonies on the part of naval and military officers stationed in the colonies. Mr. Brougham, taking the opposite side, bestowed great praise on the pamphlet on 'Negro Slavery' noticed in the early part of this Article, but, like the author of that pamphlet, expressed little expectation of cordiality on the part of the planters, in giving effect to the recommendations of government. Sixteen years ago, when the further transport of Africans was abolished, he flattered himself that the improvement of the negroes settled in our colonies would proceed rapidly; but in religious instruction their progress had evidently been slow, while in point of labour he still apprehended that their health was occasionally injured. Why not take more decided steps for ameliorating their condition, and begin by exempting them from the distressing hazard of being separated from their associates, and from the spot to which they are attached?

Mr. Baring referred to the concurrent testimonies on the favourable condition of our negroes; and maintained that, as far as physical comfort is concerned, they suffer less than the majority of the peasantry of Europe, though in a moral and religious view they are extremely backward. Discussions so nearly affecting their condition as the present, could not, he thought, fail to excite their attention, and to cause a greater or less degree of agitation. Compensation to the proprietor was unavoidable; but the subject, viewed in whatever way, was extremely delicate, and could not be safely dealt with except by government.

The speech of Mr. Canning we notice in the last place, because he came forward as a mediator or arbiter between the two parties. 'I find,' he said, 'in the West Indies, a remarkable superiority in number of the blacks over the whites, and am doubtful how far we can communicate civil rights to the former without danger to the latter. Still I agree to several of the propositions of the abolitionists,

tionists, provided they be carried into effect through the medium of government. Thus, let the practice of flogging be abolished altogether in the case of women, and subjected to specific regulations in that of men. Follow this up by giving negroes a title to hold property, enabling them to do by law that which they at present do by a kind of sufferance or tacit admission. Endeavour, if possible, to frame an act to prevent them from being separated by sale from the spot on which they are established; and advance one or two steps on the very delicate ground of admitting their evidence in courts of justice. Such are the views of ministers; but I cannot add to them,' said Mr. Canning, 'any specific opinion in regard to the time when the children of the negroes shall be entitled to freedom. I am anxious to avoid giving any assurance which might afterwards require to be qualified, perhaps retracted. Lastly, I would have it understood that emancipation, when its season shall arrive, must not take place at the expense of a single class.' On this important point Mr. Buxton intimated in his reply, that he never had meant to evade the question of compensation to the planter.

Such is the outline of a debate, which, without being of great length, excited very general interest, and was subsequently published not in the garbled state unavoidable in newspapers, but with the benefit of revisal by the speakers themselves. The composition, thus cleared, may be read without tedium, and is, on the whole, distinct and animated, each debater taking up the points discussed by his predecessor, and giving to his arguments the interest of a rejoinder. None of the speeches, however, offer a complete display of the subject; the reasoning being confined to detached points, and rarely expanded into general views.

We now proceed to lay before our readers an account of the actual treatment and condition of the negroes in our colonies—a subject on which, easy as it may seem to obtain explicit information, evidence of the most contradictory character has been adduced. While the planters maintain that the situation of the negroes is, in general, more comfortable than that of the labouring classes in Europe, the abolitionists almost uniformly represent them as objects of commiseration, as victims of oppression. Of the length to which this contradiction may be carried, a curious specimen is afforded, in the notes appended to the printed report of the debate of 15th May, where (p. 204) we find a quotation from the evidence of Sir Ralph Woodford, governor of Trinidad, declaring that so far from the service in the West Indies being oppressive, 'he has frequently known negroes continue in it, rather than, with ample means, purchase their freedom, or even accept it.'

it.' To the 'Reviewer of the debate,' this declaration appears not a little extraordinary. 'We trust,' he says, 'that in the next session of parliament Sir Ralph will be required to produce the names of the negroes who have acted thus.' No words, it is clear, can show more decidedly his doubts of the governor's accuracy; and yet we have no reason to believe that these doubts rest on any better foundation than the ardour of the writer for emancipation, and that deficient acquaintance with the West Indies so common among the abolitionists. The comparison of the state of our labouring classes with that of the negroes in our colonies, which to this writer appears so absurd, we have known deliberately made, and the preference given to the West Indies, not by planters or their connexions, but by clergymen of the church of England; persons who, before going abroad, had, in the capacity of country curates, ample opportunity of ascertaining the situation of our lower orders. 'In regard to temporal comfort,' observes a clergyman (writing from Jamaica, in October, 1821,) 'the situation of the negroes may be viewed with complete satisfaction.' 'As to the treatment of the negroes,' writes another clergyman (from the same island,) 'I am happy to declare, from ocular testimony, that it generally is humane, and every temporal comfort which their situation demands, is willingly afforded them; indeed, a great proportion of our poor at home might envy their situation.'

Negroes who have the misfortune to belong to a jobber, or to a planter in embarrassed circumstances, are occasionally subjected to privation or severe labour; but the great majority are very differently circumstanced. To bring the question to a point, we shall begin by explaining their situation in regard to physical wants, their food, clothing and lodging.

With respect to food, it is customary for their owners to give them a regular allowance of salt-fish; while, for vegetables, each negro has a lot of ground to cultivate, the produce of which he may either sell or consume. In a tropical climate, vegetables are raised with surprizing ease, and are, indeed, so plentiful, that insufficiency of provisions can arise only from a hurricane, from long continued drought, or from gross indolence on the part of the cultivator.

As to lodging, the cottages of the negroes, small and scantily furnished as they are, afford sufficient shelter in a climate which has so little inclemency. In regard to clothing, the distributions, made once or twice a year, are ample on the larger plantations; while, to prevent the deficiencies that might occur on the part of small planters, or of persons who let out their negroes on hire, the law of Jamaica requires that a return of the delivery shall be made  
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annually on oath to the vestry of the parish. This precaution is highly proper, for, warm as the West India climate is, it is essential for a negro to be provided with woollens sufficient to cover the whole of his body; though vigorous in the sun, he is ill-fitted to withstand damp or cold, and the temperature of that country is by no means uniform.

Plantation negroes generally continue at work between nine and ten hours a day; a longer time is prescribed by law, but it is seldom exacted, nor does the fatigue at all equal that of the labouring classes in Europe. In proof of this, we have merely to refer to the evidence given at different times on the subject before parliament, or to the use that is occasionally made by the negroes of the two hours allowed them for dinner. When their own little lots of ground happen to be in the vicinity of the field on which they are at work, it is not unusual with them, instead of reposing in the shade, to walk thither, and employ the interval in their cultivation. In crop time (from January to June), their attendance is required during part of the night, and their rest is frequently abridged. This appears a very serious hardship, but it is one which is shared by the white persons on the estate; and that it is not altogether so grievous as is imagined, may be inferred from the fact of negroes being known to decline purchasing their regular night's rest by a slight extra exertion during the day. Still it would be highly desirable that the night-work should be discontinued, and such, we trust, may be the result of the more extended use of machinery. That such an improvement is practicable, has been shown on several of the estates provided with steam-engines, where the work proceeds so speedily, that the negroes are enabled to withdraw, even in crop time, at an early hour; and the boiling, instead of being continued throughout the night, is suspended between eight and nine o'clock.

The use of the hoe for digging holes to receive the cane plants, is the most severe species of field-labour in our colonies, the soil being often hardened to a surprising degree by the heat of the sun. The fatigue of this can be effectually lessened only by the more general introduction of the plough. The negro practice of carrying loads on their heads is now discontinued on most estates, and with evident propriety, whether we consider the expense to the master, or the waste of exertion in the labourer. Changes calculated to lighten labour would, it may be thought, be cordially promoted by the negroes; yet such is their habitual improvidence, so much do they look to the present and so little to the future, that many of them would continue the laborious routine of holing, rather than make a temporary exertion to familiarize themselves with the use of the plough; and negroes have been  
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known to place the loaded wheelbarrow on their head, rather than wheel it in the usual manner.

With respect to days of relaxation; Sunday has, by long usage, been at the disposal of the negroes, but it has hitherto been passed by them in a kind of traffic quite unsuitable to the character of the day. The intervals allowed for cultivating their little lots of ground have been the Saturdays during half the year, and a few holidays at Christmas, Easter and Whitsunday, making, independently of these holidays, twenty-six days in the year, exclusive of Sundays. To this it is now proposed to make an important addition, it having been inserted in the instructions sent out by government, that 'Sunday markets shall be abolished, and that day given up to the slaves for rest, recreation and religious instruction, equivalent time on other days being allowed for cultivating their provision grounds, so soon as the means shall be afforded them of employing the Sunday in religious duties.'

'The abolition of markets on Sunday,' says a very intelligent planter, 'has long been called for, and although that day may not for some time be better employed, it will be so eventually, when our places of worship shall become more numerous, and the attendance of both whites and blacks more general. Many of the former have as yet been prevented from such attendance by the distance of the churches, while, among the negroes, such as were Africans could not understand a discourse in English.'

In the important point of progressive population, our colonies have as yet presented a result altogether different from this country and the rest of Europe. The negroes, though abundantly supplied with provisions, and exempt, in general, from contagious complaints, seem hardly, even of late years, to increase in number. This circumstance is remarkable, and claims the most attentive investigation; it was long ascribed to an inferiority in the comparative number of women; but, with the exception of one colony (Demerara), that disproportion exists no longer. The proportion of deaths among infants was formerly and is still, in some degree, greater among negroes than among the cottagers of this country—a consequence, in most cases, of the ignorance of the women to whom the care of the mother and of the child is confided. Another difference between them and our peasantry is the smaller number of births, a circumstance attributed commonly to the prevalence of immoral habits, but which may, with more confidence, be ascribed to ignorance and inattention in the treatment of females in a state of pregnancy; as well as to imprudent exertion on their part, in undertaking long journeys to market for their own petty sales or purchases. If we are asked whether the field-labour of a sugar estate be unsuited to women in this state,

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we reply that though such labour be in general light; the superintendants of their work cannot be qualified to judge of their situation; while unluckily the artifices and efforts of the women to elude work of any kind, may lead to indiscriminate urgency on the part of the overseers.

Several facts concur to support this view of the question. On two estates situated in the same district and belonging to the same proprietor, the one a coffee, the other a sugar-plantation, the negroes increase in number on the former, while on the other they are stationary. In both they are exempt from night-work and the fatigue of heavy burthens; so that the cause of the difference is, doubtless, to be sought in the nature of their employment, in the lighter labour of the coffee-estate. As to rearing children, mothers employed in domestic service commonly succeed better than those who work out of doors; and those resident on pens or cattle-estates better than those on sugar plantations. With regard to medical attendance, almost every plantation has an hospital, and a surgeon under an engagement to visit the patients regularly. This attendance is generally considered by planters, superior to what is received by the labouring classes in this country, an opinion, however, in which we can hardly concur. Of the practitioners in our colonies, a number are necessarily young and inexperienced; the charge of an estate may be conferred by an agent from favour without sufficient consideration of the capacity of the individual; and the distances to be traversed being occasionally great, it was not unusual for several days to intervene between visits, until of late the number of medical men has increased.

Should these different causes appear insufficient to account for the non-increase of our negro population, we can only add the general caution, that our estimates for the West Indies ought not to be formed on the unprecedented increase of numbers in this country in the present age. We ought rather to refer to a century back, when, in consequence of various causes, of which the principal probably were a general ignorance and indolence in our lower orders, similar to what prevails at present among negroes, male and female, the augmentation of our numbers proceeded far less rapidly than at present.

Complaints of severity are at all times calculated to make an impression on the public; and our great objection to the abolitionists is that they are apt to direct their arguments to our sympathy instead of our conviction. Examples of severity in the treatment of negroes may, doubtless, be occasionally found among our colonists; but the question is, first, whether such examples are frequent; and next, whether the extent of suffering among the ne-

groes is greater or less than among our own peasantry. How easy would it be to work on the feelings of the public by a description of the state of Ireland—by a contrast between the poverty of the cottagers and the wasteful hospitality of the higher ranks! A similar course might be followed in regard to the chief part of Scotland, of France, in short, of almost every country in Europe: for England and Holland alone are pre-eminent in their charities.

In the case of the Africans, unaccustomed to labour and unacquainted with our language, compulsion was unavoidable, and was, doubtless, at times accompanied by undue severity. Habituated in their own country to a state of barbarism, they could be acted on only by corporal punishment, and would have been incapable of comprehending laws passed in their favour by the colonial legislatures. It was about half a century ago (say the Committee of Assembly in Jamaica in their Report in December, 1815) that the treatment of our negroes began to receive a visible amelioration; the import of raw recruits was checked by the war, and, on the separation of the North American colonies from the mother-country, a number of suffering loyalists removed to our sugar islands, bringing with them negroes of a more intelligent character than those in the West Indies. A milder system of treatment was thus gradually introduced, and new regulations became expedient; the punishment of death was decreed to every white person who should wantonly deprive a negro of life, and many of the severities formerly permitted were abolished by the consolidated slave-law passed in Jamaica in 1784. No slave can now be punished by iron collars, weights or chains; while in each parish there is established a council for protecting negroes and calling to account whoever shall presume to oppress them.

The negroes employed on estates may be divided into several classes, at the head of which we shall place those who perform their work regularly and without compulsion. To this class, happily the most numerous, the infliction of the whip or severe punishment of any kind is, in a manner, unknown, whether they be employed as house-servants, as mechanics, or as field-labourers. The next class consists of those who go through their work with tolerable fidelity during the stated hours of labour, but who, too improvident to work for themselves on holidays, trust to chance, occasionally perhaps to theft, for the supply of such wants as are not provided for from their master's store. Negroes of this class frequently pass their holiday in working for their more careful brethren, receiving a small allowance for the wants of the moment, instead of cultivating and turning to account their own little lots of ground. The last class consists of those who work neither for themselves

themselves nor their masters ; but who skulk in the vicinity of the estate, and subsist by depredations on the property of their owner, of his neighbours, or of their fellow slaves. This class, at present very limited, is happily in a course of progressive reduction.

It is natural, after this statement, to ask, why, if the great majority of negroes are well disposed, the planters so strongly object to the disuse of the whip, or rather to the removal from view of an instrument which is now not often employed? Because, it is answered, almost every attempt hitherto made to dispense with the whip, (and such attempts have been numerous,) has had an unpleasant result, relaxing the good behaviour of the negroes, and necessitating the application of punishment to those who would not otherwise have required it. The negroes in the West Indies, like all men whose wants are supplied to their hands, are to the last degree thoughtless and improvident, affording, in short, a striking exemplification of what the French term *de grands enfans*. Thus those who, while working under superintendence, will pass day after day and week after week, without any idea of evading their share of labour, are no sooner trusted to themselves, and sent to perform a task that requires attention during three or four days, than they are found to absent themselves before the expiration of the time, or to fail, in some other manner, in the discharge of their duty. ‘Often,’ says an experienced planter, ‘have I, before ordering chastisement for such a trespass, asked the delinquents, “Why have you forced me to this severity; why not enable me to treat you with continued kindness?” and as often have I heard them reply, “We cannot blame our master or the overseer, for we have brought this trouble on ourselves.”’

‘I have long wished,’ writes another Jamaica planter, ‘that the whip should not be taken into the field, but that punishment, when necessary, should be inflicted at home and after due deliberation. To discontinue corporal punishment entirely would, under present circumstances, be impracticable: in Europe the peasantry have the strongest impulses to labour; the dread of want for themselves, and their children. In our colonies neither feeling operates; the negroes being aware that, in any event, their masters will not venture to neglect the health of them or their children.’

It follows from all this that, though the use of the whip, as a stimulus to labour, may be immediately prohibited, the public in England must be prepared for some delay in its total abandonment as an instrument of discipline; satisfying themselves in the mean time with the adoption of proper regulations to prevent the abuse of it, and with the reflection, that the punishment inflicted on negroes is far less severe than that of our soldiers and sailors.

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The charge of harsh treatment is far from being confirmed by the looks and demeanour of the negroes. Instead of standing, as might be inferred from the language of some writers, in great awe of their masters, or being rendered heavy or spiritless by their situation, care sits lightly on their mind, and they are, in fact, very talkative and familiar with their superiors. That this is the case of both men and women employed in domestic service, must be apparent to all who have any means of observation; and nothing is more usual (Sir Henry Martin's Counter-Appeal, p. 17) than for negroes who have left their master and made their way to England, to make application to be sent back to the West Indies to resume their servitude. In regard to plantation negroes, it is evidently the interest of the owner and manager of an estate to consult their comfort, and to prevent those who oversee them from exercising undue severity. But the owner, it may be said, is, in general, absent, and his representatives are less interested in the care of his negroes. To this it may be added that, until the evidence of negroes shall be admitted in courts of justice, it cannot be expected that the laws in their favour will receive their full execution. Most desirable certainly would it be, that the different colonies should consent to receive the evidence of slaves under modifications and limitations, if such should appear necessary, both as to the qualification of the individual, and the nature of the case in question; for, until that takes place, the abolitionists and, we may add, the great majority of our countrymen (having no local knowledge of the West Indies) will be slow in believing that substantial justice is rendered to the negroes, whatever may be the impartiality of the colonial magistrates, or the disrepute to which harsh conduct would subject a planter among his brethren.

The readers of those speeches and pamphlets which represent the negroes in our colonies as doomed to lasting penury, will be not a little surprized on discovering how frequently acquisitions of property are found to take place among them. Marketing may be turned to account by them during six or seven months in the year; while in a country so unsuited to Europeans, and consequently devoid of active competitors, the prices of articles are much higher than in Europe. The bundle of grass which a negro carries to town on his head is often sold for half-a-dollar; but his chief profit is on the sale of provisions, the raising of which requires no great labour, little more, in short, than care and attention. As to the aid afforded them in their concerns, whatever may be the faults of our planters, parsimony is seldom of the number, and great latitude is given to negroes in regard to ground for cultivating their vegetables, or feeding their pigs and poultry. To form an estimate of the acquisitions of the more affluent among them

would be no easy matter, in the absence of saving banks and other records of the property of the lower orders; several instances, however, not a little gratifying, have come to our knowledge, such as a negro bequeathing £100 in money, distinct from other property; and a planter, when pressed to make a payment, finding a loan without difficulty among his own negroes. Nor are these cases so rare as may be thought; they are to be found in a variety of quarters, and in colonies exhibiting very different degrees of cultivation; in Antigua, which is one of our oldest possessions; in Trinidad, which is comparatively recent; and in Jamaica, which, from the early date of its settlement on the one hand, and the extent of uncultivated ground on the other, partakes of the character of both.

Having now exhibited somewhat in detail the condition of the negroes, we shall, by way of summary, insert an extract from a Report made last year by a committee of the assembly of Tobago, a colony which has been one of the most active in the introduction of late improvements.

‘Your Committee refer to the public documents of the colony, to shew how the annual reduction in numbers is now so much less than it used to be, that we may confidently hope, that, instead of an annual reduction, we shall speedily obtain an annual increase. From the diffusion and increase of property among the negroes (generally evinced in their houses, their grounds, their dress, and their food), the diminished practice of obeah, the unfrequency of punishment, and the total relinquishment of night-work upon the estates, your committee believe that as much gradual improvement has been made, as the nature of our black population (a great portion of it yet consisting of imported Africans) admits of. Other matters of amelioration of the condition of the negroes are in gradual advancement upon many of the estates and will become general.’

Such is the language of the assembly of Tobago; and without desiring our readers to receive this as a representation of the state of things in every British colony, we have no hesitation in claiming their assent to the general conclusion that there has been, during many years, a progressive improvement in the condition of the negroes, and that, as far as regards the question of humane treatment, their situation is very different from the representations of the abolitionists. We cannot therefore join in their appeal to the public on this ground: to another of their objects, an eventual change in the payment of labour in the West Indies, we are, as we shall show presently, favourably disposed; but it is incumbent on us, in the first instance, to explain the difficulties with which it is attended.

The more cautious investigators of the slave system have fixed  
their

their expectation on individual manumissions, as a safe medium between the two extremes, and such, we trust, it will eventually be found. But, that a measure even of this limited nature is to be adopted with great reserve, our readers will see from the following communication.

‘ So far from heavy fines being attached, as Mr. Wilberforce lately said, to manumissions, the only obligation on the part of the proprietor who grants one, is, that he shall sign a bond for £70 sterling to the churchwardens as a security against the negro manumitted becoming chargeable to the parish. This, I am sorry to add, is often of little avail, in consequence of the death, departure, or insolvency of the grantors of such bonds. I attend the vestries of three parishes in the northwest part of the island, and the number of able bodied persons who apply for relief is almost incredible. The first question asked of a healthy young woman generally is “ why do you not work ? ” The reply is, “ Am I not free ? ” Mothers are even unwilling to let their sons or daughters go out to service, and I really am unable to account for the means by which a number of them subsist. Hence the necessity of caution before bringing additional burdens on the community by manumissions.’\*

The people of colour in the West Indies may be said to form the connecting link between the whites and blacks : they are in the habit of reading the newspapers, and of communicating to the negroes the discussions that relate to them. When Mr. Buxton’s motion was the subject of conversation at Kingston in Jamaica, it was a common remark among the people of colour, that ‘ freedom without an assured income ’ would be of no advantage to the negroes. A state of freedom ought, in fact, never to be mentioned to negroes without an accompanying explanation, viz. that an exemption from labour would form no part of their new condition ; that they would be in the receipt of regular wages, but that they must purchase their clothing and other articles of consumption ; that their cottages and little lots of land must either be relinquished or held at a rent ; and finally, that medical attendance in sickness, and the means of support in old age, must be provided by their own exertions. They would thus see that, on ceasing to be the property of their masters, they would, like the peasantry of this country, incur the cares of a family ; and as they can as yet form no adequate idea of the value of independence, we have little doubt that *five negroes in six would decline the proffered boon.*†

After

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\* Extract of a letter from an intelligent Jamaica planter, dated in August last.

† In support of this opinion we have collected a few instances in the history of manumissions. It is now nearly thirty years since instructions were received in  
x x 2  
Jamaica

After this enumeration of facts and arguments, is it too much to ask whether the statements given to the public and to parliament, by the advocates of abolition, are not fundamentally erroneous? These statements admitted, it is true, in general terms the necessity of caution in changing the condition of the negroes; but they maintained that the latter were overworked, ill-treated, and cruelly oppressed; and they kept carefully from view the important truth, that the only notion which the negroes form of liberty is exemption from labour. Another circumstance, equally unaccountable to persons acquainted with the West Indies, was the assertion, (see notes to the Debate, pp. 126. 227.) that there was not the slightest danger in a public discussion of the proposed measures. Conduct so extraordinary has appeared to many colonial proprietors in the light of intentional misrepresentation; but we are inclined to ascribe it to a different cause—to an imperfect knowledge of the subject. Whoever has perused history, or marked passing events with an attentive eye, must have observed that nothing is more common than ardour in a cause with which we are but half acquainted. How strikingly was this exemplified

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Jamaica from benevolent quakers in England to give liberty to the negroes on their property. The manager, averse to make a change in the condition of the whole body, prevailed on the owners to confine emancipation, in the first instance, to a married couple. They were manumitted, but soon proved unfit to conduct themselves in their new situation, and earned a bare subsistence by working for other negroes. Twelve years ago a negress, who had rendered an important service by discovering a plot against the life of an overseer, received her freedom as a reward; but after the lapse of a twelvemonth, she regretted the change, complained that she obtained only a scanty subsistence, and petitioned to resume her servitude. As that could not with propriety be done, a small annuity was granted to her. An example of more recent date, also in Jamaica, was that of a few negroes emancipated by the last will of their master: they hesitated in accepting the boon when apprized that it implied a relinquishment of their cottages and grounds, and one of the number intreated to remain, that he might be sold along with the land to the new proprietor.

Extract of a letter from Jamaica, parish of St. James, 5th August, 1823.

'The negroes appear to be aware of the discussions going on in regard to them in England, but they continue to work with content and cheerfulness: during nine months no punishment has been inflicted on any out of the 540 individuals on this estate. Some slaves lately obtained their freedom from different estates as the descendants of Indians, but they now regret the change, and find that they must work harder to maintain themselves than when in a state of servitude.'

The Appendix to the printed copy of the debate of 15th May concludes with an account of a small estate in Tortola, the negroes of which received their freedom above forty years ago from a charitable quaker of the name of Nottingham. They have in that period increased their numbers, and are said to have conducted themselves with propriety; but in regard to the result of their industry, we must add that we have seen an account more recent and specific than the one in question, and that the value of their live stock and produce appears to be altogether insignificant. The return, indeed, is such as to put in a striking view the inefficiency of negroes under their present circumstances, and their inability to improve their condition when left to their own exertions. The better plan, on the part of their well-intentioned owner, would, doubtless, have been to keep them under superintendence during a period of years, until they became instructed and capable of giving a useful direction to their industry.

in the obstinate contests about religion that followed the Reformation, and the no less obstinate contests about civil liberty that have marked the present age! What, it may be asked, are the means of information possessed by the leading abolitionists, the authors of those speeches and publications which have operated so powerfully on the sympathetic feelings of the public? Some, like Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Buxton, have never seen the West Indies; others, like Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macaulay, have been in that quarter of the world at a period too remote to bring under their observation the improvements of the last twenty years. To assume, as is done by these gentlemen, (Debate of 15th May, p. 3.) that the changes which they propose would be productive of 'incalculable good,' would be justifiable only in the supposition that the acts of our legislature could have an *early* operation on the character of the negroes, in inspiring them with those habits of industry, those principles of morality, which are indispensable, before corporal punishment can be suspended. A fallacious expectation! yet—as an error rather of the head than the heart,—not a fit subject for severe animadversion: but what opinion can be formed of certain passages in the notes to the printed copy of the debate, in which the writer does not scruple to insinuate, that the West-India proprietors 'may get up new plots in the colonies, plots issuing in the destruction of the lives not of whites, but of negroes'? Were this tone to be imitated by the opponents of the abolitionists, how easy would it be to expatiate on the late events in Demerara, and to draw a parallel between the abolitionists of the present day and the wild enthusiasts, who, thirty years ago, were instrumental in depriving France of her finest colony! We shall, however, pursue a very different course, admitting that the motives of the majority of the abolitionists are benevolent, and that the object which ought to be the common care of all, will be best promoted by a mutual forbearance from asperity.

Under this impression, instead of sounding the alarm at the late insurrection, or urging it as a reason for suspending the discussion of the points in dispute, we shall proceed to contribute our humble mite to the cause of liberal inquiry, in the hope of throwing some light on this hitherto ill understood subject. It is now fully two centuries since Lord Bacon exposed the fallacy of theories in physical science, and taught our ancestors that the only safe basis of reasoning, was experiment. In political economy, lessons of a similar nature have been conveyed by the events of the present age; and the speculators on the emancipation of negroes will speedily find, that their only satisfactory guide, their only sure ground of argument, is to be sought in a



reference to history, in a careful consideration of changes that have actually occurred. On this plan we shall conduct our inquiry, fixing our attention on other regions than the West Indies, and beginning with those remote ages which discover the earliest trace of personal slavery.

In the rudest stages of society in which mankind are found, that of hunters, the males are occupied in seeking a precarious subsistence in the woods or rivers, while the labour of such wretched agriculture as is practised, devolves on the women. In such a state, the difficulty of subsistence is so great, that the lives of captives are seldom preserved. Of this we have melancholy proofs among the savages of North America; and if the history of Asia and Europe supply little evidence of the kind, it is, doubtless, owing to such extreme barbarism having been antecedent to the age of records. This gloomy state of things is happily altered as society advances; when animals are domesticated, and tillage improved, the means of subsistence are increased, and occupation is found for the captives. Such appears to have been the state of Greece and Italy, at the remotest date of which a trace has been preserved; a date too early for historical documents, but described in poetry, which, amidst all its exaggerations, is of the highest interest to an observer of manners, as indicative of the existing degree of civilization. The word *servus*, in Latin, appears to have been derived from *servo*, and to have meant, a person whose life was preserved on condition of giving his labour to his conqueror; so that a state of slavery, however repulsive to our present feelings, appears to have formed, at one time, an important mitigation of the horrors of barbarism.

But without reference to the warfare of early tribes and its distressing accompaniments, it is evident that whenever mankind were relieved from their primitive penury, whenever flocks and herds multiplied, or tillage received extension, the aid of labourers became requisite. In what manner were these humble assistants to be remunerated? To pay them by wages, and to leave them to provide for themselves by purchases, was evidently impracticable in an age devoid, or nearly devoid, of merchandize for sale. The master necessarily took the supply on himself, and provided not only food and lodging, but clothing. In general he did more, and paid a sum, in the first instance, as the purchase-money of the labourer.

By what means are we to account for the latter, and to explain a practice so different from our present usages? When service is paid in money, the payment forms generally a full remuneration for the service. The wages of the labourer in this and in other improved countries, are somewhat more than equal to the maintenance

tenance of an unmarried man; they afford a residue for the support of children. Besides, the engagement may be dissolved at pleasure, and each week, month or year, may be said to balance itself. Under such circumstances, the payment of any sum in the outset, is out of the question. In an early state of society, the case is very different: an agreement to serve is then understood to be for life, and as the equivalent given (maintenance) forms, apparently, a slight sacrifice on the part of the master, it seems equitable to purchase such service by a payment to the parent, or whoever has defrayed the charge of infancy and education. It was in such a state of society that Abraham possessed servants bought with money, and that we find, four hundred years after, the Mosaic law (Leviticus, chapter xxv. verse 44) conveying the following injunction: 'Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about thee: of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.'

The practice of having bondmen, or, as it might be more correctly expressed, of paying services not in money but in kind, will be found to prevail in all countries scantily supplied with town population. It exists among the Tartar shepherds; in the chief part of Africa, and in all the central portion of America, from Carolina and Georgia in the north, to the southern extremity of Brazil. Throughout this very extensive part of America, and particularly in the West Indies, the motives for calling in foreign labourers, in other words, such as could be procured only by purchase, are greater than in any other part of the world. Accessible in almost every direction to the navigation of Europeans, this region excites their commercial enterprize by its rich products, while the heat of its climate is such as greatly to retard the increase of white settlers.

After this sketch of the origin and progress of personal slavery, we enter on the more grateful task, of tracing its gradual decline and eventual disappearance. In the infancy of agriculture, a family is obliged to perform almost every kind of service for itself; not only to erect its cottage and cultivate its field, but to weave its clothing, as far as its rude covering is entitled to the name. Such is at present the state of a few wretched countries, like the North of Sweden, or the interior of Norway and Finland; such was, a thousand years ago, the state of England. In process of time, the art of tillage became better understood among our ancestors, and where the soil favoured their labours, it was found practicable to bring to sale a portion of the products. Till then, among a hundred persons, the labour of all, or almost all, had been required to raise subsistence; but the improvements in

agriculture increased the supply, so as to enable eighty persons to raise subsistence for a hundred. A material point was now gained; the remaining twenty persons were at liberty to give their whole time to mechanical or manufacturing labour, and the preparing of clothing, of implements and of furniture, became distinct occupations. Hence the increase of hamlets, villages, and eventually of towns; the acquisition of various advantages attendant on labour; dispatch in execution, superiority in quality, and fixed habits of industry.

These facts bear materially upon our present question, the mode of paying country labour. Payment in kind had been the only practicable plan, so long as the farmer had no ready vent for his produce, the labourer no ready means of purchase; but in proportion as manufactures afford a separate employment, town population increases, shops are multiplied, sales and purchases facilitated, and it becomes a matter of mutual accommodation to pay for services in money, leaving the servant to purchase his own clothing, and, in many cases, his subsistence. It thus becomes easy to explain the great transition during the middle ages, in the state of our peasantry, without having recourse to refined notions; without supposing, on the one hand, the labouring class to become sensible of degradation when in the state of serfs; and without, on the other, giving to their masters the merit of generosity in their enfranchisement.

The records of this country throw little or no direct light on the decline and disappearance of personal servitude, because the transitions were imperceptible; and information about them is to be sought only in statutes or in incidental notices in history. In these the term *villeinage* (derived from *villa*, a country seat or farm) is always used to express the condition of the peasantry, which, in the course of the middle ages, underwent three distinct changes. At first, and for a long time, the peasantry appear to have been vendible like the serfs in Russia, without any right to remain on a particular property; they were then termed *vilains in gross*. Their penury at this time was such, that they seldom had cottages, but seem to have lodged *en masse* in their master's castle. In the next stage of their condition, marriage being more general among them, and a number of cottages being built for their residence, they became *adscripti glebæ*; that is, they were no longer removeable from their habitations, although their master's property might change hands. They had not, however, as yet, attained the rank of lessees even of such humble occupancies as a cottage and patch of land; they cultivated the latter, like the negroes in our colonies, only at intervals of relaxation from their master's work. It required a further lapse of time,

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and that improvement in their circumstances which time only could produce, ere they arrived at what may be termed the third stage in the history of villeinage, that of cultivating a few fields for their own account, and paying the rent partly in produce, partly in labour.

Such appears to have been the situation of our peasantry during several centuries before and after the Norman Conquest. It is curious to observe, how in the course of national improvement, the humble villeins rose in the scale of society. One of the chief steps in their gradation was that which is at present under discussion in regard to the Negroes—rendering their evidence admissible in a court of justice; and towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were declared capable of being put, on a deficiency of freeholders, on the inquest of the Hundred court.

We have now arrived at the commencement of a brighter era; at a time when the trade of England began to extend, and our traders to turn to account our length of coast, and the number of our navigable rivers. The exchange of commodities increased; manufactures were extended; villages multiplied, and the copyholders, finding it at last practicable to obtain money for their surplus products, were enabled to commute their personal service for a small money rent. Whenever money is substituted for personal service, a great step is made towards emancipation, because it becomes the interest of the landlord to dispense with the attendance of the vassal, to consider him in the light of a money-making tenant, and to aid him in turning his time and means to the best account. Increase, not of military followers, but of income, was now the object of the landholders; villeinage became, in time, little more than a name; the interest of the landlord was best promoted by relaxing the connection, by foregoing all claim to the personal service of his dependents or their families. In this gradual and almost imperceptible manner, was emancipation accomplished, not by legislative interference, and not by any payment to the master, but by the mutual interest of master and servant; and with so little of the form of enfranchisement, that the laws relative to villeinage are still unrepealed in our statute book. The change, in fact, consisted less in the grant of rights than in paying for labour by wages instead of maintenance.

Such was also the progress of the lower ranks in the Netherlands, Italy, France; and such, in some degree, has been the late transition in the case of the negroes in the northern states of the American Union. In what manner, it may be asked, does this historical sketch apply to the condition of the negroes in our West India islands? It brings the light of experience in aid of speculative reasoning, and teaches the important truth, that servitude is an unprofitable

unprofitable tenure, and dies away whenever society becomes improved. We may lay it down as a rule, that as soon as circumstances afford us an option in regard to our labourers, we shall find it the wiser course to relinquish our property in their persons, paying them wages in proportion to their work, and leaving them in other respects to act for themselves.

This important truth has not yet been felt and acted on in our West India colonies, because probably the course of circumstances has not yet led in them to the results exhibited in this country, and the improved part of Europe. The industry of the colonies has, by the policy of the mother-country, been confined exclusively to agriculture; nine-tenths of the negroes are kept at plantation labour; and all manufactured articles, whether clothing, machinery or implements, are imported. The mechanics of the country are employed only in occasional repairs, or in the performance of such work as must unavoidably be done on the spot; they are consequently few in number, and towns and villages are very thinly scattered in our colonies. The negroes have thus little opportunity of evincing activity or capacity; qualities which generally make their first appearance among the inhabitants of towns, because there the means of observation are extended, and the faculties sharpened by intercourse. In England it was in towns and among mechanics and manufacturers, that payment in money was first substituted for the coarser mode of paying by maintenance: it was the example of those classes, and the power of the country labourer to leave his own business and follow theirs, that induced his master to pay him in wages. At present, in Russia, it is among manufacturers that enfranchisements are found advantageous. But in the West Indies, nothing of the kind has as yet taken place: the separation between the mechanic and the country labourer is so direct, that the one does not operate on the other; the planter sees few examples of industry on the part of free negroes; and as he cannot be expected to ransack history for philosophic conclusions, he continues unacquainted with the causes of the change in the situation of our peasantry in former days, and unconscious how much he or his posterity would be likely to gain by preparing his slaves for a different plan of remuneration.

These considerations lead us to hazard a few paragraphs on that portion of the subject which is both the most interesting in itself, and most closely connected with the objects of the late discussion—the means of paving the way for the introduction of voluntary labour on the part of the negroes. We advert to this with a full conviction of the necessity of caution, of the expediency of attempting only a few and almost imperceptible alterations  
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at the present time. Who ever made a material change in the mode of his employment without experiencing a number of unexpected difficulties; difficulties not to be overcome by sudden efforts, however spirited, but requiring great perseverance and a sacrifice of time? This could hardly fail to be exemplified in an unfortunate manner in the case of the negroes, were they left, under present circumstances, to employ themselves or not, at their option. But the objection does not apply to a more general adoption of task-work, a plan entitled to serious attention, partly as a source of economy on a plantation, and partly as a means of improving the habits of the negroes, and inducing them to exchange their present listlessness and slowness for the activity and dispatch of the European labourer. Task-work is, we understand, practicable in almost every kind of field-labour; and may, after some arrangement, be applied to that which is performed within doors, without any change in the discipline of the estate. If that be the case, can we conceive any thing better calculated to lessen that apathy which, in a cold as in a warm climate, is the consequence of working without a direct stimulant, a definite reward? Would it not be a step towards fitting the negroes for the important change of working for wages, and providing for their wants by their own purchases? Under this impression, it was with great satisfaction that we heard of an earnest recommendation of task-work in the instructions by Lord Bathurst to the colonial authorities.

An equal share of praise is due to the care and labour bestowed in that despatch on another question, on the means of securing negroes in their residence, and preventing their dispersion on the sale of their owner's property. The planters appear to be ready to second a measure so closely connected with humanity;\* the difficulty lies in legal questions; in interfering with the value of securities granted on property of which negroes form a considerable part. These securities are, of course, to be held sacred; the original purchase of negroes having been sanctioned by repeated acts of parliament, and it being admitted by both parties in the late parliamentary discussion,† that any sacrifice of property that might take place, by enfranchisement or otherwise, should be on a principle of compensation and at the expense of the nation at large. Happily the expedient proposed bids fair to leave unimpaired the security of the creditor.

To revert to the question of 'task-work,' and to the prospect of the negroes in our colonies acquiring those habits which, at a future time, may fit them for voluntary labour. The negroes are and have long been under circumstances so different from those

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\* Speech of Mr. Ellis on 15th May, p. 53.    † Debate, pp. 30—107.

of the lower orders in this country, that it requires considerable inquiry and reflection to bring our minds to the comparison, and to ascertain the motives by which they would be actuated when placed in a new situation. The planters, judging from what passes before their eyes and little accustomed either to the observation of other communities or to historical researches, allow themselves to believe that the negroes are of a character radically different from the European peasantry; that under *any circumstances* they will work only by compulsion, and will provide merely for the wants of the moment. Such, it is true, is their present character, and such it will remain during the life-time of most of the existing generation, brought up, as they have been, under a system which too readily supplies their wants, and gives them very few motives for extra exertion. But the question is, not what their habits are at present, but whether, when placed under different circumstances, we may not, with considerable confidence, anticipate an alteration in them or their descendants.

Various reasons concur to prompt an answer in the affirmative. Let us inquire, in the first place, whether the indolence in question arises from a physical cause,—from the continued heat of a tropical climate? What is the effect of weather on the individual? When cold, the negro becomes spiritless, and wraps himself in his woollen clothing, while in the sun he is cheerful and active. With regard to communities or nations, we have only to open the page of history, to find abundant examples of great industry among the inhabitants of warm climates. Egypt, Tyre, Carthage and China, may all be quoted as evidence, that when property is secure, and institutions are favourable to exertion, there will be found no material obstacle arising from climate. Our opinion is, that in every country the constitution of the natives is adapted to the climate, and that the heat of the tropics no more tends to produce lethargy in the African, Asiatic or American, than the cold of the north to chill the exertion of the Norwegian or the Swede. Bodily labour taken, it is true, a more active form among the inhabitants of cold climates, and the cause is, doubtless, the necessity of providing for keener wants—of supplying clothing, lodging, and even food, on a scale that exceeds the demands of a native of a warm climate. So far we admit, that less labour is to be expected from negroes than Europeans; we mean, that if a married couple, with three or four children, can be supported in the West Indies by half the labour requisite in Europe, we should expect them to perform only half the work. But are we justified in anticipating that even half the work would be done by negroes when placed in a state of freedom? We promise nothing on the part of the present race: our hopes extend only to the rising generation. If it be  
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asked what facts support us, in holding out such encouraging expectations even as to them, we reply, that negroes, living in the vicinity of markets, under circumstances favourable to the acquisition of property, are found to give proof of industry, and to accumulate, as we have already mentioned, much more than the advocates of abolition are aware of. The women, who are ever ready to seek pretexts for avoiding to work for their masters, are not slow in labouring on their own grounds; or in traversing many miles to carry their produce to market. We happen, besides, to know, that at present it would be an easy matter for the planters, in the vicinity of Kingston, in Jamaica, to engage free blacks from the town as labourers on their estates. All this seems to show that the spirit of industry is not extinct; that it is only dormant, and would, in all probability, be roused, when the season should arrive for altering the system, by placing our negroes in the situation of the labouring poor in Europe; a situation in which, in case of idleness, they would feel the call of hunger, or the insufficiency of clothing or lodging; in which, in short, the degree of comfort they enjoyed would depend on the degree of their exertion.

There prevails a radical error on the part of the negro, and, in some measure, on the part of his master, in regard to a state of freedom. Both consider it as a release from labour; the negro flattering himself that he will be able, by some means on which he has never reflected, to indulge his indolence, and the planter apprehending that when compulsion shall be withdrawn, there will remain no adequate motive for exertion. If left to themselves, the negroes, we admit, would sink into habits of apathy, and a state as backward as that of the native Africans; but any change to be effected in our sugar colonies will, doubtless, take place gradually, and under the protecting influence of enlightened institutions. First, it will be a natural consequence of the pains now taken to favour early marriage and lighten labour, that the number of their children will increase; that where they have at present two children to educate, they will soon have four. Parental affection is, it is well known, powerful among negroes, and will become a stimulant to exertion, as soon as they shall know that their master, having ceased to hold them as his property, is no longer bound to provide for them or their families. But in such a climate, it may be said, little clothing will suffice, and provisions are very easily raised:—true, but with the opportunities now afforded for instruction, and with the prospect of better wages to those who shall be carefully trained, we do not despair of negro parents being actuated by the ambition of parents in all civilized countries, and making a sacrifice for the education of their children.

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They will be aware that if taught to read and write, or to follow a mechanical employment, their wages will be double those of the common labourer. Even at present the influence of these motives has begun to be felt, for we have heard of teachers from Kingston being engaged by negroes on neighbouring estates to repair to their cottages, and instruct their children.

If we look around the civilized world, we shall find, in the history of society, several striking confirmations of our argument. A century and a half ago, our countrymen north of the Tweed had no particular pretensions to a character of steadiness or perseverance. In those days Scotland contained many thousand vagrants who had no settled home, and sought a precarious subsistence in mendicity or plunder. The causes were to be sought, not in a disposition to idleness, but in the general poverty of the country, the narrowness of the field of occupation, the neglect of the education of the lower classes. Reform was produced by measures not unlike those which are now beginning to operate in the West Indies,—the establishment of parish schools, the increase of employment for mechanics, and, above all, the influence of a clergy who consider it their duty to watch vigilantly over their flocks. Proceeding to our less fortunate sister island, we shall find even there that, under all the disadvantages of a superstitious creed, and of deficient education, the Irish are not slow to labour whenever work is supplied to them, and wages are regularly paid. Again, those of our countrymen who have crossed the Channel and resided some years among the French, have had occasion to observe a state of society, less marked indeed by contrast than that of Ireland or Scotland, but replete with instruction to an attentive observer. The French do not hold a leading rank in navigation or commerce, and hardly in manufacture. The deficiency of water-communication, the expense of land-carriage, and the consequent difficulty in the transport of heavy commodities, added to a cause of a very different nature, the loss of time attendant on the frequent holidays of the catholic church, are all adverse to those departments of industry, and render their progress in them far slower than that of Holland in the seventeenth century, or that of England in the present age. It would be wrong, however, to infer that there is any constitutional indolence in the individual, or that Frenchmen do not work steadily and effectually, when placed under encouraging circumstances. Observe the laborious habits of their peasantry, and the regular industry of their manufacturers in towns such as Lyons, Rouen, Lille, where the wages are such as to form a motive to exertion;—observe also the activity of the women in employments of which many persons are inclined to think that women are hardly capable.

These

These are a portion of the facts supplied by a reference to history and to the manners of neighbouring nations. They offer, on the whole, considerable encouragement in regard to the improvement of the negro character, an object which, in the opinion of all prudent persons, should be attempted only step by step, taking for our guidance the evidence of facts, whether we look to those changes in the state of productive industry which render enfranchisement advisable, or to the beneficial influence of religious instruction.

We now arrive at what was long the weak side of the question, as regards the West India planters; the religious instruction of the negroes, which has hitherto made very little progress, or, to speak plainly, has been wholly overlooked until of late years. What have been the causes of this unfortunate neglect? Partly the division of those countries into parishes, equal in size, in many cases, to English counties, and the consequent scarcity of religious instruction, but partly also the prevalence of a state of servitude; a state which makes the master look for little beyond mere bodily exertion on the part of his negroes, while in the latter it tends to damp, we might almost say extinguish, the ambition so natural to parents, of qualifying their children to rise in the world. Many planters have a dread of the effect of education on negroes, regarding it as calculated to sow the seeds of discontent and insubordination. It may thus require the evidence of continued example, perhaps, in some degree, the urgency of the colonial authorities, to render general the instruction of negro children. Among some individuals, happily, different views have already begun to prevail: we recollect to have seen, several years ago, a proposition on the part of a Jamaica planter, that youths educated in this country on the Madras plan, should be induced to repair to Jamaica on a salary from the island government, for the purpose of instructing a number of the more intelligent negro boys and girls, who would thus be enabled to communicate in their turn the elements of education to children on the plantations. Since the date of this proposition, (1816) schools on the plan in question have been established in different parishes; and though confined at present to children of colour, the objections to imparting a knowledge of reading and writing to the families of plantation negroes will, doubtless, be removed in due season; as soon, we believe, as the parents shall show themselves adequately impressed with a sense of religion.

In regard to the latter point, the diffusion of religion, a very satisfactory progress has of late been made on the part of the coloured people, and, in some degree, of the negroes. The zeal of the sectarian missionaries is well known; but we cannot omit

to notice the exertions of another class of missionaries, less numerous, but not less zealous nor less successful, but who appear almost to have escaped the notice of the public: we mean the missionaries of the Established Church, sent out by the Society for the Conversion, Religious Instruction, and Education of the Negro Slaves in our Colonies, of which the Bishop of London is the president.

It is impossible not to regret the limited scale to which the exertions of this society have necessarily been confined. The judgment and caution with which its missionaries have been selected, as is evinced by their exemplary conduct, makes it matter of regret that the patronage of the church in the colonies has not been placed in similar hands, or at least subjected to a similar scrutiny. But in order to afford the means of religious instruction to the negroes generally throughout our West India colonies, the numbers of the clergy must be considerably increased. It would be proper also that they should be subjected to the controul of one or more bishops, and other superior members of the church, resident in the colonies. It has not escaped us that the execution of such a plan, which is little less than the remodelling as well as the augmentation of the whole church establishment of all the colonies, is a work by no means free from difficulties. But as the government have called upon the colonies to put down the scandal of their Sunday markets, so soon as the means can be afforded to the negroes of devoting the time now spent in traffic or riot to religious duties, we cannot doubt that not a moment will have been lost in forming such a plan, and that it will be submitted to parliament in the next session.

We cannot refrain from expressing our anxiety for the accomplishment of this measure, because we consider it to be the only safe foundation for the system of improvement which the government (on the occasion of Mr. Buxton's motion) undertook to introduce into the colonies;—because we consider the improvement of the moral and religious character of the negroes to be the first and most essential step in preparing them to receive the benefits held out in prospect by the resolutions passed at the conclusion of that debate, in a manner which shall be ‘consistent with the public tranquillity, with a due regard for private property, and with the happiness of the negroes themselves.’

Much of the information which we at present address to our readers, proceeds from members of the established church, acting as curates or missionaries in the different parishes of Jamaica. In one of these, situated in the east part of the island, no less than seventeen communion-tables were last Easter filled by people of colour and blacks. ‘Many negroes,’ says a clergyman writing

writing from the central part of Jamaica in January last, 'have during the last year been joined in marriage, and many induced to attend regularly at public worship.' 'Our congregations,' adds the same clergyman, in a letter five months later, 'continue as numerous as hitherto, and their attention as remarkable.'

This dissemination of the Christian faith and Christian institutions cannot fail to have the best effects in preparing the male sex for the duties of a husband and parent. As to females, it has not escaped the attentive observers of negro habits, that, even in the midst of ignorance and bad example, many of the women evince a solicitude to adhere to a single attachment. Those who are aware of the power of this feeling on the softer sex, and how much it is interwoven with their comfort in the lowest as in the highest stations, may anticipate the most gratifying results from their being protected in it by religious institutions. 'In the last five years,' writes a planter from the northwest part of the island; 'no less than fifty marriages have taken place on an estate in my neighbourhood, in consequence of the attention and exhortation of the curate of the parish, and the consequence is a great reform in the morals of the negroes on that property.' If in one sense religious instruction produce such effects, it will, we trust, be equally useful in another;—in giving a final blow to the influence of the obeah men and women, the propagators of superstitious terror, which, however ridiculous it may appear to Europeans, is often destructive of the health and life of the unfortunate African.

Our disquisition has extended to a considerable length, and it is now time to bring it to a close. One part of our object has been to simplify the discussion; to bring opposite arguments to a specific point, and to divest the subject of the obscurity attendant on vague and inappropriate epithets. We have, we trust, shown that the present condition of the negroes is very different from that which the term of 'slave' conveys to an English ear, and that the change which remains to be made in their situation is far less serious than is implied by the word 'emancipation.' The present system we should designate as a 'payment of labour by maintenance,' while to the desired change we should give the name of 'payment by wages.'—We have done our best to conduct our researches with strict impartiality, and if the larger share of our animadversions is pointed at the abolitionists, it is only because they have been more active in the field, and have, as we conceive, communicated, in several respects, erroneous ideas to the public. Their better plan would have been to distrust all *ex parte* evidence; to labour to supply the deficiency of correct information in regard to the West Indies; and to afford

government a fair opportunity of effecting every practical amelioration before they resorted to the hazardous alternative of an appeal to the public. The West India proprietors, on the other hand, have been, in a great measure, silent, and whatever may be the imperfection, or, in some points, the error of their views, they have given comparatively little cause of interference to the guardians of the press. Still we have said enough to show, that we by no means contemplate the present system of negro labour as conformable to the enlightened spirit of the age; and to those among the colonists who appear to dislike or dread free discussion, we would add that if the word emancipation, so needlessly and injudiciously brought forward, be omitted, our opinion is that their case cannot fail to gain by continued discussion. Among other results of free inquiry would probably be a conviction, on the part of both the planters and the public, that the security of West India property rests on a firmer basis than is generally supposed in this season of disquietude and alarm.

ART. IX.—*Sketches taken during Ten Voyages to Africa, between the Years 1786 and 1800; including Observations on the Country between Cape Palmas and the River Congo, &c. &c. &c.*  
By Captain John Adams. 8vo. pp. 265. London. 1823.

THE two great problems which have long divided the attention of the world, namely, the course and termination of the Niger and the North-west Passage, we may now pronounce, with some confidence, are both in a fair way of being speedily solved; events which, whenever they happen, will overthrow many a beautiful theory, many a plausible speculation. Yet the labours of the speculative geographer are not to be despised, even though they should eventually prove erroneous; we should always remember that we owe the discovery of America to false conclusions drawn from a true theory;\* and that the belief in a *Terra Australis incognita* led to the brilliant discoveries of Cook.

The speculations to which we allude have at least kept alive the spirit of inquiry. It was enough indeed, of late years, for a traveller to get within the Arctic circle, to raise a theory on the existence of the one; or to inhale the warm breezes of Africa, to discuss the mystery of the other. Even Captain Adams, who traded for slaves and palm oil in the year 1786, long before the Niger had risen to importance among the learned, or been heard of by the vulgar,

\* Columbus knew the earth to be a globe; he knew that to the westward of Europe was a great sea, and to the eastward of the Moluccas, a great sea; and he therefore concluded, that he should be able to reach the Indies, and greatly shorten the distance, by sailing westerly.

asks, for the first time, in 1823, 'Where does the Niger terminate?' That it does *not* terminate in the bight of Biafra or Benin, his knowledge in the slave koffilas and the negro physiognomy may, for aught we know, enable him to decide; though his ground will scarcely be deemed tenable by those who have adopted the contrary hypothesis.

Had these 'Sketches' been given to the public when first taken, they might have been found sufficiently interesting; but so much has been said of this part of Africa within the last twenty or thirty years, that they no longer possess the advantage of novelty; and we suspect that few readers will now turn for amusement to the trite details of blind and brutal superstition, or wanton and promiscuous slaughter. To the African trader, however, who may be interested in the *customs* of King Cootry, King Pepple, and King Cole; or who may wish to know the relative value which a certain quantity of gold-dust, ivory or palm-oil may bear to a given portion of Bejulapauts, Neganipauts, Sastracundies, or Calawapores, the little volume of Captain Adams will, we doubt not, prove a valuable guide, and obtain for the writer's commercial speculations more credit than we incline to allow him for his geographical ones.

Leaving the work, therefore, to be studied by those whose occupation leads them to the coast of Africa, between 'Cape Palmas and the River Congo,' we hasten to lay before our readers some authentic information respecting a portion of the interior of Africa, hitherto unexplored and untrodden by Christian foot; the perusal of which, we think, will not only be highly interesting, but will be found very considerably to add to the present state of African geography, as well as to correct many errors in it.

It may be recollected that, after the death of Mr. Ritchie\* and the return of Lieutenant (now Captain) Lyon, his Majesty's government, with the laudable intention of promoting science, and extending the British name and character, and eventually its commerce, into countries little known and difficult of access, as well as to encourage that spirit of enterprise which has tended in no small degree to raise this country to the proud eminence on which it stands, resolved to follow up that unsuccessful mission. The Bashaw of Tripoli had signified to the British consul his readiness to escort as far as Bornou, with the Sultan of which he was in strict alliance, any British travellers who might be accredited by their government. Of so good an opportunity Lord Bathurst readily availed himself, and three gentlemen volunteers were appointed for this service—Doctor Oudney, a well-informed North Briton, and a naval surgeon; Mr. Clapperton, a lieutenant in the navy, and Lieutenant

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\* See the Quarterly Review, No. XLIX. Art. II. .

(now Major) Denham, who was educated at the Royal Military College, and served in the Peninsular war. To these was added a carpenter from the dock-yard at Malta, by name John Hillman. From the private correspondence of these gentlemen with their friends, we shall be able to glean some little account of their proceedings.

They were kindly received by the Bashaw, and, after the usual delay in preparing for the journey, set out with an escort for Mourzouk. They had been advised by the Bashaw to clothe themselves, as all former travellers had done, in Moorish or Arab dresses; but this disguise is so easily seen through, that they determined to wear their own dress, and openly to avow themselves Englishmen and Christians wherever they might go: and the result has been, that they have never experienced the slightest insult or inconvenience among any of the numerous tribes with whom they have had intercourse.

Another tedious delay of a whole year at Mourzouk had at least one good effect, that of enuring them to a still warmer climate; while their frequent journeys to various parts of Fezzan brought them acquainted with the manners, the language, and the disposition of the natives. During their long residence here, they experienced no ill effects either from climate, want of provisions, or badness of water. The doctor's fame spread rapidly into every part of Fezzan and beyond it, and patients poured in from every side to enjoy the benefit of his advice and his physic.

At length the time of their departure arrived; and Boo Khaloom, a particular friend of the Bashaw of Tripoli, was appointed to command the escort, consisting of 300 Arab horsemen—far more than were necessary, but ordered out of the abundant care of the bashaw for the subjects of his cousin of England. In the month of November, 1822, they left Mourzouk, following the route laid down by Captain Lyon, as far as Tegherry. From this place they crossed a dreary desert, occasionally somewhat enlivened by little hollows or valleys, in which wells were found for themselves and their cattle, consisting of a multitude of camels in addition to the horses. In the course of four or five hundred miles, they passed a few villages and several towns inhabited by the Tibbos, whose territories cover a large extent of this wild region, and who consider themselves entitled to a certain tribute for keeping the wells in repair. These people, the most harmless perhaps of the numerous tribes whom a life of precarious subsistence has thrown upon this miserable country, treated our travellers with great kindness, and in their whole conduct fully justified the character given of them by Captain Lyon. Yet they are not safe nor unmolested even in their deserts, being subject to the depredations of the Tuaricks, a fiercer  
race,

race, who plunder the unprotected villages situated in the valleys, or little Oases; but seldom venture to attack the larger towns, erected on the tops of detached and naked brown hills, which here and there rise out of the gray surface, like rocks out of the sea. Of these towns our travellers passed four, whose names are Kishbee, Ashanumma, Dirkee, and Bilma.

Bilma is the great mart of salt for a considerable part of Soudan, 30,000 camel loads of which are said to be carried away yearly by the trading part of the Tuaricks. This is not dug out of the earth in masses, as has been represented; but manufactured by a very simple process: shallow pits, banked round with sand and mud, are dug, after the rains, which soon fill by water oozing in from below. The heat of summer evaporates the water, and leaves behind an incrustation of good culinary salt.

From Bilma to Agades one desert of sand succeeded another, with here and there ridges of dark sandstone peeping out of the dreary surface, exhibiting neither plant nor living creature, nor any other object to rest or relieve the wearied eye. One single wadey, or valley, near Bilma, about half-way between Mourzouk and Bornou, produced grass and shrubs, and a few date trees. There was no want, indeed, of frequent wells, the water of which was tolerably good; and near these generally were found a few tufts of grass; great numbers of their camels, however, perished for want of food.

On the 4th February, twenty days after their departure from Bilma, they reached *Lari*, the frontier town of Bornou. Here the country suddenly changed for the better. Large herds of antelopes were bounding over the plains; guinea fowls and turtle-doves were most abundant, and grass and accacia trees clothed in some degree the surface. Several villages also made their appearance, the houses of which, like those of *Lari*, consisted of bell-shaped huts formed of the straw of dhurra. *Lari* is situated in about  $14^{\circ} 40'$  north latitude, and nearly on the same meridian with Mourzouk.

Here our travellers suddenly got sight of the great lake of Bornou, called the *Tsaad*, which, extending easterly, receives the little streams of those northerly valleys in which most of the Kanem villages are situated. Hence they continued their route in a southern direction for seven days, without leaving the *Tsaad* at any great distance, the road mostly lying within sight of its waters or banks; the former presenting numerous bays and inlets, and islands covered with thickets and tall reeds; the latter was low, though a sandy embankment of forty or fifty feet in height ran parallel to the margin of the lake at the distance of one and sometimes two miles from it, having apparently formed, at one time, the bank of the lake, and still, perhaps, forming it in the rainy season; as the



ground between this and the lake was in many places observed to be overflowed, even from the effect, as it appeared, of the north-east wind. Several elephants were seen among the accacia woods, and two or three were observed browsing among the reedy islands. The whole neighbourhood was well stocked with villages, among which was one of a larger kind, named *Barwa*, with mud walls, whose houses and huts were observed to be neat and clean, and all its inhabitants decently clothed.

Leaving Lari, and at the distance from it of about sixty miles beyond the commencement of the lake, they crossed the river *Yaou* (the *Zad* of Hornemann and the *Tsad* of Burckhardt), flowing from the westward into the lake, being now a stream of about a hundred feet wide, and running at the rate of a mile an hour, between high sandy banks from two to three hundred feet apart. It is this river which is said to overflow in the rainy season, and into which Burckhardt says a female slave is thrown on the occasion by order of the king.

At the ford where our travellers crossed, two rude ill-shapen boats were lying on the bank. Their gratification in meeting with such a river, after a thousand miles nearly of desert, will readily be imagined. In all their letters they speak warmly of its beauties, the calmness, and *sweetness* of its waters, the comfort it seemed to add to the numerous little villages scattered along its banks, and the possibility of its being the far famed Niger,—which it unquestionably is. A walled town of the same name, *Yaou*, stood on its banks. From this place to Kouka, the residence of the Sheik, is a fine beaten track, covered with kofilas of bullocks transporting merchandize, and with foot passengers mostly armed with spears, and cheerfully trooping along. Approaching within one day's journey of the residence of the Sheik, our travellers received a message from him, in answer to one announcing their arrival, that he would receive them at *Kouka* the next day. The accounts of this personage had been so contradictory, that they approached his capital in an interesting state of uncertainty, whether they should find him at the head of thousands, or whether he would receive them under a tree, surrounded by a few negroes.

They were soon, however, relieved from their suspense; for, on arriving within a few miles of Kouka, they were astonished with the appearance of about four thousand cavalry drawn up to receive them, well armed with spears, and a body of negroes, called the Sheik's guard; these latter were clothed in coats of iron chain-work, closed at the neck and drawn over the head like a Guernsey frock, which, dividing both before and behind, fell on each side of the horse, and protected the thighs also. On their heads they wore skull-caps of iron or brass, fastened on with turbans,

turbans, yellow, red, and white, and tied under the chin; the horses' heads were also defended by plates of the same metal: their saddles were small and light; their stirrups of brass, in which four toes of the foot only are placed; a sandal of leather covers the foot, ornamented with the skin of a crocodile, and to this the spur is fixed. 'They really,' says Major Denham, in one of his letters, 'rode beautifully, and charged rapidly to within a few feet of our horses' heads without checking their speed, when they brought up, shaking the reversed spear at Boo Khaloom, with a cry of Barca, Barca! welcome, welcome!' After this, he says, they closed their flanks and completely surrounded the travellers and their little party of Arabs; 'they had nearly put an end to us (he adds) by the dust alone which they raised; and their spears rattled over our heads in rather discordant notes of welcome—all this, however, was managed with a skill and address that was any thing but savage.'

Surrounded by this tumultuous escort they approached the town; and after about an hour's delay, were ordered to move on through several dark avenues of the sacred palace of the Sheik of Spears, lined with his guards, in plain blue Soudan shirts, and armed each with a spear and dagger. In the same garb the Sheik received them, seated in an inner room, on a small carpet, but having on his head a Cashmere turban. Two slaves, with loaded pistols, were lying at his feet. Having read the letter of the Bashaw of Tripoli, he merely said they were welcome, and ordered a negro to shew them to the huts that had been prepared for them. They were pleased with the cast of his countenance, and his affable and engaging manner: his age appeared to be about forty-five.

The rise of the Sheik to his present power has been extremely rapid, no uncommon circumstance among the African nations. *Shumeen el Kalni*, one of the most complete soldiers of fortune, (bating one, perhaps,) that to our knowledge the last century has produced, possessing an enterprising genius, a sound and mature judgment, engaging features, and the most conciliating demeanour, has raised himself, in the space of little more than twenty years, from the humble station of a *Fighi*, or schoolmaster and writer of charms, in Fezzan, to dictate laws to upwards of two millions of subjects; and can, it is asserted with every appearance of truth, at this moment bring fifty thousand armed men into the field, two-thirds of them mounted, and possessing a degree of discipline, considering his means, creditable to him in the extreme. From his learning, as well as his upright and religious life, expounding the Koran at the age of twenty-one years, he long ago obtained the title of 'Sheik of the Koran;' and notwithstanding his prosperous career since that period, so little of vanity is there mixed with his ambition,

ambition, that he has never been induced to renounce that title, by taking upon himself the one of Sultan.

After delivering Bornou from the incursions of the Fellaté,\* from whom the present sultans of Soudan are sprung, and routing them with great slaughter, Shumeen had the magnanimity to resist the offer of the sultanship of Bornou, to which he was unanimously called; and adopted in preference the policy of making one of the still remaining branches of the native Sultans assume the appearance of power, while he, first doing homage himself, induced his whole army to follow the example. He then established the Sultan at *Birnie*, and himself at *Engornou*; but a few years afterwards built *Kouka*, his present residence. Of all the spoils taken in war he is careful to let the Sultan have his share. A little before our travellers arrived, he had captured, on an expedition to the east, above 3000 slaves, 4000 oxen, and 5000 camels, which he divided with the African *Peishwah*.

The Sultan's court at *Birnie* is described as one of fans, silks, and feathers, while the Sheik's is one of spears. Dr. Oudney paid a visit to this mock sovereign, to whom he was conducted by a troop of horsemen of most grotesque appearance, dressed in high round-topped turbans and short thick stuff cotton jackets, looking 'so thick and bunchy,' says the Doctor, 'that they sat on their horses as steady and unmoveable as if they had been so many well stuffed sacks of corn.' The great horse of state, with a huge man upon him, headed the procession; (we are glad to find such respectable authority for the Lord-Mayor's man in armour;) but so swelled out was the horse with the covering of a thick stuffed carpet, and so loaded was the man with clothing and charms, that both of them appeared almost incapable of moving. The Sultan was perched in a kind of cage in the wall, from which he did not descend,† but sent his ambassador to bid the strangers welcome; and in the meantime the drums beat, and the long wooden trumpet sounded, whilst a sort of herald under a tree, with a mace in his hand, was vociferating, with all his might, the genealogy, the titles, and the praises of the Sultan.

Our travellers, having satisfied their curiosity at *Kouka* and the neighbouring towns, were desirous of prosecuting their discoveries beyond the dominions of Bornou; Dr. Oudney and Lieutenant Clapperton wishing to proceed to Soudan, and Major Denham to the eastward; but the Sheik gave them to understand that his cousin, the Bashaw of Tripoli, having strictly charged him with the care and protection of their persons, he considered himself

\* *El-Fellaté* is mentioned by Burckhardt as a tribe of Bedouins; and totally distinct from the *Fellata*, of whom we shall have presently to speak.

† 'The Sultan of Bornou,' says Burckhardt, 'never shews himself but on feast-days.' responsible

responsible for their safety, and could not, therefore, allow them to depart on any service of danger. Nothing, indeed, could exceed his kindness to the strangers: and Major Denham entertained a sanguine hope that he might be allowed to accompany him on a projected expedition against Bhagermi, after the rainy season. 'He is never tired,' says the Major, 'of asking questions about sieges; and gunpowder is his delight. Thirty or forty English muskets, and two camel-loads of good powder would be to him a more acceptable present than any other that could be given him. My rockets are here invaluable; he has seen two, which have delighted and frightened the whole nation. I have given him a dozen, all that were left; and they are preserved with the utmost care;' and he adds, 'by means of these alone I shall get to Bhagermi, as they are to accompany an expedition to that country, which is in agitation, and they cannot as yet set them off; one of them bursting over the town, he assures me, will cause its immediate surrender by its inhabitants.'

In the meantime, however, an occasion offered for this enterprising officer to proceed beyond the boundaries of Bornou. Boo Khaloom, who had attended our travellers from Tripoli, thought it no bad opportunity, before his return, to avail himself of the advanced situation in the interior, to proceed on a *Grazzie*, a sort of marauding expedition which the native tribes of Africa are in the practice of making upon each other.\* At the earnest solicitation of Major Denham to accompany this expedition, the Sheik reluctantly consented, but insisted on sending an old Negro servant to take care of him. The number composing the *Grazzie* consisted of about 3000 men, partly Arabs of Boo Khaloom, partly natives of Bornou, under the command of Barca Gana, his chief Mameluke and general, and some of the troops of the Sheik. They travelled south; and after a march of six days reached *Mora*, the capital and residence of the Sultan of *Mandara*,† situated in a valley at the foot of a noble chain of hills, at the distance of 170 miles from *Kouka*. These hills or mountains (said to extend to the distance of 50 or 40 days to the south-west) are composed of granite, and their sides clothed with trees. In the valleys are many towns inhabited by Musselmans; but those who dwell in the mountains are *Kindies*, or savages, who receive protection from the Sultan of Mandara, in consideration of furnishing him with a

\* It may here be remarked that the very same term *Grazzie*, universal in central Africa, is that which is given by the Bheels and others of central India for a similar kind of plundering expedition. 'The word Grassiah,' says Sir John Malcolm, 'is derived from *grass*, a Sanscrit word, which signifies a *mouthful*; and has been metaphorically applied to designate the small share of the produce of a country which these plunderers claim.'

† Mandara is mentioned by Burckhardt as a district tributary to Bornou.

certain number of slaves. Boo Khaloom had expected that a portion of these would have been given to him at Mara; but this was positively refused; he therefore proceeded still southerly against the *Fellata*, a very powerful nation, on the offer of the Sultan to add to his forces. The Major's account of this enterprize, written to a friend of his at Malta, is so curious and full of interest that we shall give it in his own words.

‘On the 25th April, the Sheik’s troops, the Arabs, and about 2000 horse of the sultan of Mandara, with himself, set forth for Musfeia, the capital of the Fellatas. Our road lay through extensive valleys, thickly planted with trees, and bounded by those beautiful hills, the sides of which presented here and there clusters of huts, and the height of which sometimes exceeded 1500 feet. On the 28th, soon after daylight, we approached the Fellatas’ towns, having marched nearly the whole night. Two of them were quickly burnt, and passing on we came upon a third, situated between two low hills, with a dry wadey in front. Here the Fellatas had mustered their forces, had carried a strong fence of pointed stakes from one hill to the other, were themselves on a rising ground behind, and covered by the huts. The position was extremely strong and well chosen. The Arabs moved on with great gallantry, Boo Khaloom at their head; and, notwithstanding the repeated showers of arrows (some poisoned and some not), that poured on them from behind the palisades, they carried them in less than half an hour and, pushing on, drove the Fellatas up the sides of the hills. A few of the Bournou spearmen now supported the Arabs, and pierced through and through about fifty unfortunates whom the fire of the Arabs had obliged the Fellatas to leave wounded near the stakes. Had even a small part of either the Mandara troops or those of the Sheik now moved up boldly, they must have carried the town, for the Fellatas did not exceed 1000 or 1200 men at the utmost; but they still kept on the other side of the wadey, out of reach of the arrows. The Arabs advanced to the very houses, and got possession of some of them, Barca Gana, myself, and about forty of his own people alone accompanying them. Seeing the backwardness of their enemies, they now made an attack in their turn; the arrows were so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs quickly fell back. Barca Gana had two horses hit under him, that died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned; and here poor Boo Khaloom received his death wound by an arrow of the same description, which struck him in the foot. My horse was badly wounded in the shoulder and in his near hind leg; an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely bringing the blood, and two others stuck in my  
*burnouse;*

*bornouse*; and most of the Arabs had two and some three wounds, and one dropped near me with five sticking in his head alone.

No sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops see the retreat of the Arabs than they one and all took to flight in the most dastardly and confused manner possible; and I now, for the first time, as I saw Barca Gana on a fresh horse, lamented my own folly in thus exposing myself, being badly provided against accidents. If either of my horse's wounds were from poisoned arrows, I felt that nothing could save me; however there was not much time for reflexion. We instantly became a confused flying mass, and plunged, in the greatest disorder, into that wood which we had but a few hours before moved through with order and very different feelings.

I had got a little to the west of Barca Gana's track, and was following one of the sultan of Mandara's eunuchs mounted on a white horse, when the cries behind of the Fellata horse pursuing made both him and me quicker our pace. The spur however had the effect of incapacitating my animal altogether. The arrow I found afterwards had reached the shoulder bone, and in passing over some rough ground he stumbled and fell. Almost as soon as I was on my legs, the Fellatas were on me. I had however kept hold of the bridle, and seizing a pistol from the holster presented it at two, who were pressing me with their spears. They instantly went off; but another, who came on me more boldly just as I was trying to remount, received the contents somewhere in his left shoulder, and again I was enabled to raise my foot to the stirrup. Once more mounted, I again pushed my retreat. I had not however proceeded many hundred yards, when my horse again came down with more violence than before, threw me to a considerable distance against a tree, and, alarmed at the horses behind him, he quickly started up, escaped, and left me on foot and unarmed. My life was now preserved by one of those wonderful interpositions of Divine Providence, which ought to fill the mind of man with gratitude and devotion.

I was almost instantly surrounded, and, incapable of making the least resistance, as speedily stripped. In an attempt first to save my shirt and then my trowsers, one villain made two thrusts at me with a spear that badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under my ribs on the right side. Indeed I saw nothing before me but the death I had seen inflicted on those who had fallen into the hands of the enemies of the people, in whose power I now was—but it was otherwise ordained.

Scarcely were my clothes torn off me, when my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil. Without a moment's reflexion, I crept under the belly of the horse nearest to me, and started, as fast

as my legs would carry me, for the thickest part of the wood. Two of them followed me, and I ran on towards the east, knowing that our stragglers would be in that direction, but still almost as much afraid of friends as foes. A deep mountain-stream obstructed my passage, which, by swimming a few strokes, I quickly got over, and then felt myself quite safe from my pursuers. My feelings at this moment, what could I do in the helpless state of nakedness in which I was, cannot be described. I now saw horsemen through the trees still farther to the east, and I determined on reaching them if possible, whether friends or enemies—and my feelings will readily be imagined, when I discovered Boo Khaloom, with about six Arabs, and Barca Gana pressed by a party of Fellatas, whom they had halted to drive back, being the only people who carried guns.

‘ My voice however would never have reached their ears had not Maranny, the Sheik’s negro, who accompanied me from Kouka, seen and known me at a distance, and to this man am I indebted for my life. He rode up to me, assisted me to mount behind him, while the arrows whistled over our heads, and he then galloped off to the rear as fast as his wounded horse could carry him. Boo Khaloom now rode up to me, and desired one of the Arabs to cover me with a *bornouse*; these were the last words I heard him speak, and we had scarcely proceeded ten miles, when Maranny exclaimed, “ Look! look! Boo Khaloom is dead!” I turned my head round, almost as great an exertion as I was capable of making, and saw him fall into the arms of an Arab.’\*

The Major then proceeds to state, that, after riding forty-five miles, he reached the territories of Mandara in a most deplorable condition, and with some difficulty succeeded in borrowing a shirt, which had been worn eight or ten days. The Arabs had lost every thing; forty-five of them were killed, and nearly all of them wounded. The Sheik, on his return, received him with the greatest kindness; and his wounds were speedily healed. In Boo Khaloom, he says, the English have lost a staunch friend and an honest adviser, and he fears they may feel the want of his influence. It may be so; but we confess that, as far as our little skill in those matters will allow us to judge, this *honest* adviser met with no more than his desert; and his death was but a poor atonement for so unprovoked an attack on the lives and property of a people who,

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\* The information obtained by that extraordinary man Burckhardt is almost always correct. Speaking of the Fellata, he says, ‘ They fight with poisoned arrows; the smallest scratch causes the body to swell, and is infallibly mortal, unless counteracted by an antidote known amongst the natives. This antidote is prepared from a small worm, called at Borgo and Baghermi, Kodongo, which is dried and reduced to powder. Whenever the soldiers of Borgo go to war, they are furnished with a small box of this powder.’

living peaceably at the distance of fourteen or fifteen hundred miles from the abode of the aggressor, could not, by any possibility, have given him the slightest cause for such unwarrantable and brutal hostility. Nor can we think, much as we admire the enterprising spirit of Major Denham, that he acted a very prudent part in giving countenance to Boo Khaloon's marauding expedition; his going too was entirely against the wishes of the Sheik, who appears by no means to have approved of Boo Khaloon's attacking the Fellatas, whose friendship he was rather desirous of cultivating. We are disposed, however, to extract all the good we can from this ill-fated expedition, by admitting that it has been the means of gaining a progressive step in the geography of Northern Africa. The distance from *Kouka* to the *Fellata* villages in the mountains, the Major informs us, is about 230 miles, nearly south, or  $3^{\circ} 20'$  difference of latitude, which would make the latitude of these villages about  $9^{\circ} 30'$ . Assuming the longitude to be the same as that of Mourzouk, ( $14^{\circ} 10'$ ) it will be seen, by inspecting the charts, that he was not more than about 300 miles from old Calabar; so that Captain Adams was unwittingly right in saying that the best, at least the nearest, way to the Niger, or its waters, would be across the country from that quarter.

While the Major was absent on his grazzie, another important step in African geography was made by Dr. Oudney and Lieutenant Clapperton. With the consent of the Sheik they set out on an excursion to examine the river *Shary* which, by proceeding southerly, they found at the distance of 90 miles from *Kouka*. It is a noble stream, nearly a mile broad, flowing gently at the rate of about a mile an hour, and containing a great number of flat islands. It flows from the southward, and is supposed to have its origin in the chain of granite mountains mentioned by Major Denham. They traced its stream to the northward, till it emptied itself by five or six mouths into the lake *Tsaad*; directly in the face of the report which they had gleaned from all quarters, that this river flowed out of the lake! Our travellers had never had the lake fairly open to them before; for it is so studded near its banks with islands, and the country is so perfectly flat, that there is no seeing beyond them; but here it presented a noble sheet of water, extending north, north-east, and east, farther than the eye could reach. Some of the islands in the *Tsaad* are inhabited by a people called *Bud-dooma*, who carry off, on rafts, not only cattle which they find grazing near the shore, but frequently women and children; yet the Sheik has no canoes, nor any means of punishing these marauders. John Hillman, the carpenter, had made himself very useful in fabricating sofas and palanquins for the Sheik, and had become of course a favourite; the greatest service he could perform



form for the natives, however, would be that of instructing them in the art of boat-building and of navigating the lake. There is no want of wood for this purpose, and their cotton would supply them with ropes and sails. We trust it will have occurred to our travellers, that the best and surest way of examining its eastern shores is by means of a boat.

On this excursion to the Shary, our travellers were out twenty days, and experienced every kindness and attention on the road from the friendly inhabitants. Free as they were from restraint, and highly successful as the issue of the expedition promises to be, their labours, as we gather from their private letters, had already thrown considerable light on the geography of northern Africa, and we sincerely hope that no accident will befall them or their journals and observations. We are the more anxious on this head, from recollecting how much we suffered by the loss of Hornemann's papers. The hurried and casual correspondence of the doctor and his friend points out some of the extraordinary errors of our best charts, amounting to several hundred miles in the distances, and several points of the compass on the bearings of places. In one chart the city of Bornou is placed five hundred miles nearly out of its true position, and the whole country is laid down considerably to the eastward of Mourzouk, whilst the centre of it is directly south from that capital of Fezzan. The whole of Bornou must be of small extent, as the magnificent lake (the *T'saud*) appears to occupy the whole central part of the territory from its northern to its southern extremity. Its eastern limits, however, have not yet been ascertained.

Our travellers, as we have stated, first saw this lake at *Lari*, which is 130 miles to the northward of *Kouka*, and as *Kouka* is said to be ninety miles to the northward of the mouth of the *Shary*, the lake must be at least 220 miles in that direction; and may be more, provided these two points should happen not to be its northern and southern extremities. A portion of it would appear to occupy the position assigned by Major Rennell to the swamps of Wangara; but our present travellers had no better success in hearing any thing of this name than Burckhardt, Ritchie, Lyon and others;\* and so little did it resemble a swamp, that in the month of April, at the end of the dry season, when not a drop of rain had in all probability fallen for six or seven months, it had all the appearance of being full and perfectly transparent. It is not stated, however, in any of the letters which we have seen, whether the water be fresh or salt, though the very omission may almost be assumed as a proof of its being fresh; a still stronger proof is that of its abounding with hip-

\* This is not to be wondered at; the frequent change of names has, more than any thing else, puzzled African geography.

popotami and crocodiles—two animals that exist only in fresh water. . Burckhardt, indeed, had positive information that the lake of Bornou was fresh.\* We wish that our travellers had stated the fact, as, should they not succeed in thoroughly examining the eastern shores of this lake, the freshness or saltiness of its water would be an important argument in deciding the question of its having an eastern outlet. If with the constant pouring in of the *Shary* and the *Yaou*, one a very large and the other a very considerable stream even at the end of the dry season, besides many smaller ones which are understood to fall in from the northward, there should be no outlet for its waters, and they escape by evaporation alone, the shores would be covered in the dry season with an incrustation of salt like that obtained in the pits of Bilma, and the remaining water would be excessively salt: it could not possibly be otherwise, after the immense quantity of saline matter periodically carried into it in a state of solution for thousands of years. Besides, if there was no outlet, the low and level country which for hundreds of miles extends all round it, must annually be overflowed, which it was not understood to be, nor indeed was there the slightest indication of it. The probability therefore is, that it is *fresh* and *has* an outlet; and if any reliance can be placed on Arab authority, the *Gambaroo*, which flows by *Baghermi* and *Fittri* to the eastward, is that outlet. ‘Some report,’ Doctor Oudney says, ‘that the *Shary* gives off a large branch which falls to the southward of *Baghermi* two days, and runs to *Fittri*, and thence to the Nile;’† and Major Denham learned from an Arab Sheik of *Waday*, that a branch of the *Shary*, called the *Bahr el Dago*, goes into the Nile; that it receives additional supplies from *Lake Fittri*, twelve days journey from those mouths of the *Shary* which flow into the *Tsaad*; and that it then takes a course to the south-eastward, till, as before, it reaches the Nile. He was further informed, by the Sheik, of

\* ‘All reports agree,’ says this intelligent traveller, ‘that there is a great *fresh-water* lake in the interior of Bornou, on the west side of which the city of *Birnie* is said to be built.’ It is on the ground of its being *fresh* that we come to the conclusion that the waters of the lake are discharged to the eastward. Burckhardt was invariably informed that the same low flat country prevailed in the *Bahr el Gazal* and *Dar Saley*. ‘In the rainy season,’ says he, ‘large inundations are formed in many places, and large and rapid rivers then flow through the country. After the waters have subsided, deep lakes remain in various places filled with water the whole year round, and sufficiently spacious to afford a retreat to the hippopotami and crocodiles, which abound in the country.’ He also mentions an animal in these lakes called *Om Kergay*, said to be as large as a rhinoceros, with a very small head and mouth, and perfectly harmless.

† Captain Lyon’s information on this point accords with the *Shary* throwing off an eastern stream. Having stated that the *Niger* takes different names, and that it passes *Yaouri* (qu. *Yaou*?) seven days to the east of *Nyffé*, he says it falls into a lake called the *Tsaad*. ‘Beyond this lake,’ he adds, ‘a large river runs through *Baghermee*, and is called the *Gambaroo* and *Kamadakoo*, the word *Nil* being also used for the same stream. All agree that these waters join the great Nile of Egypt.’ Hornemann’s information was precisely the same.

some Mourzouk merchants having spread a report that it was their (the travellers') intention to come up that river (El Dago) from Misr (Egypt) with ships as large as elephants, loaded with guns and gunpowder. There must be something, we think, in this universal belief that the waters, which we have now traced into the Tsaad, find their way to the Nile of Egypt. There is nothing whatever against their reaching the Bahr el Abiad, except the low level of the Tsaad, which is evidently the *sink* of North Africa; yet the comparative difference of levels between it and the former river is not at all known; nor do we find, in the letters of the travellers, any estimate of its level above that of the sea.

But where, asks Dr. Oudney, naturally enough, 'where is the celebrated Niger? The Yaou is the only probable river coming from Soudan, and it is almost too small.' Yet the wonder is, that in the dry season it was not smaller. Most rivers that have no feeders, and more especially African rivers, that lose so much by absorption and evaporation, diminish as they proceed in their course; and if the Niger (for so will we not scruple to call it) had not been confined within very narrow banks, but had spread out a more considerable surface, the probability is, that the whole of its water at this season, and at this distance from its source, would have been evaporated. Major Denham, who went directly south, beyond the 10th degree of latitude, crossed no river between Kouka and the termination of his journey, and there is none between that city and the Yaou; so that if this stream be not the Joliba, which has been pretty well ascertained to run into the lake Nyffé, about 300 miles to the westward of the Tsaad, and nearly on the same parallel, there certainly is no other in Bornou that can be considered as the Niger. If, indeed, the account of all travellers, and the Arab writers, can be depended on, and particularly the result of Horneman's inquiries, no doubt whatever can remain that the Yaou is the Niger, which Major Rennel has traced satisfactorily into the swamps of Wangara, or (for they must be the same) the Lake of Bornou; what becomes of it afterwards, and whether it terminates in the lake, is a point which we trust our travellers will be able to determine.

We know not on what data the population of two millions is assigned to Bornou; but from the multitude of villages along the western shores of the lake, and the several large towns not very distant from it, there can be no doubt that this part of Africa is well stocked with inhabitants. The town of Kouka, which may be called the Sheik's head-quarters or military depôt, has only about 8,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the distance of fifteen miles from the western borders of the Tsaad, in lat.  $12^{\circ} 51' N.$  and long.

long.  $13^{\circ} 47'$  E. being nearly twenty miles to the westward of the meridian of Mourzouk; and the travelling distance is about 1,000 miles from the same place, which occupied the expedition ninety-two days. *Bernie*, the residence of the Sultan, is eighteen miles S.S.E. of Kouka, and is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants; and *Engornou*, sixteen miles S.E. by S. of Kouka, not less than 50,000. At this place there is a weekly market held, on Wednesdays, to which all the surrounding countries, the people of Kanem and of Soudan resort; so that the numbers who occasionally attend are said to amount to eighty and sometimes a hundred thousand souls! Major Denham made a visit to this place, and was much pleased with it. The currency appeared to consist of amber, coral, and glass beads; but dollars were well known and most in demand. A large diamond-cut drop of a glass chandelier, however, was an object of contest among the ladies of the court—the *Pitt diamond* of central Africa.

How such a population is supported it is not easy to imagine. The whole kingdom, on the western side at least, is one dead flat of sand and clay, without a single stone of any description. In the season of heat and drought, every vestige of verdure takes its departure, except from the various kinds of accacia trees, and the tamarind: yet herds of elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, and antelopes of various kinds, are everywhere seen, and especially along the borders of the lake. Major Denham says he counted forty-seven large elephants in one group. Where and on what they feed at this season does not appear. Tame bullocks are met with in droves of a thousand or fifteen hundred, and flesh meat is very cheap: a fine ox might be bought for three dollars, and fowls at the rate of forty for a dollar: of vegetables, our travellers saw little but onions and a few yams; and no fruit except the tamarind. In the Sheik's garden is a single lime-tree.

The quadrupeds above mentioned, and many smaller species, supplied our travellers with abundance of game, which were procured chiefly by Clapperton, who is an excellent shot. The lake too abounds with a great variety of water fowl, some of which are said to be of extraordinary beauty; and the ducks and geese were so tame, that he killed eight or ten at one shot. Snipes rise in thousands, like so many clouds.

The temperature in March and April was uniformly high, seldom lower than  $100^{\circ}$ , and sometimes  $104^{\circ}$ , at two or three o'clock; yet the constant refreshing breeze prevented it from feeling oppressive. The barometer was steady at 29 inches. So little did the heat appear to affect Clapperton, that he used to go out for several days together, along the margin of the *Tsaad*, to kill game, and

suffered nothing from the exertion: the people were uniformly civil and obliging.

A numerous tribe of Arabs had settled in the Sheik's dominions. They came from the banks of the Shary, and are described as different from those of the north; their complexions are of a light copper colour, with handsome aquiline noses, and large expressive eyes. They are savage in their manners, and of undaunted courage. Major Denham says they resemble very much some of the best looking of our gipsy race, particularly the women; and their Arabic is nearly pure Egyptian.

This is almost the whole that we have been able to cull from the epistolary correspondence of the African travellers, which, though scanty, has raised our curiosity to know the details of their Journals; these however (we have been given to understand) come down no lower than the date of their departure from Mourzouk.

ART. X.—1. *A Defence of the Clergy of the Church of England: stating their Services, their Rights, and their Revenues.* By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A.M. London. 1822.

2. *An Appeal to the Gentlemen of England, on Behalf of the Church of England.* By Augustus Campbell, A.M. Liverpool. 1823.

WE know of no subject which has been more wilfully and perseveringly misrepresented by the enemies, and, we regret to add, more unaccountably misunderstood by the friends, of the church of England, than the provision which, in the form of tithes, has been reserved for its ministers. Conceding to the members of the church of England the right of excluding from the establishment teachers who dissent from its doctrines, there are many who ask, ‘Have they the further right of compelling all the members of the community to pay towards the maintenance of a set of teachers appointed by a part only, though it be the majority, to preach a particular system of doctrines?’—‘Is it just and reasonable, (they continue,) that those who dissent from the doctrines and disapprove of the constitution of the established church, and who support their own religious teachers, should be compelled, in addition, to pay towards the maintenance of the established clergy, and bear their full proportion of the expense attending the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state?’

These are questions constantly urged by those who dissent from the established church; and they are questions which have excited doubts in the minds of some writers on this subject, who,  
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from their station, must be presumed to have been sincerely attached to its doctrines. We are told even by a learned prelate, 'that it is a question which might admit of serious discussion, whether the majority of the members of any civil community have a right to compel all the members of it to pay towards the maintenance of a set of teachers appointed by the majority to preach a particular system of doctrines.' 'I was once of opinion,' he adds, 'that the majority had this right in *all* cases, and am still of opinion, that they have it in *many*. But I am staggered when I consider, that a case may happen in which the established religion may be the religion of the minority of the people, at the same time possessing the majority of the property, out of which the ministers of the establishment are to be paid.'

There is, however, a little preliminary inquiry into which we should like to enter, before we approach the question, which the learned prelate assures us might admit of serious discussion. Before we can think it necessary to discuss the rights of the majority of any civil community to compel all the members of it to *pay* towards the maintenance of a set of teachers appointed by the majority, to preach a particular system of doctrines, we must be convinced that the majority of the English community exercise this right—we must be persuaded, that the minority of the people who dissent from the church are compelled to pay towards the support of the national establishment. If, however, we can show that they make, in truth, no such payment—if we can prove that, in point of fact, the minority of the people bear no portion of the expense of our ecclesiastical establishment, we shall be relieved from the necessity of examining the rights of the majority to compel all the members of the civil community to pay towards the maintenance of a set of teachers appointed by them to preach a particular system of doctrines.

We must be allowed to observe in this place, that when it is said the majority of the civil community compels the minority 'to pay' a set of teachers appointed by the majority, the expression *to pay* must signify something different from the sense in which it is used, when a tenant is said to pay rent to his landlord, or when a debtor is described as 'paying' a creditor his debt. When the expression is used simply in this latter sense, the assertion that all the members of the community, who possess real property, are compelled to pay towards the support of the ecclesiastical institutions established by the majority, is a mere truism, which admits of no more dispute than a declaration that all the occupiers of land in England are compelled to pay towards the support of the owners. But if it be used in another sense, in that of transferring to ecclesiastics property which belongs either

in equity or law to those who pay them, we beg leave distinctly to deny the fact; we assert, and shall, we think, make good our position, that in the latter sense no payment is made towards the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state, by *any* member of the civil community.

We are satisfied that the hostility of separatists towards the national church is much increased, if not entirely created, by the belief, that they are obliged not only to support their own ministers, but are further compelled by law to contribute their full proportion towards the revenues of the established clergy. We shall endeavour to convince our readers that the supposition, that they do bear any portion of the expense of our ecclesiastical institution, springs entirely from misconception. But this delusion is far from being confined to those who dissent from the church; it operates, we fear, powerfully on the minds of many whom we might expect to find exempt from its influence. A large portion of the English population have been taught, by ignorant or malicious representations, to consider the established clergy as an order of men pensioned by the state—as functionaries appointed for the discharge of ecclesiastical duties, and paid by annual stipends levied upon the public.

We entreat the patience of our readers, while we point out to them the gross and dangerous fallacy of this representation. We feel a firm conviction that such notions, whoever may entertain them, arise from an entire misconception of the nature and origin of the revenues attached to ecclesiastical offices; and we implore all those who feel an interest in the permanence of the national establishment, to make every effort in their power to remove a delusion which, if not dissipated, can hardly fail to prove eventually fatal to the church of England. When, through an erroneous view of the origin and pressure of the maintenance which has been reserved for its ministers, interest is called in to deepen the impressions already made by prepossession: when the dissenter is taught to believe that, in addition to the support of his own minister, he is compelled to defray his proportion of the expenses of an establishment which he dislikes upon principle, his hostility becomes redoubled; the prejudice of the understanding becomes a passion of the heart; and he comes, by degrees, to view our ecclesiastical institution not only as the means of upholding a system which he condemns, but likewise as the instrument of depriving him of property which he conceives to be his own. And whilst the members of the church, who are most heartily attached to its doctrines and constitution, labour under this misconception—whilst they consider its expense as a burden falling upon the public, whatever sentiments they may entertain  
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of its religious, moral, and social utility, they will become less vigorous and active in opposing the innovations on its constitution and revenues, which are daily suggested and proposed by its enemies.

With a view of striking at the root of all these misrepresentations and misconceptions of the pressure of ecclesiastical revenues, we shall prove, if we are not much mistaken, to the satisfaction of every candid mind, that the land-occupier pays nothing—that the land-owner pays nothing—that the dissenter pays nothing—nay, further, that the member of the church of England pays nothing, in the sense which the expression bears in the mouth of those who use it, towards the expense attending the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state.

To render our observations on this subject as concise and as little intricate as possible, let it be assumed, for the sake of the argument, that the parish of S—— contains three thousand acres of land, and that it is the property of one individual; let it be further assumed, that the rector receives in lieu of tithes a composition of four shillings per acre, and the lay owner twenty shillings per acre as rent. Were tithes abolished—were the claims of the rector to his share of the produce to cease, it is too evident even to require remark, that, at the expiration of the contracts at present subsisting between the occupier and owner of the soil, the amount would be added to the demand of the landlord. Land which he lets, at present, *subject to tithes*, for 20s. per acre, would then be let by him, *free from tithes*, for 24s. The abolition of tithes would, in such a case, merely make an addition of 600*l.* to the present annual receipts of the land-owner; but it could produce no pecuniary advantage whatever to the land-occupier. It is, therefore, we conceive, as clear as any mathematical demonstration can make it, that the *occupier* of land, whether he be a member of the church of England, or dissent from its communion, cannot be said to make any contribution or any payment towards the support of the national establishment. The occupier now pays, in the form of *rent and tithes*, a gross sum, which, if tithes ceased to exist, would be exacted from him as *rent*.

Granting then, that if the claim of the tithe-owner ceased to exist, the amount would be added to the present demands of the landlord; does it not follow that the burden of our ecclesiastical establishment falls upon the *owner* of the soil? As it is acknowledged that the receipts of the landlord are reduced, by the exact amount now received by the ecclesiastical proprietor as tithes; does it not therefore follow, that the *lay proprietor* of the soil has to defray the whole expense of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state? To these questions we shall reply, after the man-



ner of our friends on the other side of the Tweed, by asking another: Did not the owner of the soil, or his ancestor, purchase his property subject to the claim of the tithe-holder? And was not the capital advanced to effect this purchase less, by the exact amount of the fee simple value of the tithes, than if the estate had been purchased free from this burden? We cannot, therefore, see on what reasonable grounds the landlord can be said to contribute towards the revenues of the ecclesiastical establishment. The part of the produce of the soil which has been reserved and set apart for ecclesiastical purposes, never was the property of the present lay-owner of the estate on which it is levied, nor did it ever belong to any of his immediate predecessors. Every acre of land, not exempt from tithes, in England and Wales, has been sold and let subject to a claim for tithes, from a period long antecedent to any written record; and on every transfer of this property, the price advanced has been invariably reduced by the estimated value of the ecclesiastical charges to which it is subject. It is then an absolute perversion of language to affirm, that the clergy are paid either by the *occupier* or the *owner* of the soil, except in the sense in which a landlord is said to be *paid* by his tenant. If the owner of an estate alienated it twenty years ago, reserving to himself and his representatives a perpetual rent-charge upon it, equal to a tenth part of the produce, could the individual receiving such an annuity, be described as paid or pensioned by the present owner of the freehold from which it accrued? We do not believe, that even the most violent declaimer against the rights of ecclesiastics would maintain the affirmative of such a proposition.

There are, we know, some pretenders to political economy, who maintain that tithes constitute a charge which falls not upon the occupier or owner of the soil, but upon every *consumer* of titheable articles; and that the dissenter must therefore be considered as bearing his full proportion of the expense attending the 'discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state.' With the affectation and parade of arithmetical precision, an attempt has been recently made to demonstrate that tithes have the effect of adding, in proportion to the amount, to the exchangeable or money value of the articles on which they are levied. Those speculators contend that, contrary to the notions hitherto entertained on the subject, tithes do not diminish the net revenue received from land in the form of rent, but add one-tenth to the money price of the article on which they are levied when sold in the market. We shall attempt to be as concise as possible while putting our readers in possession of the theory to which we allude. Let it be supposed that an acre of land, subject to tithe, and let  
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for 20s. produces ten bushels of wheat, which sell for 50s.: the tithe of this acre would be one bushel of wheat, worth 5s. According to the opinion generally entertained by every respectable writer on this subject, if the 5s. paid on the acre in question ceased to be levied as tithes, it would be added to the 20s. now exacted by the landlord as rent, and make no alteration whatever in the money or market price of the wheat which it produces. But this notion, although maintained by Adam Smith, Malthus and other eminent political economists, is discovered to be a vulgar error by a corps of theorists and projectors who feel, of course, a due contempt for the common sense and experience of all the rest of the world. They assure us, that if tithes were not levied on the acre in question, the result would be, not that the landlord would add 5s. to the 20s. already received by him as rent, but that the price of wheat would fall one-tenth, and that the grower would sell the whole produce for 45s. instead of 50s., which is now obtained for it!

From this singular theory, it is inferred that tithes constitute a tax, increasing with the gross produce of land; not falling upon the net produce, or diminishing the portion, which, as a surplus, the landlord exacts under the name of rent, but paid by the consumer of titheable articles, and falling equally on every individual in the kingdom; on the poorest beggar as well as the richest lord, in proportion to their respective consumptions. The above theory of the 'incidence of tithes,' to borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of these economists, and the inferences drawn from it, are proved to be correct by a process of reasoning, which seems to us no less novel than, we are satisfied, it appears to its author ingenious and conclusive. The whole kingdom is divided, after the manner of Mr. Owen's spinning establishments, into parallelograms of different degrees of fertility; it is assumed, that the land contained in the first parallelogram being of the best quality, produces 100 quarters of wheat, on a given space, and that land which ranks second, third and fourth in quality, produces 80, 60, 40 quarters respectively. For the basis on which the whole theory rests, it is then assumed, as a fact which cannot be controverted, that the least fertile soil, in a state of tillage, No. 4, pays no rent, and that the expense of raising the forty quarters of wheat, which it produces, constitutes the cost of production, and is therefore the 'natural price' which regulates the value of wheat grown on more productive soils. It is then contended, that tithes, forming a tenth part of the cost of producing these forty quarters, must add one-tenth to their exchangeable or money value in the market.

The very basis on which this delusive theory is constructed, is

utterly destitute of foundation ; it is an assumption perfectly unsupported either by common sense or experience, that the least fertile soil in a state of cultivation, pays no rent ; that the owner of the least productive spot in a state of tillage, will permit it to be occupied permanently, without exacting some compensation from the occupier in the form of rent. We are satisfied, that no spot of land can be found in England, Wales or Scotland, permanently in a state of tillage, which yields no surplus to the owner as rent. The very worst soil which can be tilled, with a remunerating profit, possesses some natural powers and local advantages, which are the property of the owner, and for which he will exact rent from the occupier.

But as we feel the importance of removing the prejudices, which this view of the pressure of tithes, cannot fail to perpetuate, if its unsoundness and absurdity be not fully exposed, let us, for the sake of discussion, admit that land of the quality No. 4, pays no rent, we must still reject the inference which the 'school' would draw from this concession. If we concede, in the teeth of all experience, that the land last taken into cultivation, *subject to tithes*, yields no surplus as *rent*, but barely makes the ordinary return of profits for the capital employed on it ; still we must contend, that in this very case, the portion of the produce levied as tithes does not at all affect the money value of the remainder. For this land, even on the supposition that it yields no surplus as rent, evidently yields a surplus as *tithes*. If the demand for tithes ceased to exist, the consequence, we conceive, would be, not that the money value of the whole produce would be diminished, but that the land-owner who is now *said* to receive nothing, would then claim and receive as *rent*, the portion which at present is paid to the tithe-owner. Conceding, then, to these ingenious economists, a fact which we utterly disbelieve, that the least fertile soil permanently in a state of tillage, yields no surplus to the land-owner, still it appears to us perfectly clear, that the quantum now levied upon it as *tithes* would, if this charge were abolished, be exacted from the cultivator of the same soil as rent by the land-lord.

On their own showing, the produce of the least fertile soil in a state of tillage, paying no rent, but subject to tithes, yields a remunerating profit to the cultivator : were the charge for tithes to cease, it would evidently yield more than the necessary remuneration by the amount of the tithes now levied upon it ; and this excess of profit, arising from the abolition of tithes, would be instantly claimed by the land-owner, who, as these economists assert, now receives no rent for his land. Let us suppose, that the produce of a given quantity of the least fertile soil, which is  
said

said to pay no rent, sells for 40*l.* and that the claim of the tithe-owner, now amounting to 4*l.*, were abolished, would the whole produce, which now sells for 40*l.*, be in that case, sold for no more than 36*l.*? ‘Yes,’ say these theorists. ‘No,’ say common sense and experience; ‘if the 4*l.* now received for tithes, ceased to be exacted, another claimant to an equal amount would instantly start up in the person of the landlord.’

We would also remind our modern economists of a trifling circumstance, which, somehow or other, seems to have escaped their observation. We press it upon their attention with becoming diffidence, as we well know what little weight will be ascribed to a common-place fact, when opposed to the conclusions of an ingenious theory. They assume, that the least fertile soil in a state of tillage, pays *no rent*: we have shown, that there is no ground for this singular assumption: we will, however, inform them of a fact which we think they will hardly venture to controvert—it is simply this—the least fertile land in cultivation actually pays *no tithes* for seven years after it is taken into a state of tillage. For the confirmation of this fact, we refer our readers to the first law book at hand on the subject of tithes. In the year 1748, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke decided, that, under the operation of the 2 and 3 Edward VI. c. 13., all barren, waste, or heath ground, which, above the necessary expense of inclosing and clearing, requires also expense in manuring before it can be made proper for agriculture, is *exempt from tithes* for a period of seven years. What now, we would seriously ask our readers, becomes of the theory which explains the pressure of tithes, by assuming that the least fertile land in a state of tillage is free from rent and subject to tithes?

We cannot, therefore, see any grounds for asserting that tithes add to the money value of the articles on which they are levied, and fall ultimately on the consumer, by increasing money prices one-tenth; it appears to us on the contrary, most clear, that a bushel of wheat sells for the same money price, whether it has been tithed or not, and that the amount of tithes merely lessens the landlord's portion.

As a corollary arising from the theory of these economists, we are assured that if tithes were abolished, the consequence would not be, as common sense would lead us to expect, that the rent of tithable land would rise to a level with the rent now paid for land exempt from tithes, but that ‘the rent of tithe free land would fall to the level of rent now paid for land subject to tithes.’ That we might not be suspected of palming upon this ingenious school, absurdities for which it is not responsible, we have here purposely stated this novel proposition in the very words of a neophyte,

phyto, who has lately undertaken to enlighten the world on this branch of political economy. The same authority gravely assures us, that while *money rents* have no influence in regulating the market price of the produce of land, a *money composition* paid in lieu of tithes has this effect. But that a money payment in lieu of tithes should affect the price of all titheable articles, whilst a money payment to the landlord as rent is acknowledged to produce no such effect, is a paradox with which we have grappled in vain. To reconcile this apparent inconsistency is a task which we must leave to the luminary who advanced it. If the abolition of tithes will reduce the money price of wheat one-tenth, the abolition of rents must, we presume, reduce this price still farther, in the proportion which the landlord's claim may, at present, bear to the charge for tithes.

• ‘Levy tithes,’ say those who spin such paradoxes, ‘on the cornfields and orchards of the fertile vale of Evesham, and the effect will simply be a diminution of that portion of the produce which falls to the share of the landlord; it will have no influence whatever on the money value of this produce in the market; but levy tithes on the scanty produce grown at the foot of a Welsh mountain, and the effect is as extensive as it is mysterious and inexplicable—it increases the price of produce not only on this ‘least fertile spot,’ but on every other spot where it is raised; it advances the price of wheat from 50 to 55s. per quarter, not only in Wales, but likewise in England and Scotland; and its effect must, we conceive, extend indirectly to Poland and Kentucky. All this is proved by a species of lunar equation, founded on a series of parallelograms, which the new economists consider absolutely irrefragable. The influence of tithes is, therefore, something similar to that of the moon, which, as an old naval friend of ours used to say, ‘drew the sea all on one side;’ the addition which the exaction of tithes, in the least fertile districts in England, makes to the money value of the produce of land extends itself gradually and imperceptibly over Scotland and the European continent, till it finally reaches the North American prairies of Morris Birkbeck. In what manner this effect is brought about, our old acquaintance of the Wabash may not be able exactly to comprehend—this cannot, we conceive, much signify. He is not able, perhaps, to comprehend how the moon attracts the waters of the ocean; but so it is.

We owe an apology to our readers for the length of this dry, and, to many of them, we fear, uninteresting discussion; but the importance of the subject has compelled us, however reluctantly, to enter into a minuteness of detail which we would willingly have avoided. The prejudices and misconceptions of the public,

on this intricate subject, are already but too strong and numerous; and we owe it to the interests of truth and morality to try every means in our power, at the hazard of appearing dull and tedious, to dissipate these prejudices, and to point out the fallacy of any speculations which tend to introduce public confusion by weakening the attachment of the subjects of the realm to the existing civil or ecclesiastical institutions of the country. We cannot pursue the subject farther at present, although it is far from being exhausted, and does not seem, in a measure equal to its importance, to have attracted the attention of our best-informed writers on political economy; and we shall now, therefore, proceed to make the observations from which we were diverted by this affray of pounds and parallelograms.

A reference to the early records of ecclesiastical history, which the researches and care of antiquaries have discovered and preserved, will show that the following is not an incorrect representation of the manner in which the provision now appropriated to the discharge of ecclesiastical functions, originated, or at least became finally settled. The first converts to the Christian religion felt that the teachers of its doctrines had a claim to some compensation for their exertions, on the broad principle that every labourer is worthy of his hire; and the practice of the Jews, as well as that of other nations, suggested to them a tenth part of the produce of their land as a reasonable standard of a voluntary compensation to the ministers of religion. When this religion acquired a surer footing, and its converts became more numerous, the provision which had previously been received as the spontaneous liberality of its professors, began to be regarded as a right established by custom. In the course of the eighth century, the growing force of custom, aided by the operation and influence of the canon law, rendered the payment of tithes an imperative obligation. It was, however, enough at this period, if they were paid to the church generally; for, as parochial limits were hitherto unknown, no individual could establish a specific claim to the tithes of any given district. Indeed, it is highly probable that the tithes of a whole diocese were then received into a common treasury, under the controul of the bishop, who expended them on a species of conventual establishment, where a sufficient number of chaplains were maintained to discharge the ecclesiastical offices of the district or 'parochia' over which he presided.

In the process of time, however, the lords of manors, or, to speak more correctly, the owners of estates, began to feel the inconvenience of such an arrangement; and became desirous to fix among their tenants a resident chaplain, as a more regular and efficient

efficient instructor of their vassals, than an individual visiting them periodically from a distant residence. For this purpose, they built a church on their property, and endowed it with the tithe of the produce of their estate. The boundaries of the estate possessed by the founder of the church, became, on this account, the limits of the district or parish over which the ecclesiastical authority of the chaplain extended. The bishop, no doubt, readily relinquished his claims, and acquiesced in an arrangement which, at the same time that it deprived him of the ecclesiastical dues of the district, relieved his establishment from the expense of maintaining one chaplain, and secured more effectually the proper discharge of the pastoral duties of the parish. This will account for the singular forms and unequal extent of English parishes much more satisfactorily, than to suppose that the kingdom was divided into such districts at one period. Had this division been effected, as the regular and simultaneous effort of internal police, it is inconceivable that the limits of all parishes should have taken the capricious direction in which they are now traced; but when we ascertain that the boundaries of every parish, with exceptions not worth mentioning, are co-extensive with the limits of the manor or estate of the founder, the difficulty of accounting for this irregularity vanishes at once.

That the thanes or lords of manors, as late as the beginning of the thirteenth century, claimed and exercised, according to the common law or custom of England, a right to build churches on their estate, and to endow them with any portion of the produce which pleased them, is a fact which admits of no dispute. Innocent the Third, in a decretal epistle written in the reign of King John, proceeds thus:—‘*Quod enim de consuetudine regni Anglorum regia Serenitas per suas literas intimavit, ut liceat tam episcopis quam comitibus et baronibus ecclesias in feudo suo fundare; laicis quidem principibus id licere nullatenus denegamus, dummodo diocesani episcopi eis suffragetur assensus, et per novam structuram veterum ecclesiarum justitia non lædatur.*’ That they not only claimed the right of building churches as appendant to their estates, but exercised, also, the privilege of granting to whom they pleased the tithes of any portion of their produce, is a fact which we might prove by numerous documents: we shall, however, content ourselves with transcribing one or two grants, for the information of those readers who may not be very conversant with conveyances of this description:—‘*Sciant tam præsentēs quam futuri quod ego Henricus de Malemeino concedo et confirmo monachis ecclesiæ sancti Andræ Apostoli Rovecestria decimam meam totam de dominico meo, et eam vehendam quocunque voluerint et transferendam; cum ante hanc concessionem solummodo*

solummodo granum habuerint. Preterea dono eis et concedo decimam meam de vitulis et porcellis. Has concessionem confirmo illis pro amore Dei et salute animæ meæ et uxoris et antecessorum meorum libere et quiete possidendas assensu hæredis mei et voluntate uxoris et amicorum meorum.'

Our readers will perceive by this document, that the owners of estates claimed and exercised the right not only of conferring their tithes in perpetuity on whom they pleased, but also of defining and limiting the articles on which they should be levied. The monks of Rochester had first obtained from the owner of the land the tithe of his corn only; at a subsequent period, he renewed and confirmed his former grant, and added to it the tithes of calves and pigs.

We shall transcribe an extract from another grant of nearly the same date, which proves beyond dispute, that the tithes of the district named in it, were acquired as a gift from the owner of the land:—'Sciant presentes et futuri quod Radulphus de S. Georgio et Agatha uxor ejus et Alnus hæres eorum dederunt et concesserunt monachis de Boxgrave, decimam de *Liparinges* in perpetuam eleemosynam, quam prius dederat eis Basilia mater ipsius Radulphi. Et ipsi monachi debent facere ecclesiasticum servitium in ecclesia sua de *Ichenora* vel in capella sua de *Briddeham*, hominibus prædicti Radulphi morantibus apud *Liparinges*, et in singulis hebdomadis unum servitium, donec prædictus Radulphus vel hæredes sui ibi fecerint quoddam oratorium, in quo unus de capellanis monachorum faciat prædictum servitium in hebdomada.' From this extract it appears, that the district named *Liparinges* was extra-parochial, and not subject to tithes—that it had no place appropriated for divine worship, and that it was on the confines of the parish of *Ichenor*, belonging to the monastery of Boxgrave. The owner of this district, not wishing that its inhabitants should continue destitute of public instruction, engages to build a church on his property, and confers the tenth of its produce on the monks of Boxgrave, on condition that, till it was built, his 'men dwelling at *Liparinges*' should be allowed to attend the church of *Ichenor*, or the chapel of *Briddeham*; and, when built, that it should be served by a chaplain provided by the monastery.

For the purpose of further illustrating the opinions which we hold with respect to the nature and origin of ecclesiastical revenues, let it be assumed, that seven hundred years ago the land now contained in the parish of A, was extra-parochial, and that it was all the property of one owner, by whom it was let out in subdivisions to different occupiers, tithe free: that there was, in consequence, no resident ecclesiastic called upon by office  
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to instruct the inhabitants of this district in the doctrines of religion, and the obligations of morality; and that no structure even existed in which such instruction could have been conveniently communicated. Let it be supposed, that the proprietor of this estate, taught by reflection and experience to dread the effects of the ignorance and barbarity in which its occupants would unavoidably continue if not enlightened and civilized by public instruction, built a church—a school, if our readers like, in which the population of the district might receive the necessary instruction; and that he endowed it with a tenth part of the produce of his estate, reserving to himself, his descendants or representatives, the right of presenting to the benefice whenever a vacancy should occur.

When he called his tenants together, and made them acquainted with his plans and arrangements, it is clear that the rent which he, as the sole owner of this property, unencumbered with a charge for tithes, previously received from them, must have been instantly diminished in proportion to the amount of the claim to which he entitled the incumbent; and it is equally clear, that in the instance here stated, the endowment of the rectory with a tenth part of the produce, made no addition whatever to the *whole surplus* exacted from the occupier. The cultivator, giving the tithes of his crops to the ecclesiastical proprietor, must have deducted this charge from the amount of the rent which he had previously paid to the land-owner.

The advantages which the inhabitants of any parish derive in a religious, moral, civil, or political view, from the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state, were, therefore, originally a gratuitous boon, conferred upon them by the proprietor of an estate, who first built a church and endowed it with tithes. The expense incurred in securing these advantages was defrayed entirely by him. He might, had he thought proper, have devised to his heir the whole surplus produce received from his estate, as rent undiminished by a claim of tithes; but such was not his pleasure: he bequeathed his estate encumbered and charged with a provision for securing, on a permanent foundation, the religious and moral instruction of the parish which it comprised. It is surely both reasonable and lawful that every man should be at liberty to do what he likes with his own, provided 'what he likes' be not injurious to the rights and interests of others; and we know of no 'reason' which should debar the lay owner of an estate from appropriating any portion of his property for the purpose of instructing its occupiers in the duties of religion and morality, till it can be proved that such an object is repugnant to the interest and welfare of society. It appears, indeed, from the  
instance

instance just quoted, that the heir himself was consulted as to the intended alienation, and that he also gave his consent to it before it was carried into execution; and when an individual has actually and for ever thus alienated any portion of the produce of his estate, we know not on what grounds his descendants, much less those who have subsequently purchased his property, or their tenants, can represent themselves as bearing any part of this burden. The founder and endower of a rectory, reserving to himself and his representatives the privilege of presenting to the benefice when vacant, conferred upon the parishioners a right to require the appointment of an individual to the living, properly qualified to discharge the ecclesiastical duties of the parish; but the emoluments derived from this appointment do not come from the pockets of the public; they are a portion of the surplus produce of the estate which, before the endowment of the rectory, belonged to the owner, and were received by him as rent, and which, from the moment they were appropriated by him to ecclesiastical purposes, ceased to be his.

In this mode the lord of a manor, or the owner of an estate acquired by a grant from the crown, by descent or by purchase, built a church for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the district, who were then his tenants at will, and endowed it with the tithe of the whole produce: thus the limits of a private estate became the public boundaries of a parish, and the emoluments of the incumbent did not form a charge which added to the payment already made by the occupiers as rent. They were, in fact, subtracted from the portion already received by the owner in that form.

Such we conceive to be, in nearly all parishes, a correct account of the origin of that provision which is now by law established for the maintenance of the clergy; but although it should be denied that this is a correct representation of the manner in which the church became originally entitled to a tenth part of the produce of the soil, it can make no great difference with respect to its pressure at the present time; for we are sure that the whole real property of the country has frequently changed hands since the payment of tithes was finally recognized by the laws of the land. Whenever a purchase is now made, the probable amount of tithes is taken into consideration, as a permanent rent-charge to which the land is subject. If we assume that the tenth part of the produce of the soil became, in the first instance, appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes, not by an immediate and express grant from the owner of the freehold, but by the gradual operation of custom, which is the origin and substance of our common law, the effect is still the same. The owner of land, at the  
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period in which this custom was first established, did, no doubt, find his property diminished in value by its operation—by the pressure of such a charge upon his land; but those who succeeded him in his possessions, either by inheritance or by purchase, cannot be said to have borne any part of this burden. The onus of tithes having been once permanently fixed, all the landed property of the country has descended to, or been purchased by its present owners, subject to this charge; and the capital advanced in effecting the purchase of this species of property was reduced in proportion to the permanent charges to which it is subject.

In most of the discussions which have fallen in our way, with respect to the origin, the pressure, and the policy of the maintenance, secured by law for the English hierarchy, this is a view of the subject which is either ignorantly overlooked, or designedly kept out of sight. Tithes are generally represented as a charge, similar to a tax imposed by the legislature upon the produce of land; and it is assumed, that, as parliament can either remit or modify a tax imposed upon articles of consumption, it may exercise a similar power in abolishing tithes, or in modifying the manner in which they shall be levied. It must, however, be seen in an instant that no analogy whatever exists between the authority of parliament over the continuance of a tax, and its power over that portion of the produce of land reserved for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment. Between tithes and taxes, there are various and essential distinctions which leave to parliament that authority over one which it cannot legally exercise over the other. A tax is imposed by the legislature; what parliament, therefore, has the power to impose upon the nation, it has also the power to remove or modify. When a tax is imposed by the legislature, this body, as guardian of the public purse, is, in effect, the party which receives the impost; what it therefore has a claim to receive, it must necessarily possess the power to remit, at its pleasure. But it is not so with tithes; to these the government of the country has not, nor ever had, the least claim. They ever were, and still are, the inalienable right and property of a third party: no power, therefore, without an absolute subversion of the most sacred principle of equity, as well as of the British constitution—an uniform and inflexible maintenance of the private rights of individuals—can surrender the minutest portion of that property which is not its own.

It may, perhaps, be urged, that to represent tithes in England as flowing, in all cases, from a voluntary grant made by some former proprietor of the land on which they are now levied, is to assume a fact which cannot be proved. It must, no doubt, be conceded,

conceded, that it is impossible to prove, by existing documents, that in all the instances where they are now exacted, tithes were conferred upon the church by an express grant: but the absence of direct proofs, rendered unavoidable by the lapse of time, will by no means invalidate the supposition, that the right to exact them was, in most parishes, originally acquired in this manner. It is a well known maxim of English law, suggested by common sense, and recognized by every principle of justice, to infer, that the long and uninterrupted enjoyment of a civil right must have originated in a regular grant from the original owner, although no express evidence can be produced of the existence of such a conveyance. If the present owner of an estate and his predecessors have enjoyed any beneficiary interest for a term which goes beyond the memory of man, the law will not permit him to be dispossessed, although he can produce no document to establish his title: the law will ascribe to him a prescriptive right, and infer that a regular and valid conveyance of such an interest from a previous owner once existed, but that it has disappeared in some manner, of which no account can now be given.

Every candid individual must acknowledge, that the same reasoning will establish, on the firmest grounds, the right of ecclesiastics to the enjoyment of that provision which is secured to them by the laws of the land. It is, beyond all comparison, the most ancient claim to property which now exists: it can be traced back to the earliest records of the disposal of property in this country; and when we have traced it back to a period of antiquity so remote, as to render it doubtful in what manner it was, in the first instance, introduced, we are entitled to refer to the legal and equitable principle just alluded to, and assume that it was originally conferred upon the church by a voluntary grant from the owners and possessors of the lands from which it accrues. If we should even concede that this claim was originally introduced by the gradual influence of custom, acquiesced in by the piety, or, as the adversaries of this claim would perhaps say, by the superstition of our ancestors, still the right of the English hierarchy to tithes will stand upon grounds equally firm in the eye of reason and law, as if it were derived from an express and formal grant. For the exercise of such a right acquiesced in for a number of centuries, assuming even that it was originally an usurpation, commits no wrong whatever on the individual now seised of property, subject to this claim, but who has acquired it subsequently to the date of this encroachment.

It has, indeed, been frequently maintained, that tithes were, in the first instance, conferred upon the church by one of the early

Saxon monarchs. But we do not conceive that a grant from the sovereign of a district will account for the introduction of the claim for tithes over the whole kingdom: and we should also apprehend, that the force of a grant made by one of the monarchs of the Heptarchy could not have extended beyond the limits of his own private estates, without the consent or acquiescence of the other lords and proprietors of the soil. And such a grant from the monarch, sanctioned by the consent of his nobles and the owners of estates within the limits of his kingdom, coincides perfectly with the theory which we have advanced with respect to the real origin of tithes.

In addition to these two modes—grant and prescription—by which the right of ecclesiastics to levy tithes might have been introduced into this kingdom, we shall briefly notice another source from which the claim might have originated. We are not ignorant that the introduction of tithes has been ascribed to the authority of parliament by many, who, in consequence, represent the revenues of the church as a species of public property, which the representatives of the nation may remodel, or dispose of at their pleasure. But, whatever historical obscurity may hang over the early introduction of tithes into this realm; whether we suppose this claim to have originated in a voluntary grant from the owners of the soil; or in the gradual influence of custom, acquiesced in by the proprietors of land—still there can be no difficulty, in convincing the most obstinate opponent of this claim, that its *introduction* cannot be ascribed to the authority of the public councils of the nation. For this purpose, it is not necessary to put forward the form and parade of argument; it is, we are sure, quite sufficient to remind our readers of a fact, which cannot be contested, and state, that the earliest parliamentary records now in existence, *sanction and confirm* the right of ecclesiastics to exact tithes, not as a novel demand, but as an old and established claim, already recognized by custom. When we find parliament, therefore, merely *confirming* a right, which had previously existed at common law, it is needless to observe, that this proves, in the most unequivocal manner, that it was not originally *introduced* by the authority of this assembly.

But let it be conceded, that the claim of the church to its revenues actually owes its introduction to the authority of parliament: assuming then, that, in the ninth century, the representative assembly of the nation did, by a solemn act, confer upon the church, a right to exact, from the occupiers of land, the tenth part of its produce, does the same public body, in the nineteenth century, possess, *therefore*, the power to resume the whole or any part of it? We confess ourselves utterly ignorant  
of

of any arguments or reasons by which the legislature can establish a claim to the exercise of such a power. In the reign of Queen Anne, parliament granted an estate, and built a palace for the Duke of Marlborough: will it be contended that, in the reign of George the Fourth, the same assembly has a right to resume this recent grant, and strip the present owner of Blenheim of his patrimony? Even if this were affirmed, we must enter our solemn protest against the revolutionary opinion, that parliament, in the nineteenth century, has a right to strip ecclesiastics of any particle of those proprietary claims to which a similar assembly had, many centuries ago, given them a title. . .

But we have no space, nor do we conceive it necessary, to proceed further in speculating on the manner in which tithes were originally introduced into England. Whether they were, in the first instance, acquired by a grant from the sovereign, as general and supreme lord of the soil; from individual owners, who built churches on their estates, and endowed them with a tenth part of the produce of their land; or by solemn and reiterated acts of those assemblies, in which was vested the power of legislating for the nation: these are points which do not appear to us of vital importance to ascertain. We are satisfied to rest our argument on one broad fact, which cannot be contested: no man will dispute that, for five centuries, at the least, the right of the ecclesiastical establishment to exact tithes from the produce of land, has been invariably and uninterruptedly recognized by the customs and laws of this country. It is not a dormant right, to be found only in books and records; but a right which, for ages, has been exerted and acted upon in practice. Whatever theory, therefore, we may adopt with respect to the introduction of this charge upon the produce of land, it is indisputable, that it had been fully established by law, and universally recognized by practice, long anterior to the oldest titles, which the lay owners of any estates can produce. It may, therefore, be assumed as a fact, which no reasoning or historical inquiry can shake, that for five centuries, at the least, every acre of land, which is now titheable in this kingdom, has been inherited, or purchased, subject to this charge.

It may possibly be contended that, although the representation which has been here given of the nature and origin of ecclesiastical benefices, might establish the claims of the ecclesiastics to whom tithes were originally granted, it cannot be deemed a valid foundation for a claim to these revenues advanced by a Protestant incumbent. This is an objection which does not appear to us to possess much weight. In looking at these grants, we are rather called upon to consider the *purposes* for which, than the

persons to whom they were made—we are to collect, as far as we can judge from analogy, in what manner the founders of benefices, if they were at this moment alive, and in the actual enjoyment of their original estates, would dispose of that portion of their property which they conferred upon the church by endowment.

Let it be assumed that, in the infancy of science, the proprietor of an estate had founded an astronomical lecture, and endowed it with a tenth part of the produce of his land, expressly ordaining that the individual enjoying this income should, once in each week, demonstrate the phenomena of the sun's revolution round the earth. When subsequent discoveries pointed out the incorrectness of this theory, it is evident that the nation, acting as trustees for the proper application of this endowment, acquired a right to dispense with the literal injunctions of the founder, and to order the individual holding this appointment, to lecture for the future on the more correct principles which later science had brought to light; but it cannot surely be contended, that because the founder had endowed a lecture to demonstrate a theory, which time had discovered to be false, the nation acquired the right of applying the funds of this endowment—not to secure the continuance of the lectureship on correct astronomical principles—an object perfectly consonant to the founder's views—but to build a bridge over the Thames, or barracks on Warley Common, or to any other purpose foreign to the intention of the founder—which was the promotion of the science of astronomy.

In like manner, the founders of parishes appropriated a tenth portion of the produce of their estates to secure the instruction of their tenants and domestics, in doctrines and tenets consonant to the opinions of their own age. The voice of the public has pronounced some of these tenets superstitious in their nature, and injurious in their effects; but it does not hence follow, that the public has acquired a right to apply this property to purposes entirely foreign to the views of the original grantors. The power of the public over this property cannot, under these circumstances, extend farther than to regulate the instruction, which the present holders of these endowments should be required to minister. To those, who are in the actual enjoyment of ecclesiastical property, the public, acting as trustees for the original grantors, has a right to say, 'You shall not pray for the souls of the dead'—'You shall not teach that wine may be converted into blood; but you shall comprize, in your public instructions, those doctrines alone, which, on a mature consideration of the scriptures, the majority of the nation has

has sanctioned as correct.' But the public has no right to say, 'because these endowments were granted for the purpose of inculcating opinions which have been declared false or injurious, they shall, instead of being applied to the promulgation of doctrines which are beneficial in their tendency, be appropriated to purposes, which the founders never, for a moment, contemplated. The owners of estates granted a part of their property to ensure the religious and moral instruction of those who lived upon them; and it never could have been intended by them, that, under any circumstances, any portion of this fund should be applied to defray the burdens, or cancel the obligations of the state. It appears to us, then, that the protestant incumbents of English benefices have equitably, as well as legally, succeeded to every claim and right which the owners of land had conferred on their catholic predecessors.

If then the views we have taken of this subject be correct, it must be evident that the sentiments which we hear so frequently expressed, with regard to the expense and burden of an ecclesiastical establishment, are totally destitute of any reasonable foundation, and that they arise entirely from prejudice and misconception. The notions of those who describe the clergy as a stipendiary body of public functionaries, pensioned by the state—who represent their incomes as derived from dissenters as well as members of the church of England—who represent them as paid by the consumer of titheable commodities, whether he be rich or poor, whether he be engaged in the cultivation of land, or resident within the walls of a city—can be ascribed only to the perverseness, or the ignorance which prevails so generally on this branch of political economy. We are fully persuaded, that when the true principles of this science are properly attended to, it will be seen that the clergy are not a body of functionaries, supported by pensions levied upon the public—that their incomes are, in no part, derived from any payment or contribution out of any property which, either in law or reason, the dissenter can term *his own*—and, that the levying of tithes does not add to the money price of titheable articles, and fall, as the new school of political economy assure us, equally on every individual in the kingdom—'on the poorest beggar as well as the richest lord, in proportion to their respective consumption of the articles on which they are levied.' On the contrary, it will be seen, that tithes merely constitute a part of the rent of land, and that the revenues of the church arise from a portion of the real property of the country, held on a peculiar tenure, and appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes by some former owner of the freehold.



We are confirmed in the opinions which we entertain on this point by the sentiments of a well known republican, who cannot be supposed to have been unreasonably prejudiced in favour of ecclesiastical establishments. We allude to Dr. Franklin, who, in a letter originally addressed to the editor of the *London Packet*, and inserted in his posthumous works lately published, says that 'the presbyterians went from England to establish a new country for themselves at their own expense, where they might enjoy the free exercise of their religion in their own way. When they had purchased the territory of the natives, they granted lands out in townships; requiring for it neither purchase-money nor quit-rent, but this condition only to be complied with, that the freeholders should for ever support a gospel minister (meaning probably one of their own persuasion), and a free school within the township. Thus what is commonly called presbyterianism became the established religion of the country. All went on well in this way while the same religious opinions were general: the support of the ministers and school being raised by a proportionate tax on the lands. But in process of time some becoming quakers, some baptists, and, of late years, some returning to the church of England (through the laudable endeavours and proper application of the funds of the society for propagating the gospel), objections were made to the payment of a tax appropriated to the support of a church they disapproved and had forsaken. The civil magistrate, however, continued to collect and apply the tax according to the original laws which remained in force: and he did it more freely, as thinking it just and equitable that the holders of lands should pay what was contracted to be paid when they were granted, and what had been considered by all subsequent purchasers as a perpetual incumbrance on the estate, and bought, therefore, at a proportionably cheaper rate: a payment which it was thought no *honest* man ought to avoid under pretence of having changed his religion: and this, I suppose, is one of the best grounds for demanding tithes of the dissenters now in England.'

Some individuals, however, who acknowledge the right of ecclesiastics to levy tithes, contend that, under peculiar circumstances, the exaction of the full tenth of the whole gross produce is an extension of the original claim conferred upon the church. They seem to think that the tithe-owner has only a claim to a tenth part of the *natural* produce of the soil, and not a tenth part of the *artificial* produce of land, in the cultivation of which the occupier has expended a large capital. They conceive that ecclesiastics are fully entitled to a tenth of the produce which may be acquired from land in an unimproved state, but deny that he

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can justly claim an equal proportion of the produce of the same land when improved by expensive process of tillage. Let it be supposed, that a farmer expends £20 on an acre of land, for the purpose of growing hops; and that the produce of this acre, which, as corn land, would have yielded no more than £5, should sell for £30—is it, ask they, fair and equitable, that the tithe-owner should, in the instance here stated, claim the tenth of thirty pounds, the value of the improved produce, and not be contented with the tenth of five pounds, the value of the ordinary produce?

In considering this question, it must be remembered, that the point to be decided is, not, whether the landlord would obtain more rent for the gross produce—of this there can be no doubt. But the real object of the inquiry is, to ascertain whether the *profits of capital* employed in tillage would be increased by reducing the claims of the tithe-owner. We acknowledge that, as to the amount of rent, the reduction of the claim for tithes would be an advantage to the landlord: but we are satisfied that, as to the *profits* of the *occupier*, no permanent effect would be produced by this restriction. Indeed, we are of opinion, that the net profits of the capital employed by the occupier of land, in the production of the *most expensive* crops that are ever grown, would not be increased *permanently*, even by a total abolition of tithes; much less would they be affected by a partial reduction of its amount. We shall shortly state our reasons for entertaining this opinion; and if this holds good, with respect to the most expensive crops, to hops, for instance, they must be equally cogent with regard to all the capital laid out on land in raising any other species of agricultural produce. As the basis of our reasoning on this point, we must remind our readers, that it is an acknowledged axiom in political economy, that in every country where capital has a free circulation, the profits of stock, in whatever way it may be employed, can never long vary in amount. If capital, in a given average of years, should make a larger return of profits in one branch of agriculture or commerce than when employed in another, a portion of it will naturally flow from the less lucrative channel, to that which is more profitable, till the rate of profits becomes at length equalized in every branch of agriculture and commerce. Let us apply this axiom to the produce of a hop ground, and consider whether the partial reduction or even the abolition of tithes, would increase the profits of the capital employed in growing hops. Assume that an acre of hops yields to the tithe-owner £3, as the tenth of its produce: it is clear that, *notwithstanding* this charge, it must return a fair average of profits for the capital expended upon it by the occupier; otherwise he would cease to grow hops,

and transfer his capital to some other speculation, where his profits would be higher. For it is hardly conceivable that any man will persevere in cultivating hops, if he can make more of his capital by growing wheat. If the £3 now levied as tithes on an acre of hops ceased to be exacted, the profits of growing hops would be higher than the average rate of profits in other branches of agriculture and commerce—more capital would be instantly employed in the production of hops, till the profits of the hop grower would, by degrees, be levelled with the general rate of the profits of stock.

It may perhaps be urged, that when a farmer rents land in a bad state of cultivation, with a view of laying out a considerable capital in improving it, he obtains a lease from the land-owner, which gives him, for a specified term of years, the exclusive benefits of the money which he has expended on the land; but that the claims of the tithe-owner, being put in force from year to year, convey to him a portion of the produce which the landlord could not claim, and which, therefore, would have increased the profits of the stock which he had embarked in agriculture. But when the occupier is said to enjoy the *exclusive* benefits of the capital employed by him on land which he holds on lease, it appears to us that his advantages are much exaggerated. When a landowner has a farm to let on lease, the rent which he expects to receive from it is calculated, we apprehend, not on the produce of the land, supposing no capital to be expended in tilling it—but on the produce which it will, on the average, yield, when a given capital has been laid out in improving it. The landlord addresses his tenant thus: ‘I have 100 acres of land to let, for twenty-one years—in its present unimproved state it cannot yield more than ten shillings per acre, as rent, but a capital of £1,000 laid out in improving it, will return to the occupier a fair profit for his stock, and enable him to pay twenty shillings per acre as rent: if you, therefore, are not both able and willing to embark such a capital in the improvement of my farm, I must look out for another occupier, who possesses the capital requisite for its cultivation, and who may, in consequence, be able to pay me the rent which I have a right to expect from my land.’

Indeed every landlord, before he lets a farm, ascertains that the tenant who takes it can advance the capital necessary for occupying it; and it is not by any means uncommon, that, where leases are granted, the amount of the capital required is expressly specified, and the manner in which it must be expended particularly defined.

Let the subject be twisted how it may, the abolition of tithes, or a partial reduction of their amount, would not, under any circumstances,

circumstances, increase *permanently* the average profits of the capital employed in agriculture. If no claim for tithes existed, to the demand of the landlord for rent would be added the money value of the tenth portion of the *average* crop, which the land in a certain number of years would produce, when a given capital had been expended in improving it.

The benefices now in the gift of the crown, were reservations, when the manors to which they were once appendant were granted away; or were acquired by lapse, or conferred on Henry VIII. and his successors, by Act of Parliament, at the dissolution of the monasteries to which they belonged. The livings belonging to the bishoprics, the deans and chapters, and the universities, were the gifts of their munificent founders. All these put together, as our readers will presently see, do not amount to a moiety, of the English benefices. The most numerous, and (another important circumstance) by far the most valuable portion of ecclesiastical preferments, are the property of lay-patrons, to whom the right of presenting to them has descended by inheritance, or by whom it has been acquired by purchase. An advowson is a species of property which sells for nearly as large an amount as a freehold, yielding an income of equal magnitude. It is well known, that a living of a thousand per annum, is worth nearly as much as an estate of equal value.

Hence it may safely be asserted, with reference to at least one half of the whole body of English ecclesiastics, that they make a sacrifice of their time, labour, and talents, in promoting the advantages of the public for which, in a pecuniary view, they receive little or no compensation. Let us suppose that a gentleman has two sons, to each of whom he intends giving twenty thousand pounds; one he educates for the bar, and the other for the church. The ecclesiastic vests his portion in the purchase of an advowson, which yields him an income of a thousand per annum; the lawyer, with his patrimony, purchases a real estate from which he derives an annual return of nearly equal amount. In this case, a thousand pounds is the whole annual income of the ecclesiastic; and it is an income arising principally, if not exclusively, from the capital which he has advanced, and but in a very trifling degree, as a reward or compensation for his professional exertions. But his lay brother enjoys an equal, or very nearly an equal income, as the rent of the estate which he has purchased; and to this he may add as much as his talents and industry in his profession enable him to acquire. It is difficult, therefore, to point out an individual, who makes a greater sacrifice of time and talents, than an ecclesiastic who purchases a living. If he laid out his money in the acquisition of any other species

species of property, he would derive from it an income of equal amount; and to this he might add the emoluments arising from any other pursuit or avocation to which he might choose to devote himself. The time, the industry, and talents of the physician or lawyer, are rewarded with a pecuniary compensation proportionate to the reputation and practice which they respectively enjoy; but the time, the exertions, and talents of an ecclesiastic, who purchases a living, are conferred almost gratuitously on the public. From his professional services, he derives but the most trifling pecuniary advantages. The income of his benefice makes little more than a fair return of interest for the capital, advanced in purchasing the advowson. There is, indeed, a chance, that by distinguishing himself in his profession, he may obtain some addition to his advowson. This benefit, however, ordinarily speaking, is but trifling, in comparison with the probable gains of the lawyer or the physician.

The ecclesiastics at large, however, are constantly held up to the public, by democratic orators and revolutionary scribblers, as locusts employed solely in devouring the produce of the soil—as the consumers of public wealth—as men who ‘reap what others sow’—who swallow the property of others—for which they make neither compensation nor return. But we appeal to every honest and honourable Englishman, and boldly ask whether such a representation is just—whether ecclesiastics, who enjoy incomes derived from a portion of the produce of land appropriated for specific purposes by its original owners, can be described as the consumers of public property in any other sense than that in which the opulent owner of *Holkham* may be said to consume national wealth?

Every benefice in England may, without incorrectness, be represented as an estate held on a tenure peculiar to this species of property. It differs from every other estate in the same parish in the following particulars. It is a life estate: and before any individual is admitted into possession of it, he must satisfy the bishop, who is constituted a trustee to secure that object, that he can produce the qualifications specified by law—that he is of legal age, has passed through a regular and respectable course of public instruction, and possesses competent literary acquirements: and when in the actual enjoyment of this property, he must, at stated times, perform the services and duties which the laws have annexed to his station: and he holds it on the further condition, dispensed with but in few instances, that he be constantly resident in the district from which his income is derived.

It appears to us that the bitterest antagonist of the English church establishment, if he gave himself a moment for reflection, would

would be forced to acknowledge it to be, in every respect, infinitely more advantageous to the community, that a portion, at least, of the surplus revenue or rent of every parish should be received by an ecclesiastic residing on his benefice, conversant with the wants and attentive to the wishes of his parishioners, and diffusing among them religious and moral instruction, than that it should be added to the rent-roll of the lay-owner who is under no obligation to reside among them. For, be it remembered, the question is not whether it be expedient that this portion of the produce or an equivalent for it should or should not be exacted from the grower—it must and will be exacted by somebody:—but the point to which we would, in this place, direct the attention of our readers, is, whether, even in a mere temporal view, it would be more politic and advantageous that the income derived from tithes should be received by an individual residing in or near the spot from which it accrues, or that it should be added to the receipts of another who might take up his residence in any other district or country, at the dictate of interest or caprice. The parish of B., for instance, is a perpetual curacy worth 20*l.* per annum: it is served by the incumbent of an adjoining parish—it contains about 450 inhabitants; and the tithes are received by the lay impropriator who is land-owner of this and several contiguous parishes. Laying the interests of religion out of the question, we must still contend, that it would be infinitely more beneficial to the public, that the sum now paid by the occupiers of land in this parish, in lieu of tithes, should be received by a well educated and well informed ecclesiastic residing and spending his income among them, than that it should be added, as in fact it is, to the revenues of the lay impropriator who seldom, or, perhaps, never sees them. The advantages which this parish would unavoidably derive from the residence of an incumbent, receiving that portion of the produce which is now exacted by the impropriator, are numerous and apparent; and the only inconvenience to be dreaded from such a distribution of property would fall upon the impropriator, whom this reduction of his income would probably oblige to sell two out of the twenty hunters which now stand in his stables, and dispose of ten out of the hundred couples of hounds which are now fed in his kennel.

We are indeed convinced that the public are far from being sufficiently sensible of the incalculable advantages which the community derives from the constitution of our ecclesiastical establishment. Without adverting, in this place, to the diffusion of moral and religious instruction effected through the medium of such an institution, it appears to us an object of paramount importance to

secure in every parish the residence of, at least, one individual who has been respectably educated—whose time shall not be entirely absorbed by personal and secular avocations, and whose pursuits shall not constantly come into collision with the feelings and occupations of his neighbours. It is not to be denied, that, in many instances, the lay-owners of estates reside upon their property, diffuse comfort and information among their tenants, and, by frequent and kindly intercourse, generate among them feelings of self-respect, and a taste for the conveniences and habits of civilized life. The benefits which a land-owner silently and indirectly confers on his surrounding tenants are of immense importance to the public; they are by no means confined to the advantages which they derive from the money which he immediately spends among them: the habitual intercourse of the landlord with his tenants softens the feelings and improves the habits of the latter; and, by promoting among them industry, frugality and civility, renders them better and, therefore, happier men.

But there are many and extensive districts, even in England, where the proprietors of the soil reside on their estates but a very short portion of the year: or where, perhaps, their existence is only known from the periodical visits of an agent. In those parishes where, in addition to the absence of the principal land-owners, no provision exists which can secure the residence of an ecclesiastic possessing a respectable income, the labouring population will be found strikingly contrasted, in their manners and appearance, with the inhabitants of districts where the landlord or incumbent, or both, are resident. The constant residence of a well informed individual among the inhabitants of a country parish, to whom, from his situation or profession, they are willing to look up for example and instruction, must imperceptibly and almost inevitably produce that civility and decency of outward behaviour which never fail to accompany, and not seldom even to generate, well regulated moral feelings. The personal demeanour of the labourers, the appearance and clothing of their children, the state of their cottages and gardens enable those who are at all conversant with the economy of a parochial district to detect, without further inquiry, the absence or presence of an ecclesiastic who feels an interest in promoting the comfort and improving the habits of his parishioners. Whenever we meet with a group of rude, unwashed, uncombed and squalid children loitering at the door of a neglected and cheerless cottage, occupied by a careless, discontented and sour labourer, we instantly recognize a district deprived of the advantages which result from the residence of a proprietor either lay or ecclesiastic. The parish of B. in the county of E. to which we have already alluded, will place in a  
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strong light the correctness of these observations. The landowner, who is also the impropriator of the tithes, is non-resident, and the benefice being, as we have said, merely a perpetual curacy worth 20*l.* per annum, there is no resident incumbent who might counteract the effects resulting from this cause. The state of the population corresponds exactly with the anticipations which we should have formed on entering a district thus circumstanced. As poachers and pilfering thieves, the greater number of the labouring poor are the pests of the neighbourhood: in appearance, habits, and manners they are visibly inferior to the inhabitants of parishes which do not labour under similar disadvantages. In passing through this neglected district, on a Sunday, the traveller will look in vain for the industrious and contented labourer proceeding with his wife and children, in trim and well preserved suits, to his parish church; on the contrary, he will here discover most of the cottagers dozing away the fumes of Saturday night's intemperance, or he will find them covered with filth and in their working dresses digging their gardens. As there is nothing peculiar in the local situation of the parish in question, all these enormous evils must be ascribed to the absence of any individual for whom its inhabitants might be disposed to feel respect, and who, through the medium of religious and moral instruction, aided by the influence of his professional character, might impress upon them the comforts and advantages of regular habits. We are convinced that even in this parish, demoralized as it is at present, the constant superintendence of an active and intelligent incumbent would, in a very short space of time, effect a thorough reformation in the manners and pursuits of its inhabitants.

It is, indeed, generally acknowledged, that nothing has more effect in forming and sustaining the character of an English yeoman, than the intercourse which takes place between a country gentleman and the peasantry by whom he is surrounded. This is a species of influence for which the public is, in an eminent degree, indebted to ecclesiastics. The established provision for the clergy secures, in most parishes, the constant residence of one well educated and intelligent individual. Looking, therefore, at our ecclesiastical establishment in this light alone, we regard it, in the highest degree, beneficial to the community. It is the means of spreading over the whole surface of England, an intelligent body of country gentlemen, possessing moderate incomes, who must, in almost every instance, reside in the district from which their revenues are derived, and who are impelled, by duty as well as policy, to attend to the moral and social habits of the population by which they are surrounded. Our parish churches,

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with their attendant parsonages, may be represented as so many reservoirs of religious, moral and literary information, which diffuses itself gradually over the districts in which they stand: as pebbles, thrown into stagnant water at regular distances, form circles which, gradually extending themselves till they meet, produce at length a gentle undulation of the whole surface, and preserve from corruption the element on which they act.

As an incidental, and at the same time most important advantage, which society derives from the present constitution of the English church, we may also mention the increased respectability it confers on that industrious and valuable class of men, which is engaged in instructing the youth of the nation. A very large portion of the English clergy, before they acquire benefices, are employed in the actual detail and drudgery of tuition. As teachers in private families, as the masters of endowed grammar schools in various districts of the country, or as public tutors in the universities, the earlier portion of their lives is devoted to an irksome pursuit, where the labour is always great and the remuneration generally scanty. It is a rare occurrence that any of them should by these means realize a provision which, at the approach of age, may enable him to withdraw from his occupation, and make room for the appointment of a younger and more efficient successor; but in the bosom of the church, the declining years of these guides of our youth find a shelter against the pressure of pecuniary distress. The greater number of them, supported by the intercession and recommendation of friends, rarely fail to acquire some small benefice which, although it seldom raises them to affluence, satisfies their wishes, and releasing them from more laborious employments, presents them with an opportunity of continuing useful to the public in a manner perfectly congenial with their acquirements and previous habits. There are few objects which more justly claim the attention of an enlightened statesman, than securing to the public the services of a learned and respectable body of school masters. If the patronage of the church presented no resource for placing most of these individuals, when the progress of time may have rendered them unequal to the duties of a laborious occupation, in a state of easy independence, the task of tuition would become degraded from the estimation in which it is at present held, and would, in consequence, devolve upon men inferior, both in literary attainments and respectability of character, to those who are now engaged in it. The high refinement and substantial literary attainments for which English gentlemen are distinguished, must be, in a great measure, ascribed to the character and acquirements of the instructors under whom their youth

is spent. The education of their children is the object nearest and dearest to the heart of most English gentlemen ; and the ecclesiastical patronage of our noble and wealthy families enables them to obtain for this purpose the assistance of men whose talents and learning have raised them to distinction, and open to them a fair prospect of being advanced to some of the highest dignities which the church can confer on professional merit. It has been frequently observed, that many of those learned and eminent individuals, who have filled the highest dignities of the church, commenced their career as private tutors in some of our noble and wealthy families : and it has been hence inferred, that they owed their professional success to the influence of patrons, secured by these services, rather than to the force of their own individual merit. This is an illiberal and incorrect representation. It assumes, that in the selection of tutors for their sons, noblemen are inattentive to the qualifications and abilities of those who are appointed to the charge, and that, having once retained them in that capacity, they blindly put them forward without regard to their claims or merit. It is, however, much more consistent with truth to assert, that the prospect opened through this avenue, to honourable and virtuous ambition, enables wealthy families to engage the services of individuals of superior abilities, who are subsequently promoted—not through the blind recommendation of friends, but because they have distinguished themselves as scholars, and, on account of this distinction, have been selected by their patrons to fulfil the most important duty which a parent can devolve upon another ; and because they acquitted themselves in the trust reposed in them with fidelity and success.

There are, indeed, but few opinions on any subject, too absurd to meet with some advocates. We remember to have seen it somewhere mentioned, that university livings are injurious to the public, inasmuch as they give college tutors an opportunity of retiring before they have become absolutely incapacitated by age. We wonder that it should not occur to those liberal economists, that if such a prospect of withdrawing did not present itself, few individuals of any talents and acquirements would be willing to engage in a laborious and responsible occupation : their abilities might be taken to a better market elsewhere, and the instruction of young men sent to the universities would, on this account, fall into the hands of teachers, infinitely less able and respectable than those who are at present engaged in the details of tuition. The certain, though somewhat distant prospect of preferment, with other incidental advantages connected with the situation, holds out an inducement which frequently prevails upon men of first rate abilities to become, for a time, college tutors : abolish  
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this prospect, and academical instructors would necessarily degrade into mere drudges, labouring for bread; and it would be idle to expect that any man of respectable connexions and competent attainments would, under such circumstances, turn his attention to this pursuit. Individuals with the feelings and acquirements which the instructors of the sons of English gentlemen ought to possess, who have devoted fifteen or twenty of the best years of their life to public tuition, have an irresistible claim to a competent provision when withdrawing from a laborious function, the duties of which they have faithfully and successfully discharged.

As strenuous and persevering efforts, however, are daily made to misrepresent and exaggerate the amount of church property, and as some of our readers may still be disposed to consider the clergy as a body of public functionaries paid by the state; we shall produce a few statistical details, which will show that, viewing ecclesiastics even in this incorrect light, the aggregate amount of their stipends by no means exceeds the scantiest remuneration which the most penurious financier would appropriate for their services.

*England and Wales contain (see Population Return in 1821)*

|                                                          |                                                           |        |        |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------|--------|-------|
| Parishes . . . . .                                       |                                                           | 10,693 |        |       |
| Chapels (not parochial) . . . . .                        |                                                           | 649    |        |       |
| Rectories in the<br>patronage of                         | The Crown . . . . .                                       | 558    | 1310   | 5,177 |
|                                                          | The Bishops . . . . .                                     | 592    |        |       |
|                                                          | Deans and Chapters . . . . .                              | 190    |        |       |
|                                                          | University of Oxford . . . . .                            | 202    | 393    |       |
|                                                          | University of Cambridge . . . . .                         | 152    |        |       |
|                                                          | Other Collegiate Establishments . . . . .                 | 39     |        |       |
|                                                          | Private Individuals . . . . .                             | 3441   | 2341   |       |
|                                                          | The Crown . . . . .                                       | 190    |        |       |
|                                                          | The Bishops . . . . .                                     | 709    |        |       |
|                                                          | Deans and Chapters . . . . .                              | 792    |        |       |
| Vicarages in the<br>patronage of                         | University of Oxford . . . . .                            | 112    | 550    | 5,516 |
|                                                          | University of Cambridge . . . . .                         | 131    |        |       |
|                                                          | Other Collegiate Establishments . . . . .                 | 107    |        |       |
|                                                          | Private Individuals . . . . .                             | 3175   | 10,693 |       |
|                                                          | Chapels in the patronage of private individuals . . . . . | 649    |        |       |
| Total Number of Benefices in England and Wales . . . . . |                                                           | 11,342 |        |       |

We have every reason to believe that the above summary contains a correct representation of church patronage, as we have ourselves made an actual enumeration of all the rectories throughout

out the kingdom; and we have also counted all the vicarages, except those which are in the gift of private individuals.

The area of England and Wales, as measured upon Arrow-smith's large map, published in 1816, contains 57,960 square statute miles; and this measurement being founded upon a trigonometrical survey can, it must be evident, be liable to little (if to any) future alteration.

England and Wales therefore contain

|                                                                                | Statute Acres. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 57,960 × 640 (acres in a square mile) . . . . .                                | 37,094,400     |
| Deduct for waste land, one-seventh, . . . . .                                  | 5,299,200      |
| Number of acres in a state of tillage . . . . .                                | 31,795,200     |
| Deduct as exempt from tithes, as Abbey lands, or by modus, one-tenth . . . . . | 3,179,520      |
| Number of acres actually subject to tithes . . . . .                           | 28,615,680     |

This number, being divided by 10,693, gives an average of 2,676 titheable acres to each parish. Having thus ascertained, on a basis to which we are satisfied no fair objection can be made, the number of acres in England and Wales subject to tithes, we shall subjoin what we consider a fair estimate of the annual value of the ecclesiastical payment, which, after the expiration of subsisting agreements, may be levied upon them.

*In the patronage of the Crown, Bishops, Deans and Chapters, Colleges and other Public Establishments, there are—*

|                                                                       | Acres.                          | £.        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 1733 Rectories × 2676 (average No. of acres in each parish) . . . . . | 4,637,508 at 3s. 6d. per acre = | 811,563   |
| 2341 Vicarages, containing . . . . .                                  | 6,264,516 at 15d. per do. =     | 391,532   |
| Annual value of Public Livings . . . . .                              |                                 | 1,203,095 |

*In the gift of private patrons, there are—*

|                                                            | Acres.                          |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 3444 Rectories, containing . . . . .                       | 9,216,144 at 3s. 6d. per acre = | 1,612,825 |
| 2175 Vicarages . . . . .                                   | 5,820,300 at 15d. per do. =     | 363,768   |
| 1000 Perpetual Curacies, averaging 75l. each . . . . .     |                                 | 75,000    |
| 649 Benefices not parochial, averaging 50l. each . . . . . |                                 | 32,450    |
| Annual value of private Benefices . . . . .                |                                 | 2,084,043 |
| 8000 Glebes at 20l. each . . . . .                         |                                 | 160,000   |
| Total income of parochial clergy . . . . .                 |                                 | 3,447,138 |
| Incomes of Bishoprics . . . . .                            |                                 | 150,000   |
| Ditto of Deans and Chapters . . . . .                      |                                 | 275,000   |
| TOTAL REVENUES OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH . . . . .         |                                 | 3,872,138 |

Now, if we subtract the value of 5,516 vicarages and perpetual curacies from the whole amount of tithes levied in so many  
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parishes, it will, probably, give us an estimate, very nearly correct, of the value of lay impropriations :

|                                                                |                  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
|                                                                | £                |
| 5516 × 2676 = 14,760,816, at 3s. 6d. per acre . . . . .        | 2,583,142        |
| Value of Vicarages and Perpetual Curacies to be deducted . . . | 830,300          |
| <i>Amount of Lay Impropriations</i> . . . . .                  | <u>1,752,842</u> |

It will thus be seen, that lay impropriators enjoy an income from ecclesiastical property, which exceeds a moiety of the whole revenues divided among the English parochial clergy.

In forming the above estimate of the average charge for tithes, a reference has been made to the Reports published by the board of agriculture, about the year 1812, when farming produce had arrived at its highest price. Taking the average charge for great and small tithes in eighteen of the most fertile and best cultivated English counties, as stated in these documents, we find that it amounts to about five shillings and sixpence per acre; and this average would, no doubt, have been somewhat reduced had we the means of ascertaining the money compositions in lieu of tithes in other counties at the same period. If, then, five shillings and sixpence was the average charge for tithes in the most fertile and best cultivated counties in 1812, when wheat sold for 20/. per load, three shillings and sixpence per acre cannot be considered as a low average, when a load of wheat sells for no more than 12/., and when the price of every other agricultural production has fallen in the same proportion. The experience of every individual at all conversant with the subject will, we are persuaded, fully bear us out when we state, that at the expiration of subsisting contracts, the charge for tithes in the richest and best tilled districts cannot exceed four shillings and sixpence per acre; and if this be the maximum value of tithes levied on the best land, it is clear that the mean average on all lands cannot exceed three shillings and sixpence per acre.

As there are upwards of 3000 churches and chapels, to which neither houses nor glebe lands are attached, we have taken what must be acknowledged a high average value of the glebe in 8000 parishes: it will be further observed\* that no charge has been made for parsonage houses—none should be made—they are built and kept in repair by the incumbents, out of the profits of their livings; and whatever may be the annual value of such residences, it is more than balanced by the capital sunk in building and repairing them: they cannot, therefore, be said to increase the emoluments of the benefices to which they belong.

The incomes of the bishops are estimated at a sum which, we are satisfied, exceeds their actual receipts. A considerable portion

tion of their revenues is derived from fixed money payments, which can have received little or no augmentation, while the value of every other species of property has been increased ten-fold: indeed it is a well known fact, that the revenues of one-third of the bishoprics are so miserably deficient and scanty, that it is found absolutely indispensable to permit the prelates who fill them to hold some other benefices, to enable them to meet the expenses which, from their station, they must unavoidably incur. It may also be added that, with the exception of the Bishop of Landaff, who has *no* episcopal residence, they have all large and expensive houses which, from the lapse of time, require constant repair; and that they have a multitude of different officers whom they must pay. When these deductions are made from their gross revenues, we very much doubt whether their net incomes can be rated so high as 150,000*l.* per annum.

The average value of each benefice in England and Wales amounts, according to our calculation, to  $(3.447.138 \div 11,342 =)$  303*l.* annually.

To this calculation of the average annual value of English livings, we shall annex an estimate of the expense which the clergy of the establishment must unavoidably incur, in order to qualify themselves for the proper discharge of the duties which devolve upon them.

It may be assumed, on a moderate computation, that, by the time he has completed the twenty-third year of his age, the friends of every candidate for orders have expended on his education, at school and at college, a sum which amounts to 800*l.*: it may be further assumed that, taking the average of ecclesiastical promotions, he cannot obtain preferment till he has been seven years in orders. If to 800*l.* the principal expended in educating him, we add its interest for seven years, it will amount to 1100*l.* It thus appears clear, that at the earliest moment in which an ecclesiastic can expect preferment worth 303*l.* per annum, 1100*l.* has been sunk in preparing him for the discharge of his official duties. If a man at the age of thirty laid out 1100*l.* in the purchase of a life annuity, it would produce for him 84*l.* per annum, which, deducted from 303*l.* leaves a balance of 219*l.* as the pecuniary compensation which clergymen, *on the average*, receive for their professional services. The state thus enjoys the services of between nine and ten thousand well educated individuals, whose province it is to instruct the population of the country in the duties which they owe to their God and to society; and as a recompense for the devotion of their time and talents exclusively to this object, they do not, on the average, receive more than 221*l.* each. This is in truth the sum which excites the

spleen, and provokes the hostility of the enemies of the ecclesiastical establishment:—still there are men who are either too ignorant or too prejudiced to see this fact; or who, seeing it, are malignant enough to misrepresent the nature, and exaggerate the amount of the provision secured to the ministers of the church of England, with the secret or avowed design of weakening the attachment which the people of this realm cherish towards the ecclesiastical institutions of the state.

It is not an unusual circumstance that the advocates of the Church of England should be taunted with the extravagant expense of that establishment, when contrasted with the ecclesiastical institutions of Scotland: the loud and incessant praises of Scotch economy with which we have been stunned had led us, before we looked more narrowly into the subject, to imagine that the revenues of the latter were trivial and inconsiderable indeed when compared with the income of the former. For the purpose of enabling those who feel an interest in the subject, to institute a comparison of the expense of these two national churches, we present them with a few details, from which we shall leave them to draw their own inferences. About the year 1810, the affairs of the church of Scotland were laid before Parliament, when it was discovered that there were in that country 172 livings with stipends which, on the average, did not exceed 100*l.* per annum; and an annual and permanent grant of 10,000*l.* was made for the purpose of raising the incomes of these benefices to 150*l.* per annum, exclusive of glebes and houses. The houses attached to Scottish livings are built and kept in thorough repair by the proprietors of land in each parish, and these, together with the glebe land appropriated for their use, cannot be estimated at less than 30*l.* per annum. The smallest benefices in Scotland, amounting in number to 172, are therefore worth 180*l.* per annum each, while the incumbents of the remaining 776 parishes, which are much more opulent and extensive, enjoy incomes of various and considerably larger amount. We have reason to think that the following table will exhibit a pretty correct summary of the value of Scotch livings.

|                                                           |                  |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------------------|---------|
| 172 benefices at                                          | £150 each        | £25,800 |
| 200 do.                                                   | at 200 . . . . . | 40,000  |
| 200 do.                                                   | at 250 . . . . . | 50,000  |
| 200 do.                                                   | at 300 . . . . . | 60,000  |
| 100 do.                                                   | at 325 . . . . . | 32,500  |
| 76 do.                                                    | at 350 . . . . . | 26,600  |
| 948                                                       |                  | 234,900 |
| 948 houses with attached glebe lands at 30 <i>l.</i> each |                  | 28,440  |
| TOTAL REVENUES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND                  |                  | 263,340 |

If the aggregate incomes of 948 livings in Scotland amount to 263,340*l.* the average stipends of their incumbents are very nearly as high as those of the incumbents of 11,342 benefices in England, who, according to our calculation, divide among themselves a sum which does not exceed 3,459,688*l.* The average value of Scottish livings amounts to 275*l.* per annum each, while the average value of each English benefice does not exceed 305*l.*

When the difference in the style and manner of living, and the expense incurred in preparing young men for the church, in the two countries, are further taken into consideration, it will hardly be contended that 275*l.* per annum is not a much more liberal income for the minister of a Scottish benefice, than 305*l.* for the incumbent of an English parish. It should be likewise remembered that the above estimate is made on the average price of corn in the markets of Scotland during the year 1822; and that the stipends of the Scottish ministers being settled upon a fixed quantity of corn from each land-owner, must rise and fall in proportion to the rise and fall of the price of provisions. As we have taken the corn price of 1822 for the basis of our calculation, it is not unreasonable to presume that we have computed the revenues of the Church of Scotland by the very lowest scale on which they can be ever estimated.

Every one will acknowledge that, in one point at least, the church of Scotland has been much more fortunate than the English national establishment. When it was ascertained in 1810 that there were in Scotland 172 benefices, with stipends under 150*l.* per annum, parliament made a permanent grant of 10,000*l.* per annum, in order to raise them to that amount. There are, we conceive, but few men who will contend that the legislature did not act wisely, as well as liberally, in making this grant; and we do most cordially wish, that the case of the poor benefices in England had attracted the same attention, and called forth an equal degree of liberality. It is almost certain that, at the present moment, there are in England no less than 3000 small benefices, which the slow operation of Queen Anne's bounty, aided by an annual grant of 100,000*l.* made by Parliament for that purpose, will hardly raise to 150*l.* per annum in less than one hundred years. If it was politic and humane that 172 Scottish livings, not amounting to one-fifth of the whole number, should have been raised to 150*l.* per annum, we do think that sound and just views of policy should have dictated a similar proceeding with respect to English benefices under that value, which amount to nearly a third of the whole number. Parliament conferred upon the church of Scotland a permanent addition of revenue, which *instantly* raised the stipends attached to the smallest benefices in that country to 150*l.* per annum: to the Church of England it doles out casual grants,



while it is clear that, on this plan, the same object cannot be effected in much less than a century.

It must, therefore, be perceived, that there is no just foundation for the assertion which is frequently and boldly advanced, that the revenues of the establishment for the religious instruction of Scotland are proportionally less than those attached to the ecclesiastical institutions of England. We feel no inclination to undervalue or depreciate the efficiency of the church of Scotland. It is; we trust, as its eulogists maintain, suitable to the tastes, feelings, and habits of the people for whose instruction it provides: but we must, in justice, be permitted to observe, that the praises, lavishly and insidiously heaped upon its comparative economy, do not appear to be well founded; and that in the point where its merits are confessedly the strongest, its claims to approbation and support are not superior to those of our own excellent, although ill-understood and misrepresented, ecclesiastical institutions.

We have thus presented what we conscientiously believe to be a correct estimate of the amount of the funds appropriated for the support of the English clergy; it is, we are satisfied, as near the truth as the nature and difficulty of such an undertaking will admit: and we have not only produced the summary results of our inquiries and calculations, but we have disclosed the basis and data on which our estimate has been constructed. If any of the preceding calculations are erroneous, the means are thus supplied by which our mistakes may be detected. It must be evident to every individual, that, entertaining the views which we have explained in this Article, with respect to the nature and origin of church property, we can have no motive to attempt misleading the public as to the real amount of ecclesiastical revenues. We advert to this branch of the subject solely for the purpose of counteracting the efforts of desperate and unprincipled agitators, who exert all their ingenuity in endeavouring to impose upon the unwary, who proceed, upon an organized system of falsehood and misrepresentation, to generate and foster, among their ignorant and credulous dupes, feelings of hostility towards the ecclesiastical, as well as civil institutions of the state; and who, on all occasions, hold up the clergy of the established church,—not as, in truth they are, men faithfully discharging important duties attached to the property which they enjoy in their respective parishes, and which is as much their own, subject to the conditions on which it is held, as the estate of a lay individual is the property of the owner—but, as men who consume an inordinate proportion of wealth which belongs to the public, and which, it is therefore inferred, the public has a right to resume at its pleasure.

- ART. XI.—1. *Extrait des Mémoires de M. Le Duc de Rovigo, concernant la Catastrophe de M. le Duc d'Enghien.* Paris: 1823. pp. 68.
2. *Réfutation de l'Écrit publié par le Duc de Rovigo sur la Catastrophe de M. le Duc d'Enghien.* Par M. Maquart. Paris. 1823. pp. 114.
3. *Extrait des Mémoires inédits sur la Révolution Française.* Par M. Mehée de la Touche. Paris. 1823. pp. 95.
4. *Explications offertes aux Hommes impartiaux.* Par M. le Comte Hulin. Paris. 1823. pp. 16.
5. *Pièces judiciaires et historiques relatives au Procès du Duc d'Enghien.* [By M. Dupin.] Paris. 1823. pp. 72.

THE pamphlet which stands first in the above list, and which has given rise to those which follow, and to many more, is the most unaccountable performance which we have ever met with. That *M. le Duc de Rovigo* should venture, under any circumstance or pretence, to place his name on the same page with that of *M. le Duc d'Enghien*, would seem a most astonishing effort of assurance; but that he should, without any intelligible object, volunteer the re-production of the horrid drama in which he played so infamous a part, seems such perfect insanity, that we were at first inclined to suppose that the intellects of this unhappy man had been disordered by remorse, and that his case was fitter for Bedlam than for a critical examination. We are not, on consideration, quite sure that this first impression was not correct, and that Savary's conscience has not a little deranged his mind; but there is (if he be mad) such a method in his madness, and his statements seem so obviously intended to give colour to the posthumous falsehoods which Buonaparte has bequeathed to the world in the pages of Warden, O'Meara and Las Cases, that we think it our duty to lay before our readers some account of the discussion so unexpectedly raised—a discussion which has had the effect, not merely of reviving the indignation which all mankind felt at the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, but of dipping Buonaparte and his tool Savary still deeper in the blood of that illustrious victim.

Supposing, for the argument's sake, Savary not to be mad, he appears to have had three objects in view:—

1. To charge M. de Talleyrand with the chief guilt of this murder.
2. To absolve Buonaparte from it, and to corroborate the apologies which he dictated to Warden and O'Meara.
3. To exculpate himself.

In each of these points he has not only *failed*, but he has produced

duced an effect the direct contrary of what he intended. We shall examine them in their order.

1. As M. de Talleyrand was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the period of the prince's seizure on a foreign territory, we were not unprepared to find that he had been aware of it—he might have concurred in that seizure without contemplating that it was to be followed by murder—he might have believed the life of the chief of the government which he then served was in danger, and might not be averse to have so important an hostage—or, finally, he might have disapproved the seizure, and yet not have thought the violation of the territory of Baden a sufficient cause for him to resign his employments, and, perhaps, as matters then stood, to risk his own head. Any of these cases are possible; and some of them were so probable that we always, *till the publication of Savary's pamphlet*, suspected that, to such an extent, M. de Talleyrand might have had the weakness, or been under a necessity, to submit. We certainly never for a moment imagined that he personally dabbled in so atrocious and so wanton a crime. M. Savary, however, fortunately for M. de Talleyrand, is of a different opinion, and, by attempting to fix on him the charge of the murder of the duke, gives us strong reason to doubt that he was involved even in the seizure. In short, M. Savary, as far as he goes, proves the innocence of M. de Talleyrand.

Why, it may be asked, should Savary endeavour to inculpate M. de Talleyrand? There are two obvious answers: the first is, the natural desire of all culprits to attribute their crimes to any body else; and the second is, that the opposition of M. de Talleyrand to Buonaparte's treacherous attack on Spain, and his services towards restoring the legitimate family of France, rendered him particularly odious to Buonaparte *et sa queue*,\*—of which Warden, O'Meara, Las Cases, Gourgaud, Montholon and Savary are all joints.

The ~~calumnies~~ against M. de Talleyrand, which Buonaparte dictated to Warden and O'Meara, we shall observe upon by and by; here we will only state that the greatest part of them are refuted by Savary's admissions, and the rest by his silence.

It will be readily admitted that he tells *all* he knows against Talleyrand; we shall show that all is *nothing*: and if Savary has proved nothing, we may fairly, we think, conclude there was nothing to be proved.

We shall not repeat the afflicting story itself; our readers will find it in all its most interesting and pathetic details in our Num-

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\* The notorious Mehée de la Touche (who has written an answer to Savary) published in 1794 a very celebrated pamphlet, called "*La queue de Robespierre*." We wish some one would now expose with equal success "*La queue de Buonaparte*."

ber for July, 1817, pp. 522—530; we shall only refer to it as far as may be necessary for our examination of Savary's tissue of falsehood.

If the occasion were not so grave, and the subject so melancholy, we should smile at the kind of proof which Savary brings against Talleyrand. The first is an attempt at a syllogism. Talleyrand was Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Prince was to be seized in a foreign state, *therefore* it was M. de Talleyrand's province to have managed the affair. This, though not strictly logical, is plausible enough for such a reasoner as M. Savary—but why should he only *hint* at this? Why, if such were the fact, does he not say so? He could not be ignorant of the truth; for, besides the general confidence which Buonaparte placed in him, Savary was at this time the head of his secret police, and was especially employed in unravelling the thread of that conspiracy which was made the excuse for the Duke's murder. If he could have stated the fact, no doubt he would; and not venturing upon that, he has attempted 'a lie by *implication*.' But the very next page contradicts that implication; for although the affair *might* have been within the natural management of the foreign department, it is admitted that the foreign department *was not* entrusted with the execution of one tittle of the transaction. 'A person, of a noble aspect,' says Savary, 'was seen by the spies of the police to visit Georges in his lodgings in Paris, who treated him with great respect.' Buonaparte, Savary, and the Police, (not a word of the foreign office,) *guessed* that this mysterious visitor could be no other than the Duke d'Enghien. The privy counsellor Real (and not M. de Talleyrand, or any of *his* subordinates) was employed to conduct the development of this affair. Real, by Buonaparte's order, applied—not to the Foreign Office, but—to the *Inspector-General of the gendarmerie*, for a confidential officer to send into the territory of Baden, to act as a spy on the prince. This officer proceeds—examines, reports,—not to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, but—to his own Inspector-General, who reports *directly* to Buonaparte. On this report, another emissary was sent to seize the duke; and this emissary was to call to his assistance the *armed force* at Strasburgh. Was *this* emissary one of the creatures of Talleyrand? No; he was a colonel of grenadiers, aide-de-camp to the First Consul—in short, Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza! But, it will be asked, had not M. de Talleyrand correspondents at Baden?—was he not charged with the external *espionage* of the prince?—was it not the province of the foreign department to report his various proceedings?—and did not these reports conduce to his seizure?—and is not M. de Talleyrand therefore implicated in it? It would  
be

be a hard measure to any minister, in any country, to hold him responsible for all that others might do on intelligence conveyed through him; but M. Savary, with the blundering candour of a talkative liar, answers himself on this point also. A *special* spy was sent to Ettenheim, the prince's residence; *therefore* the *ordinary* channels did not afford the information required;—the spy too was a soldier, and sent from the gendarmerie, and *therefore* had no connection with the foreign department. When the report of this spy reaches Buonaparte, he sends for—Talleyrand? No;—for Real, and asks him, in anger, *how it is possible that THE POLICE should not know* a word about what was going on at Ettenheim? and on *this* report, which dispelled the *previous ignorance* of Buonaparte, as to what passed at Ettenheim, the duke is seized.

- This proves two facts; first, that M. de Talleyrand did not make Buonaparte acquainted with what passed at Ettenheim; and secondly, that Buonaparte did not even expect him to do so; for it was of the negligence of the *Police*, and not of the foreign department, that he complained.

Such is Savary's own story; and better negative evidence against his presumption that the minister for foreign affairs was at all engaged in the affair could hardly be adduced. But this is not all.—If the Court of Baden had been the Court of Vienna, Buonaparte might have employed diplomacy to prepare or to excuse this violence:—he had no such deference for the Sovereign of Baden.

- The margrave, through his minister at Paris, complained *at the Tuilleries* of this aggression. *In giving him satisfaction*, he was at the same time ordered to send immediately out of his territory the assemblage of emigrants which had appeared on the banks of the Rhine, no matter under what pretence they were there. The Court of Baden obeyed, and nothing more was said of the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien!—*Sav. Mém.* p. 18.

What Savary may mean by the term '*giving satisfaction*' is not easily to be guessed; but we gather from the allusion to *the Tuilleries* that the complaint was made and the answer given by Buonaparte himself. Be this as it may, it is evident that a court, which was ultimately reduced to accept such humiliating *satisfaction*, did not require any other diplomacy than that of Colonel Caulaincourt and the gendarmerie of Strasburgh.

The next charge against Talleyrand would be ridiculous, if it were not for the malignity which prompts it.

'The consul called me into his closet at Malmaison,' says M. Savary, 'about five o'clock in the evening, (of the day of the duke's arrival,) and gave me a *sealed letter*, with directions to carry it to General Murat, the then governor of Paris. I set out on horseback. I arrived at Murat's about six o'clock, and as I entered I passed the minister for foreign

foreign affairs, M. de Talleyrand, who was coming away. As I had seen him in the morning at Malmaison, and as I knew Murat was so ill as to be confined to his room, I did not give much weight to the reflexion which occurred to me at the moment, that this was not the usual hour of the minister, and I placed this visit to the account of General Murat's indisposition.—*Sav. Mem.* p. 2.

This was very natural; but M. Savary soon grows more cunning, and he suspects and insinuates (though he does not venture quite to assert) that this visit was made by Talleyrand to induce Murat to hasten the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, who (be it observed) was not yet even put on his trial! Mr. Puff's commentary on Lord Burleigh's portentous shake of his head, is not more absurd than these inductions from a call made at the door of a sick friend. But it is a duty to historical truth to examine the allegation seriously.

It is not even said that Talleyrand was admitted into the den of the sick lion; but even if he had been, it is evident, and indeed *admitted* by Savary, that the *sealed letter*, which he himself brought, contained Buonaparte's orders to Murat about the Duke d'Enghien, which orders, Savary (so far as they related to him) afterwards executed. Thus it appears by Savary's own confession, that Talleyrand was not with Buonaparte *when* he wrote that fatal letter; nor with Murat *after* he had received it; and these two facts remove from M. de Talleyrand all *immediate* responsibility as to that infernal letter. And we must further observe, that it is clear that M. de Talleyrand had left Malmaison that morning, many hours *before* the Duc d'Enghien had arrived; and there seems reason to suppose that he did not again see either Buonaparte or Murat till some hours *after* the murder had been committed. These facts, whatever else may be their value, are more than enough to defeat all the *implications* which M. Savary has derived from the *visit*.

The third piece of evidence against M. de Talleyrand, is an *exclamation*.

It seems (and M. Savary dwells on it as greatly extenuating the subsequent transaction) that the pretence on which the Duke d'Enghien was arrested, namely, *his supposed visits to Paris*, was utterly unfounded. The police had *mistaken* Pichegru for the prince!

M. Real, on learning these particulars, (that Pichegru, and not the Prince, was the mysterious visitor,) was struck with astonishment—he hastened to the first consul to acquaint him with the discovery—Buonaparte became thoughtful, and, after some moments of silence, exclaimed, “*Ah, wretched Talleyrand, what have you made me do!*” But it was too LATE; the Duke d'Enghien was dead—victim of this MISTAKE!—*Sav. Mem.* pp. 43, 44.

In a subsequent part of our examination we shall show, that this story of the *mistake* of the police, and of Buonaparte's surprise at the discovery, &c. is ALL FALSE; but as regards the first point of our inquiry—viz. the charge against M. de Talleyrand—let us for a moment admit, that Real told Savary that Buonaparte had exclaimed to Real, *Ah, wretched Talleyrand, what have you made me do!* We then ask, what, even according to Savary's insinuation, could this exclamation mean?—nothing more nor less than that the Duke was murdered by a *mistake*, and that Talleyrand was the *author or cause of that mistake*.

But we have already seen, and Savary fully admits, that the mistake was originally made by *a spy of the police*, and subsequently confirmed by an officer of the gendarmerie; and that the mistake of the one was conveyed to Buonaparte by Real, and the error of the other was conveyed (passing over Real) *direct* to Buonaparte himself by the *commanding officer* of the gendarmerie: it follows therefore that the pretended *mistake* was neither made by, nor reported to M. de Talleyrand, who really had, according to Savary's own statement, no more to do with it than the Archbishop of Paris.

Thus, then, Savary has not only failed to fix any participation in the actual murder upon M. de Talleyrand; but the exposure of his malice and falsehood affords reason for believing, that Talleyrand had even less knowledge of the preliminary steps than we were prepared to expect.

But this is not all that we have to say in behalf of M. de Talleyrand. Warden, O'Meara, and Las Cases (who refers to and corroborates the two former) represent Buonaparte as alleging not merely a *different* but a *contradictory* accusation against M. de Talleyrand's conduct in this affair. After calling him a rogue, a villain, a liar, and several other opprobrious names, (which proves that neither decency nor truth would prevent his saying all that he thought might injure M. de Talleyrand's character,) he adds, that in the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, M. de Talleyrand's crime was—*not* mistaking Pichegru for the Duke—*nor* hastening the execution—but *the suppressing of a letter* written by the duke to Buonaparte, supplicating pardon, professing admiration for the first consul, and finally soliciting to be received into his service. 'Questo è senza dubbio,' said Buonaparte to O'Meara, 'che il briccone Talleyrand'—'It is beyond all doubt that the villain Talleyrand' kept back this letter till after the duke's execution! and then Buonaparte goes on to say, that if he had received this letter, he *probably* should have pardoned him!

We for once believe him; if the illustrious heir of all the Condés could have written *such* a letter, he would have been a fit subject

subject for Buonaparte's favour. But in the facts themselves there is not a word of truth! In the first place it will be observed that Savary, as he and Caulaincourt had the care and custody of the prisoner from his arrest to his execution, know they could only be responsible for the conveyance of such a letter, and he therefore makes no charge of this kind against M. de Talleyrand, but insinuates, what he could know nothing about, that M. de Talleyrand interfered with Buonaparte and Murat to hasten the murder; while, on the other hand, Buonaparte alleges no such interference, but charges him with the suppression of a letter which never could have reached M. de Talleyrand's hands! The charges are therefore widely different: we have seen that Savary's accusation is false, and we shall now show that Buonaparte's is equally so.

There was not only no *such* letter ever written, but there was no letter to Buonaparte at all. If there had been such, can it be doubted that he would have *produced it*? and amidst all the trash which he dictated to his scribes, would he not have given so important and exculpatory a document?

M. Maquart proves satisfactorily, by an abundance of moral evidence, the non-existence of such a letter; but M. Dupin proves it by incontrovertible documents—by the diary of the prince's imprisonment—by the *procès-verbaux* of the whole transaction, and by the official list of *one* letter (addressed to the Princesse de Rohan) and some small effects found on his person, which list, with the letter and effects, were transmitted by Hulin, the president of the court-martial, to Real.

Thus, by the fortunate recovery of the papers connected with the trial, (which M. Savary in his pamphlet asserted, and no doubt believed, to be lost,) the memory of the duke is cleared from the imputation of writing such a letter; the character of M. de Talleyrand rescued from the charge of having suppressed it; and the falsehood and calumnies of Buonaparte and his tools exposed and defeated by the most triumphant refutation.

2. We now approach the second object of M. Savary—the exculpation of Buonaparte—which we promise our readers will be found more false and futile even than the attempt at inculpating M. de Talleyrand.

Savary's defence of Buonaparte, though spread over many pages, is narrowed to a single point of fact:—the *mistake* of the police as to the person who visited Georges.

Savary admits, almost in terms, that the supposed journeys of the Duke d'Enghien to Paris were the only possible justification of the seizure. He admits, further, that there were no such  
‘journeys



‘journies—that it was found to be a deplorable mistake : but it was TOO LATE—the Duke was no more.’

Now unfortunately alike for Savary’s character for veracity and his master’s for humanity, this pretence (weak and inefficient even if it were true) can be proved to be utterly false. Savary says, that the person mistaken for the Duke d’Enghien turned out eventually to be Pichegru ; but M. Maquart shows (p. 12.) from the voluminous documents of the trial of Georges, &c. that the spies who reported the visits of the pretended unknown had, on the 12th February, (a month *before* the seizure of the Duke,) deposed that the visitor was Pichegru. Again ; the same fact is proved on the 21st February, twenty-three days before the seizure, and again, on the 12th March, nine days before the Prince was murdered. It was therefore *not too late* to save the Prince ; for the mistake, if it ever for a moment existed, (which we doubt, because no two men could be more unlike than the Duke and Pichegru,) the mistake, we say, if it ever existed, was cleared away *at least* a month before the seizure. That violence, therefore, has not even the paltry and insufficient excuse which M. Savary has falsely alleged for it.

But though Savary thus rests the whole case on the mistake, Buonaparte himself took the more plausible, but quite different ground of the duke’s having endeavoured to procure his assassination ; which, if it were true, would, it must be owned, be the best apology for his conduct ; but we can show, beyond all doubt, that this pretence is as false as the other.

Buonaparte’s repeated attempts at a justification are to be found in the publications of Warden, O’Meara and Las Cases. They all, like Savary, endeavour, by the introduction of M. de Talleyrand’s name, to implicate him in the affair, *as if implicating him would clear Buonaparte* ; but they do not, as we have already seen, agree as to the mode in which Talleyrand was supposed to have conducted to the object ; and, what is more important to our present point, they differ essentially in their statements of Buonaparte’s excuses. Warden (who wrote under the dictation of Las Cases) states that Buonaparte told him,

‘that it was Talleyrand’s principle, and one from which he never deviated, that the new dynasty could not be secure while the Bourbons remained. This was a *fixed unchangeable* article of his political creed ; but I (Buonaparte) did not become a ready or willing convert. I examined the opinion with care and caution, and the result was a *perfect conviction of its necessity*.’—*Warden’s Letters*, p. 149.

Now here is no mention of journeys to Paris—no assassination plot—no interviews with Georges—no *mistake*—no ambiguity ;  
but

but a clear statement that, on the most careful examination, he—Buonaparte himself—had arrived at the conviction that in order to establish his dynasty he must exterminate the Bourbons. We do not deny that such may have been Buonaparte's own conviction; but we must doubt that M. de Talleyrand could have ventured to suggest this argument, because it would have been tantamount to declaring that the new dynasty *never* could be established; for there was no more chance of exterminating the Bourbons than there was of exterminating any other royal house of Europe: and besides, beginning the work by the Duke d'Enghien did not much advance the security of the usurper, for this prince was the most remote from the crown of all the House of Bourbon. But moreover, if the necessity of exterminating the Bourbons were a *fixed unchangeable article of his political creed*, how are we to account for M. de Talleyrand's conduct in the affair of Spain, when he was dismissed and disgraced because he remonstrated against Buonaparte's treachery and violence to the Spanish princes of the House of Bourbon, every one of whom was nearer to the crown of France than the Duke d'Enghien?

Warden's defence of Buonaparte was so completely refuted in this Review, that his prompter, Las Cases, had recourse to the expedient of what he ingenuously called an 'Answer to Warden,' in which he endeavoured to patch up the inconsistencies and to colour over the falsehoods which we had detected in Warden. In this Answer a broader ground of defence is taken.

"The *affair* (the AFFAIR!) of the Duc d'Enghien," says Napoleon, "ought to be judged by the law of nature and policy." "By the *law of nature*," he maintains "that he was not only authorised to cause him to be tried, but even to *procure* his being put to death. What," said he, "can be alleged in favour of the princes of a house, who were PUBLICLY CONVICTED of being the contrivers of the infernal machine, and who had actually disgorged sixty brigands upon Paris, for the purpose of causing me to be assassinated? Was not I, by the *laws of nature*, authorised to cause the Count d'Artois to be assassinated in London? By the law of policy, the whole republic tottered upon the brink of a precipice, and the *Duc d'Enghien* was one of the chiefs who conspired its fall; and besides, it was necessary to check the audacity of the Bourbons, who had sent to Paris sixty of their adherents, amongst whom were the Rivières, the Polignacs, Bouvets and others; people of no ordinary stamp, and not brigands or murderers accustomed to assassinations and robberies like the Chouans. The republican government could not, *consistent with its dignity*, do less, when the assassination of its chief was publicly plotted—than cause its thunder to strike the family which dared to engage in such attempt."—pp. 144, 145.

Here

Here then we have Buonaparte in 1816—not alleging any journey to Paris—not deploring any *mistake*—not even pretending that he had been deceived—not humanely ejaculating against the *wretched Talleyrand*—not even alleging that the Duke was personally engaged in the assassination plot; but—‘like a gay bold-faced villain’—justifying not only the individual murder, but taking merit for not having assassinated the whole family.

If the Count d’Artois *had* been *publicly convicted* of what Buonaparte charges, it would have been no excuse for murdering the Duke d’Enghien, against whom no personal share in the assassination plot is even alleged; but what will our readers say when they are reminded that at the trial of Georges and his associates, which was the only event to which Buonaparte could refer as a *public conviction*, no such fact was proved against *any* of the French princes! and that, moreover, this *public conviction* did not take place till two months *after* the murder of the Duke d’Enghien!

In Las Cases’ late publication, however, (after a good deal of shuffling,) Buonaparte is made to rest his defence upon the Prince’s actual and personal participation in the pretended plot for assassinating him.

“If I had not had in my favour the laws of the country to punish the culprit,” he would say to them, “I should still have had the right of the *law of nature*, of legitimate self-defence. The Duke and his party had constantly but one object in view, that of taking away my life: I was assailed on all sides, and at every instant; air guns, infernal machines, plots, ambuscades of every kind, were resorted to for that purpose. At last I grew weary, and took an opportunity of striking them with terror in their turn in London: I succeeded, and from that moment there was an end to all conspiracies. Who can blame me for having acted so? What! blows threatening my existence are aimed at me day after day, from a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues; no power on earth, no tribunal can afford me redress; and I shall not be allowed to use the right of nature, and return war for war! What man, unbiassed by party feeling, possessing the smallest share of judgment and justice, can take upon himself to condemn me? on what side will he not throw blame, odium, and criminal accusations? Blood for blood; such is the natural, inevitable, and infallible law of retaliation: woe to him who provokes it!”

We must here pause a moment to observe on the repeated references which Buonaparte makes to the *law of nature*. Such a mode of defence is sufficiently surprising, but it is not quite original; the massacres of September, 1792, had been already defended on the same ground. We find in a laboured apology for these atrocities, (published by Robert Lendet, a jacobin deputy,) the following

lowing phrase: 'This terrible movement of the people seemed necessary for the safety of the country, and the result (the massacre of the prisoners) was only the impartial application of the principles of the law of nature!'—*Exposé des Motifs, &c.*

Buonaparte, however, having adopted this doctrine from the Septembrizers, is himself startled at its enormity; and he endeavours to palliate his conduct by a recurrence to the old falsehood about the suppressed letter.

'Undoubtedly if I had been informed in time of certain circumstances respecting the opinions of this prince, and his disposition; and if, above all, I had seen the letter which he wrote to me, and which, God knows for what reason, was only delivered to me after his death; I should *certainly* have forgiven him.'—part vii. pp. 269, 270. 274.

O'Meara gives substantially the same false charge of assassination, the same false exposition of the *law of nature*, the same false circumstance of a supplicatory letter, and the same false and hypocritical pretence to clemency.

'It was discovered,' continued Napoleon, 'by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duke d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country that I governed, to profit by my assassination? According to the *laws of nature*, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris.'—vol. i. pp. 453, 454.

'The Duke d'Enghien, who was engaged upon the frontiers of my territories in a plot to assassinate me, I caused to be seized and given up to JUSTICE, which condemned him. HE HAD A FAIR TRIAL.'—(We shall see that presently!)—p. 468.

'I (O'Meara) asked Napoleon again, as I was anxious to put the matter beyond doubt, whether, if Talleyrand had delivered the Duke d'Enghien's letter in time, he would have pardoned him? He replied, it is probable I might; for in it he made *an offer of his services*; besides, he was the best of the family. It is true that I, as well as the nation, was very desirous of making an *example* of one of that family; that was against him; but still *I think* I should have pardoned him.'—vol. ii. p. 58.

Our readers will not fail to observe that the *probable* pardon of O'Meara has become, under the more veracious pen of M. Las

Gases, an absolute *certainty*; but that both the probability and the certainty were conditional on a supposed event which *never existed*.

All this tissue of absurd falsehood, however, is at once destroyed by a paragraph of General Hulin's pamphlet.

'I am bound to say that the prisoner presented himself before us (*Hulin was president of this mock court*) with a *noble assurance*; he *repelled with great force* the charge of having conspired directly or indirectly in any plot for assassinating the first consul—but he owned that he had borne arms against France, insisting, with a degree of courage and pride, (which even for his own sake we could not repress,) that he had maintained the rights of his family; that a Condé never could enter France, but with his arms in his hand. "My birth, my feelings, my opinions," he added, "render me the *eternal enemy of your government*."

Will any of Buonaparte's *bribed* apologists dare after this to accuse the Duke d'Enghien of having asked to serve under the usurper?

We now proceed to examine the mockery, which (to avoid circumlocution) we will call the *trial*.

M. Dupin, a very eminent French lawyer, known to this country as the defender of Sir Robert Wilson, and in France as a man of liberal and constitutional principles, whose opinion therefore will not be liable to the imputation, as it is by some persons considered, of ultra-loyalty, M. Dupin, we say, proves by legal authorities, what was already clear to common sense, that even if the charge was as true as it was false, a court-martial was not the tribunal to try it—that a packed court-martial was not a fit tribunal to try any thing—that a trial in the middle of the night was as illegal as it was atrocious; that the *immediate execution* was contrary not only to the general law, but even to the military code under which the court sat; and that, in one word, the whole proceeding was a foul conspiracy, and the result a black assassination. This M. Dupin shows, even if the charge had been proved; but he shows, not from reasoning, but from the production of the *actual documents*, that there was not only not a tittle of evidence to support the charges, but that what was produced as evidence actually *contradicted them*.

The indignation which the following details, extracted from the proceedings of the court, must excite, will prevent their appearing tedious.

The first document is the order for the trial—the bill, as it were, of *indictment*—and a most curious and important paper it is.

'Paris,

' Paris, the 29th Ventose, the 12th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

(20th March, 1804.)

' The Government of the Republic decrees as follows:—

' Art. I. The ci-devant Duc d'Enghien, accused of having borne arms against the republic;—of having been, and still being, in the pay of England;—of participating in plots carried on by the latter power against the internal and external safety of the republic; shall be tried before a military commission, to be composed of seven members named by the General (Murat), Governor of Paris, and which shall assemble at Vincennes.

' Art. II. The Grand Judge, the Minister of War, and the General, Governor of Paris, are charged with the execution of this decree.

(Signed) BUONAPARTE.

(Countersigned) HUGUES MARET (Bassano).

A true copy.

MURAT, Governor of Paris.'

The first observation on this precious document, which must strike every reader, is, that in this, the solemn, formal and official statement, by *Buonaparte himself*, of the supposed crimes of the Duke d'Enghien—there is not even an insinuation of his having participated in any *assassination* plot! On that point, therefore, the negative evidence of this indictment is conclusive.

This order was signed on the 20th March, and probably did not reach Murat till long after Buonaparte's *sealed letter*, sent the same day, by Savary; for the next document, namely, the proces-verbal of the *Rapporteur*, or Judge-Advocate of the court-martial, begins in this manner:—

' In the 12th year of the French Republic, this day, 29th Ventose, (20th March,) at twelve o'clock at night, I, major of the gendarmerie d'elite, by order of the general commanding the corps (Savary), attended at the residence of General Murat, governor of Paris, who immediately gave me orders to proceed to General Hulin, whom I should find at the castle of Vincennes, from whom I was to take and receive ulterior orders.'—*Pièces Hist.* p. xi.

' Here we discover a circumstance of atrocious precipitation, which even M. Dupin has overlooked; he thinks it was at midnight, that the Judge-Advocate entered on his functions at Vincennes; but it is clear, that it was at midnight that he waited on Murat in Paris, to receive his first orders.

Murat's house in Paris was in the Place Vendôme, at least six miles from Vincennes. The sentence was passed at two in the morning, (as is stated in the body of the instrument itself,) so that the judge-advocate received Murat's instructions—travelled from the Place Vendôme to Vincennes—there received General Hulin's orders—had to look for evidence and prepare the ne-

cessary papers—examined the prisoner—summoned and constituted the court—held the trial—made out several drafts of a long sentence; and had the whole passed, signed, and perfected, within *two hours*! But Buonaparte says, this was a *fair trial*, and Buonaparte ‘is an honourable man!’”

The judge-advocate proceeds in his *procès-verbal* to state that—

‘ Having arrived at Vincennes, General Hulin communicated to me, 1. A copy of the decree of the government of the same day, ordering that the ci-devant Duke d'Enghien should be tried by a military commission, composed of seven members *to be named by General Murat*; and 2d, the order of General Murat of the same date, directing that General Hulin and six other officers, colonels and commandants of regiments, should constitute the court, and further that I (the writer of the report) should act as *rapporteur* (judge-advocate); and further, that the court should assemble *forthwith*, in the castle of Vincennes, there, *without delay or separation* (*sans désespérer*), to judge the accused on the charges stated in the said decree of the government.’—*Pièces Hist.* p. xii.

Here we must pause a moment—let us consider the state in which this judge-advocate found himself. At midnight he is summoned to attend Murat in Paris—thence he is ordered to proceed to attend General Hulin at Vincennes—there he finds, at about one o'clock in the morning, that he is to be the conductor of this most extraordinary and stupendous trial, and *all the evidence put into his hand* is, the indictment and an order to proceed to judgment forthwith, without separation or delay. Not one other iota of evidence was furnished to him—what then was to be done?—We think no reader can anticipate what is about to follow.—The duke had not been out of a travelling carriage for three days and nights; worn out with wonder, anxiety, and fatigue, the victim had fallen asleep. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, the judge-advocate with two officers and two private gendarmes, suddenly entered his room, awakened him, and began immediately to interrogate him; in hopes of getting from his own mouth, in the confusion and fatigue in which he naturally must have been, some colour of evidence against him. We firmly believe that a scene of such romantic atrocity was never before acted. Now comes the interrogatory.

‘ Asked him his name, christian name, age, and birth-place ?

‘ Answered, That he was Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, born the 2d of August, 1772, at Chantilly.

‘ Asked, When he had quitted France ?

‘ Answered, “ I cannot exactly tell, but I believe it was about the

16th of July, 1789;" added, that he went with the Prince de Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and his children.

' *Asked*, Where he has resided since he left France?

' *Answered*, "On leaving France I went with my parents, whom I always accompanied, to Mons and Bruxelles; thence we went to Turin, where the King of Sardinia received us for about sixteen months;" that thence, still with his parents, he had gone to Worms and its neighbourhood on the Rhine; there the corps of Condé was formed, and I served in the whole war. I had before made the campaign of 1792, in Brabant, with the corps de Bourbon, a part of the Archduke Albert's army."

' *Asked*, Whether he had retired since the peace between France and the Emperor? (of Germany.)

' *Answered*, "We ended the last campaign near Gratz, where the corps of Condé, which was in English pay, was disbanded;" that he afterwards remained for his amusement in the neighbourhood of Gratz for six or seven months, waiting directions from his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, who had gone into England, and was to let him know what allowance that power would make him, it being not yet settled. During this interval I asked the Cardinal de Rohan's consent to reside in his territory at Ettenheim, in the Brisgaw, part of the late archbishopric of Strasbourg; that for the *last two years and a half* he had resided at Ettenheim; that, on the cardinal archbishop's death, he had officially requested the Elector of Baden's consent for a continuation of his residence at Ettenheim, which was granted; for he would not have thought it proper to reside there without the Elector's consent."

' *Asked*, If he has not been in England, and if this power does not still make him an allowance?

' *Answered*, That he never was in England; but that England does still make him an allowance, and *that he has nothing else to live upon!*

' Desires to add to the above answers, that the reasons which induced him to reside at Ettenheim having ceased, he was about to change his residence to Friburg, in the Brisgaw, a much more agreeable town than Ettenheim, in which latter he would not have stayed so long, but that the Elector had given him extensive permission to shoot, of which amusement he was very fond.

' *Asked*, If he maintained any correspondence with the French princes in England, and if he had lately seen them?

' *Answered*, That he naturally kept up a correspondence with his grandfather since they had parted, on the reduction of the corps, and with his father, whom he had not seen since 1794 or 1795.

' *Asked*, What rank he held in the army of Condé?

' *Answered*, "Commanding the advanced guard." Before the campaign of 1796, he served as a volunteer on his grandfather's staff; but ever since 1796 he was always at the advanced guard—observing, that after the army of Condé was taken into the service of Russia, it was divided into two regiments, one of infantry and one of cavalry; of the latter the emperor made him colonel, and it was in this capacity that he returned to the army on the Rhine.



' Asked, If he knew General Pichegru, and if he had any intercourse or correspondence with him?

' Answered, I never saw him to my knowledge; I never had any intercourse or correspondence with him; I know that he wished to see me; but I am happy at not having known him, if what they say be true, of *the wile means he intended to employ*.

' Asked, If he knows the ex-general Dumouriez, and if he has had any relation with him?

' Answered, No more than with the others—I never saw him.

' Asked, If since the peace he had not kept up correspondences in the interior of the republic?

' Answered, " I have written to some private friends who had served with me, and who were still attached to me, about their and my own *private concerns*:" but these correspondences were *not of the nature which he supposes are alluded to*."—*Pièces Hist.* pp. xiii. xvii.

Such was the evidence; next we have the verdict and sentence.

' The voices being collected on each of the under-written questions, beginning with the junior and ending with the president, the court declares Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien,

1. Unanimously, guilty of having borne arms against the French republic.

2. Unanimously, guilty of having offered his services to the English government, the enemy of the French people.

3. Unanimously, guilty of having received and accredited, agents of the said English government, of having procured them means of intelligence in France, and of having conspired with them against the external and internal safety of the republic.

4. Unanimously, guilty of having placed himself at the head of a large collection of French emigrants and others, formed on the frontiers of France, in the countries of Fribourg and Baden, paid by England.

5. Unanimously, guilty of having had communications with the town of Strasbourg, tending to excite insurrection in the neighbouring departments, for the purpose of a diversion in favour of England.

6. Unanimously, guilty of being one of the favourers and accomplices of the conspiracy carried on by the English against the life of the First Consul, and intending, in the event of the success of such conspiracy, to enter France.

' Thereupon the president put the question as to the punishment to be inflicted, and the voices being collected as before, the special court-martial unanimously condemns Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, to death, for the crimes of "*espionage*—correspondence with the enemies of the republic—and attempts against the external and internal safety of the republic."

Our readers have now before them, the charge, the evidence, the verdict, and the sentence:—they must be astonished to see—that there was not only no evidence on oath, but there was no evidence at all; there was not even a witness—there was no examination,

nation, except of the prisoner himself; and that examination contradicted almost every particle of the charge; but Buonaparte says he had a fair trial, and Buonaparte 'is an honourable man!'

The reader has observed the abhorrence which the Prince expresses on the *vile means* (viz. the assassination), imputed to Pichegru; he has also seen, that the Prince distinctly states, that he had *no correspondence with France*, except on *private affairs*, and that above all, he had none of *the kind*, (viz. treasonable,) which was alluded to; and finally, that he received ~~an~~ allowance from England, because *he had nothing else to live upon*. Yet, upon this interrogatory, produced in writing to the court, and there acknowledged and repeated by him, and upon this interrogatory alone the Duke was unanimously found guilty of 'having' (amongst other matters) 'received the agents of England, procured them the means of treasonable correspondence with the interior of France, and conspired with them against the internal and external safety of the state;' there not being a syllable of the evidence which has the most remote relation to such a charge.

He is unanimously further found guilty of having placed himself at the head of an assemblage, formed of emigrants and others, in English pay, on the French frontiers—there not being a tittle of the evidence which has the most remote relation to such a charge.

He is further unanimously found guilty of having held communications within the town of Strasburgh, tending to create insurrections in the neighbouring departments, for the purpose of operating a diversion favourable to England—the word Strasburgh never having been before uttered in the proceedings, and there not being a tittle of the evidence which has the most remote relation to such a charge.

He is further unanimously found guilty of having been an accomplice in the plots carried on by *the English* for the assassination of the chief consul, there not being a syllable about any such a plot in the whole proceedings; and the only allusion to any attempt on the life of the first consul being an imputation on Pichegru, *a Frenchman*, and which was reprobated with indignation by the prisoner. But Buonaparte says he had a fair trial, and Buonaparte 'is an honourable man!'

But the most monstrous follows: It is a form of the French law of court-martials, that every sentence of death shall, besides the finding on the several charges, (some of which may not be capital,) express the exact fact for which death is to be inflicted, and the precise article of the laws under which it is pronounced. Let us see how this difficulty was managed.

The prisoner having withdrawn, the court being cleared, and deliberating

berating with closed doors, the president collected the votes of the members, beginning with the junior, and voting himself the last, the prisoner was unanimously found guilty, and in pursuance of the article of the law of to the following effect,

condemned to suffer the punishment of death !

'Ordered, that the judge-advocate shall see the present sentence executed *immediately*.'—*Pièces Hist.* p. xx.

The death-warrant was thus left blank; the judges could not even guess at the law under which they were to execute the victim, and they prudently signed the warrant IN BLANK ! But Buonaparte says he had a *fair trial*, and Buonaparte 'is an honourable man !'

But we are not yet at the end of this series of illegalities, these mockeries of even military law. M<sup>r</sup> Dupin has discovered in the original papers the copy of *another* sentence, which, although equally condemning to death, differs in several important particulars from that which we have just read. Considering that, from the time the judge-advocate began his work, about one in the morning, to the time the sentence was passed, viz. at two precisely, was barely *one hour*, it seems strange that the judge-advocate and the captain-greffier (clerk of the court) should have employed themselves in writing out two different sentences, of which the last-mentioned alone has taken *us* forty minutes to copy, a task we undertook merely for the purpose of ascertaining the time that it would consume; the copy of the interrogatory is equally long, and we do not think it possible, supposing *nothing else were to be done*, that these two papers alone could have been written within the specified time. What are we to conclude from this ? a fact as black as all the rest of the proceeding ; namely, that the first sentence was prepared before the trial, and that after it was signed, perhaps after it was executed, the murderers endeavoured to cook up the evidence and the sentence into what they thought a more ostensible shape. We shall see that their cookery only made the matter worse.

General Hulin endeavours to account for this matter by saying,

'We tried many drafts of the sentence; amongst others the (first) one in question; but *after we had signed it*, we doubted (*well they might !*) whether it was regular, and we therefore made the greffier (*clerk*) proceed to prepare a new draft, grounded chiefly on a report of the privy counsellor Real and the answers of the prince. This second draft was the true one, and ought alone to have been preserved.'—*Expl.* p. 11.

Now, we beg General Hulin's pardon, but we think the *first* draft,

draft, supposing the blanks had been filled up, as little irregular as the second; for the first, he implies, was founded on the duke's answers alone; it was signed, and therefore, regular or irregular, sentence of death was passed, and *the trial was over*. But what was the second sentence? a new proceeding founded, not on the duke's answers alone, but on a new document produced *after the trial*, and that document no other than an unsworn statement of the accuser himself. If the first sentence had not been signed, General Hulin's explanation might be satisfactory; but it is *signed* by the whole court, and *it* (and not the second) was executed, and General Hulin's explanation only serves to show the atrocious *juggling* to which he and the court-martial so tamely submitted. No doubt every one concerned in the transaction would be glad to obliterate either or both these documents; but the accident which has preserved them is fortunate for the cause of truth and justice; and a comparison of them is absolutely necessary to an understanding of the *fairness of that trial* which Buonaparte boasts of. Some of the variations are very remarkable. The first sentence sets forth the evidence (viz. the duke's examination) but leaves *in blank* the law which applies to it. The second sentence sets forth the law which inflicts the punishment of death, but omits the evidence to which it applies! General Hulin, in his pamphlet, confesses, that they tried several different drafts of a sentence; why? obviously because they could not make the evidence tally with the law, and they were therefore under the necessity of illegally suppressing either the law or the evidence.

Another fact is equally remarkable. Both sentences bring the duke's case under three heads, to which heads *three capital* articles of the law are in the second sentence applied: will it be credited; that not one of these three fatal findings is the same as either of the three counts of the original indictment, nor as either of the six counts of the verdict recorded in the very same sentence? so that the duke was tried on three specific charges, found guilty on six other and different charges, and condemned to suffer death upon three other charges, different from all, and wholly unsupported by any colour of evidence. But Buonaparte says he had a fair trial, and Buonaparte 'is an honourable man.'

But the most extraordinary variation between the two sentences is, that the first orders *immediate execution*, which is directly contrary to the letter of the law, which, in all cases, allows twenty-four hours for an appeal. The second says *nothing about execution*, but directs that copies of the sentence should be sent *within the time prescribed by law*, to the grand judge, the minister at war, and the governor of Paris. So far the second sentence preserves some decency; but, alas, before the copies could be made,  
and

and *many* hours before any one of them had reached its destination the sentence *had been already executed!*

Let us see then how the case stands. The *first* sentence orders *immediate execution*, but that was positively and confessedly *against law*; the sentence itself was, besides, signed *in blank*; and General Hulin asserts, that this instrument was *not* the real sentence; it follows, therefore, *if* the duke was executed under it, he was most foully murdered. But if, as General Hulin says, the *second* sentence was the true one, then this sentence not only does *not order execution*, but recognizes the 'delay allowed by law'; if, therefore, in *defiance of this sentence*, the duke was executed, he was most foully murdered!—and by whom?—we can only answer, that M. Savary commanded on the fatal spot, and that the execution was performed by M. Savary's gendarmes!

We have not detailed half the monstrous defects, illegalities and violences which the legal acuteness of M. Dupin has exposed in every stage of this horrid proceeding. We have said enough (we fear too much) to prove beyond all possibility of contradiction that the duke was murdered—that all the excuses, and apologies, and alleviating circumstances subsequently made by Buonaparte were 'LIES, like the father who begot them, gross—open—palpable'—and that on this, one of the most important occasions of his life, the great Napoleon had the meanness to endeavour to cloak, under the poorest pretences, the midnight murder which he had the villainy to commit.

3. We now arrive at the third object of M. Savary's pamphlet—the vindication of himself. We must confess that, until we read his publication, we had no idea how deep M. Savary was in this crime—we supposed that he was a mere tool, a military automaton executing (perhaps reluctantly) the will of his master. It turns out that he was indeed a tool, but he was also something worse. The judges of the court were tools, and infamous tools; but this discussion has brought to light some circumstances which renders their conduct quite venial when compared with that of M. Savary.

He rests his defence on the several following statements, upon which we shall offer a few considerations:—

1st. 'That he had no knowledge or concern in the affair, (having been but two days returned to Paris from Normandy,) till he received orders, which, as a military man, he was bound to obey.' We observe in reply, that seeing, as we have, the kind of trial Buonaparte intended, it is no proof of an honourable character to have been selected for such a duty; and as to the absence from Paris, and the supposed consequent ignorance of the whole matter, we are constrained to accuse M. Savary of a very mean equivocation  
—absent

—absent in Normandy, indeed, he had been; but it was in following the clue of the very conspiracy, as a supposed accomplice of which the Duke was tried!

2d. M. Savary states that he had no share in the proceedings of the military commission, which was an open court, and at which he was, out of mere curiosity, a silent spectator. *An open court!* we echo M. Dupin's exclamation: 'an open court—at two o'clock in the morning—in the donjon de Vincennes—and all its avenues guarded by M. Savary's gendarmes!' As Buonaparte assured us the *trial was fair*, Savary pledges himself that the *court was open* to the public, and they are 'both, both honourable men.'

But he took no part in the proceeding, and was a silent spectator, standing, as he tells us, behind the president's seat. The president tells us a different story.

That president was General Hulin—he had been a waiter at a lemonade shop; at the taking of the Bastile (or, as some say, after it) he had distinguished himself, and received a medal and the title of Vainqueur de la Bastille. He has been accused of having had no small share in the massacres of the 10th of August and the 2d of September; but of the proceedings of so obscure a person it is not easy to produce any satisfactory proof, and we hope that he has none of that blood to answer for. He afterwards went into the army, and rose to some eminence, through, as it would seem, the friendship of Murat. This, and the circumstances of his former life, were perhaps the causes of his being selected as president of the court-martial; and his zeal and services on that lamentable occasion were subsequently rewarded with the important trust of succeeding Murat as Governor of Paris. On the restoration he vanished from public view; and no one would have believed that the Bourbons, *who never forget and never forgive*, would have tolerated the presence of the mock judge of the Duke d'Enghien: we find, however, that he was residing, retired and unmolested, at Paris, when M. Savary's insane pamphlet recalled him to public notice, and induced him to make some atonement to public opinion. He has published a short pamphlet, so modest, so feeling, so ingenuous, that he not only disarms our anger, but entitles himself to our commiseration. Our readers will judge of the tone of this work by the introductory sentences.

'The unhappy affair\* of the Duke of Enghien has cost me near twenty years of deep sorrow.

'Old—stricken with blindness—retired from the world—having no consolation but in the bosom of my family—my sorrow has been ag-

\* That seems to be the fashionable word for deeds too monstrous for a distinct name.  
gravated

gravated by a discussion which has re-produced, with offensive notoriety, scenes which, though never to be forgotten, were at least no longer the object of public debate.'—*Explic.* p. 1.

Let us now see what General Hulin says of Savary, who, it will be remembered, represents himself as standing behind the general's chair as a simple spectator. After acknowledging with great candour, and excusing, on the score of ignorance of the law and of the pressure of an overwhelming authority,\* the irregularities of the proceedings, General Hulin states, that the court were so far from ordering or even expecting an immediate execution of the sentence, that,

'Scarcely was it signed when I began a letter to the first consul, in which I conveyed to him, in obedience to the unanimous wish of the court, the desire expressed by the prince of an interview with the first consul, and further to conjure the first consul to remit the punishment, which the severity of our situation did not permit us to clude!

'It was at this moment that a MAN, (Savary) who had persisted in remaining in the court-room, and whom I should name without hesitation, if I did not recollect that even in attempting a defence for myself it does not become me to accuse another—"What are you doing there?" said *this man*, coming up to me. "I am," I replied, "writing to the first consul, to convey to him the wish of the prisoner and the recommendation of the court."—"You have done your business," said he, taking the pen out of my hand, "and *what follows is MINE.*"

'I confess that I thought at the moment, and so did several of my colleagues, that he meant to say that the conveying these sentiments to the first consul was *his* business. His answer thus understood left us still the hope that the recommendation would reach the first consul. I only recollect that I even at the moment felt a kind of vexation at seeing thus taken out of my hands the only agreeable circumstance of the painful situation in which I was placed.

'Indeed, how could we imagine that a person *had been placed about us* with an order to violate all the provisions of the law?

'I was in the hall, outside the council room, conversing about what had just occurred. Several knots of persons had got into private conversation—I was waiting for my carriage, which not being permitted (any more than those of the other members) to come into the inner court of the castle, delayed my departure and theirs. We were ourselves shut in, and could not communicate with those without, (this is what M. Savary calls an *open court*,) when an explosion was heard—a terrible sound struck us to the hearts and froze them with terror and fright.

'Yes, I swear, in the name of myself and my colleagues, that this execution was not authorized by us; our sentence directed that copies should be sent to the minister of war, the grand judge, and the general governor of Paris.

\* One of the phrases is remarkable. 'Appointed to be judges, we were obliged to act as judges at the risk of being judged ourselves.'—p. 9.

'The latter alone could, according to law, direct the execution; the copies were not yet made—they would occupy a considerable portion of the day.' (If the copies, which could be made by twenty clerks, were to occupy a considerable portion of the day, how could all the originals have been written by one hand in an hour?) 'On my return to Paris I should have waited on the governor,—on the first consul—who knows? But all of a sudden this terrific explosion informed us that the prince was no more.

'We know not whether HE (Savary) who thus hurried on this dreadful execution had orders for doing so.—If he had not, he alone is responsible; if he had, the court, which knew nothing of these orders, which *itself was kept in confinement, (an open court!)* the court, whose last resolution was in favour of the prince, could neither foresee nor prevent the catastrophe.'—*Explic.* p. 12. 14.

Without dwelling on General Hulin's defence of his own share in the fatal preliminaries, it is quite clear that THE MAN *behind the chair* was the immediate murderer; and that this MAN was the same Savary who affects to deplore that the duke was put to death by mistake; and who accuses M. de Talleyrand of having hastened the execution, and of having suppressed a letter that might have led to mercy! We want language—we should rather say—no language is necessary to express the horror of every honest mind at such bloody duplicity.

But M. Savary had not yet finished his task—the grave, indeed, was ready—it had been dug before the trial—the duke was condemned—the road to mercy was shut,—but he was still alive! no warrant had been given—no time was appointed for the execution.

'Morning approached,' says M. Dupin, 'and Buonaparte would not permit Paris to learn, on awaking, that a prince of the house of Bourbon was in its neighbourhood and *alive*, even though he was in the dungeon of Vincennes.'—*Pièces Hist.* p. 30.

What passed in the three dark hours which elapsed between the sentence and the execution is buried in the graves of the Bourbon and Buonaparte, and in the heart of M. Savary. One thing alone is certain—that, as at his trial, he was deprived of what the law expressly allowed, a legal adviser, so in his agony he was denied what never was before refused—the consolations of religion: By what warrant, he was, in defiance of the general law and of the individual sentence itself, executed so suddenly, we cannot, as we have already stated, discover. General Hulin, as we have shown, knows no more than we do. But, *M. Savary commanded!* His account of the crisis is as follows:

'The court deliberated a long time; it was not till two hours after the room was cleared that the sentence was known.

'The officer who commanded the infantry of my regiment came with deep



deep emotion to tell me, that a party was required to execute the sentence—I answered, GIVE IT.—*Memoirs*, p. 30.

Nothing in the whole pamphlet has excited so much indignation in France, as the cold-blooded laconism of this answer—“GIVE IT?”—these two dry words were, as far as we are informed, the only death-warrant of the descendant of so many kings and of so many heroes.”

The trial, as we have seen, had been *fair*—the court *open*—the execution too was *public*. He was shot between five and six o'clock in the morning of a foggy 21st of March, in the ditch of the fortress, about fourteen feet below the level of the ground! M. Savary, who confesses nothing else, admits that he designated the spot—the reasons of his choice are admirable!

“Where shall the party of execution be placed?” asked the officer—“where,” I answered, “you can hurt nobody;” for already the inhabitants of the populous neighbourhood of Paris were proceeding along the roads to the several markets.—*Memoirs*, p. 30.

O the tender heart of M. Savary—his dearest anxiety is not to hurt an innocent person! but, unfortunately for this pretence, every inhabitant of Paris knows, that no road passes within a mile of the front of the castle; and still more unfortunately, the grave had been dug on the spot early the preceding evening, while the unconscious victim was at supper. M. Savary says the grave was dug between the sentence and execution; better evidence gives the fact as we have stated it; but whensoever dug, if dug before the execution, it contradicts M. Savary's story. But M. Savary tells us a more important and affecting circumstance—it was not till he was brought down the back stairs suddenly into the ditch, that the prince heard his sentence—they had ingeniously managed this agreeable surprise for him—the sentence was, at the same minute, read and *executed*. For this refinement of atrocity we were quite unprepared; but it must be admitted, that it is the natural climax of this dreadful series of barbarity.

Another circumstance, though of less importance, is too curious to be passed over. Savary tells us that Buonaparte did not intend that the duke should have been shot that night—nay, that it was done without his knowledge; and the proof he gives of this extravagant assertion is, that he, Savary, on returning to town after the execution, met the privy counsellor Real going leisurely down to Vincennes to examine the prisoner. If the fact were true, it would prove no more than that Buonaparte did not acquaint Real that the duke was to be murdered that night. But it seems that even this worthless fact is not true; for Mehée de la Touche, who was deeply, and we must add disgracefully, im-

plicated

plicated in the whole affair, attests, on his own evidence, and, what is better, upon that of all Real's servants and clerks, that on that never-to-be-forgotten day, Real did not leave his own house till the afternoon, and was consequently not to be met near Vincennes at seven o'clock in the morning. We have some little curiosity (though the fact itself be of no value) to see what Savary will say to this direct contradiction.

Let us now, in justice to M. Savary, state that his defence is in two points successful; he proves that he did not fasten a lantern to the prince's breast, as a mark for the executioners—but, admitting this, we must add, that no one, to our knowledge, ever said that he did. We have, indeed, seen it asserted that the prince himself had so fixed the lantern—he may have done so—there was, M. Savary confesses, a lantern in the ditch, and such an act would be consistent with the whole of the modest yet intrepid conduct of the duke; but certainly M. Savary did not go down into the ditch to fix the lantern; he stood on the parapet and *only* commanded the troops who fired at the *bosom* of the victim, which M. Savary evidently thinks is less horrid than firing at a lantern!

He defends himself also successfully against another imputation, which we never before heard of, his having stolen the prince's watch; 'Is it possible,' he indignantly asks, 'that any one can suspect me, a general in the French army, a minister of state, of having stolen a watch?' We readily answer—no; and we are not the less slow in this acquittal from a fact stated by ourselves so long ago as July, 1817, namely, that when the body of the illustrious victim was, in 1816, removed for Christian burial from the ditch in which M. Savary had huddled it, his watch was found. No; M. Savary only took his life—his watch he spared.

The horror of all the rest of this melancholy detail stifles the ridicule which the disproof of these two fancied accusations would have otherwise excited; and the result of the whole discussion is, that M. Savary has confirmed not only all that he was suspected of, but a great deal more; and that he has disproved nothing but two contemptible circumstances of which he had never been accused.

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## I N D E X

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NOTE. *In Continuation of Intelligence respecting the Interior of Africa.*

ON the 21st October last, the Commander-in-Chief of the African station gave an order to the commander of H. M. S. Swinger, to convey to the British factory, at the mouth of Benin river, and there land, Mr. Belzoni, who made his appearance at Cape Coast Castle, with a view to penetrate into the interior, towards Timbuctoo. It so happened that, at this time, there was on board the Owen Glendower, a seaman known by the name of William Pasco, whose real name, however, was Abou Bouker, a native of Houssa, an intelligent and well-behaved man, about thirty-three years of age. This man left Kashna, or, as he calls it, *Birnie-Kashna* (the city of Kashna), about the year 1805, in company with a caravan of merchants; some intended to collect the *Coola* nuts in *Gunja*, and others with slaves for the coast. In four days' travelling (on asses and mules, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day) from *Birnie-Kashna*, they reached a river as wide as the *Gambir* at St. Mary's, running to the right of the rising sun, and coming from the country of *Gober*. It is called the *Quarra-luan-dadi*, or River of fresh water.

Five days beyond this, still travelling to the southward, they arrived on the banks of another river, deeper and broader than the former, called *Gulbi*, which runs through the countries *Guari* and *Nooffi*; and he has been told, and believes, that these two streams unite into one at *Zugum* near *Kaba*, and that it then proceeds towards the rising sun to *Birni-nou*. The Gull has a strong saline taste, and abounds with hippopotami and alligators. Proceeding southerly for several days (he does not recollect how many) he came in sight of a range of high mountains, one part of which, named *Wacay*, much higher than the rest, had a *white top* like marble (snow), and in its appearance resembled *Fogo*, one of the Cape de Verde Islands.

In about a week after leaving these mountains, they discovered the sea from the summit of some high hills, which having descended, they had to cross a small river called *Echoo* (supposed to be *Lagos*). From hence they continued their route in the direction of the setting sun, having the sea in sight at intervals on the left hand, and in ten days arrived at *Annamaboe* on the coast.

Here Abou Bouker took the name of William Pasco, and entered on board the *Lille-Belt*, with the determination of following the sea, a trait of no small degree of boldness in a young man from the centre of Africa, who had beheld that element for the first time; and he has ever since remained in his Majesty's naval service.

A circumstance, however, occurred which made him desirous of being discharged from the *Owen Glendower*. In a Portuguese slave-vessel of about 100 tons, were found, when captured, 187 human

human beings crammed down into the hold. Many of them were brought on board the commodore's ship; several of them proved to be from Houssa, and some from Birnie-Kashna, who were acquainted with the family of Abou Bouker; and from them he learned that a young woman, to whom he was attached in his youth, and who had been betrothed to him, still remained single, having refused several advantageous offers, under a firm belief that the object of her early affections was still alive, and would one day return. From this moment, he became desirous of procuring his discharge from the service, in order that he might proceed from Cape Coast through the Gunja country to Houssa. Just at this time Belzoni fortunately made his appearance; and the commanding officer did not hesitate to allow Abou Bouker to accompany him in his attempt to reach Timbuctoo, which seems to be the object of this enterprising traveller.

Abou Bouker represents Birnie-Kashna to be about twenty times as large as Sierra Leone, situate in the midst of a fertile plain, and about one hundred miles to the northward of the *Fulbi*, or Niger, which, in the last month of the periodical rains, overflows a vast extent of country, thereby affording great benefit to the rice-crops, but sometimes injurious to the plantations of Indian corn and yams. They have figs, lemons, and oranges; but he saw no cocoa-nuts till he came to the sea-coast. Their domestic animals are sheep, oxen, camels and horses. The houses are mostly of stone, but of one story only. The king's palace covers as much ground as Sierra Leone. There is a market three times a week, to which slaves, Coola-nuts and salt are the chief articles brought by the Moors in exchange for gold and cowries.

The king, he says, has a large army, both horse and foot; their arms are spears, bows and arrows; and on their warlike expeditions, elephants are employed to carry their baggage. The king has a multitude of wives, and every man takes as many as he please, or can afford to keep, or, as Abou Bouker expresses it, 'more wife one man have, more gentleman he be.' The people are all Mahomedans, and in Birnie-Kashna there are not less than fifty mosques.

One day's journey to the westward of Kashna is a town called *Zulimi*; chiefly inhabited by Moors. Three days beyond this in the same direction is *Zangfara*; and two days still farther west is *Alkali*, the capital of a country called *Gober*, standing on each side of the river (*Gulbi*). To the eastward he knows nothing; but has often heard his grandfather say, that *Birnie-Bornou* is fifteen days journey from *Birnie-Kashna* towards the rising sun.

We can have no doubt of the accuracy of this information as far as it goes; and, connected with Major Denham's expedition to the same chain of mountains crossed by Abou Bouker, it shows by how much shorter a way may the Niger and the countries it waters, be approached from the Bight of Benin, than from any other quarter.











